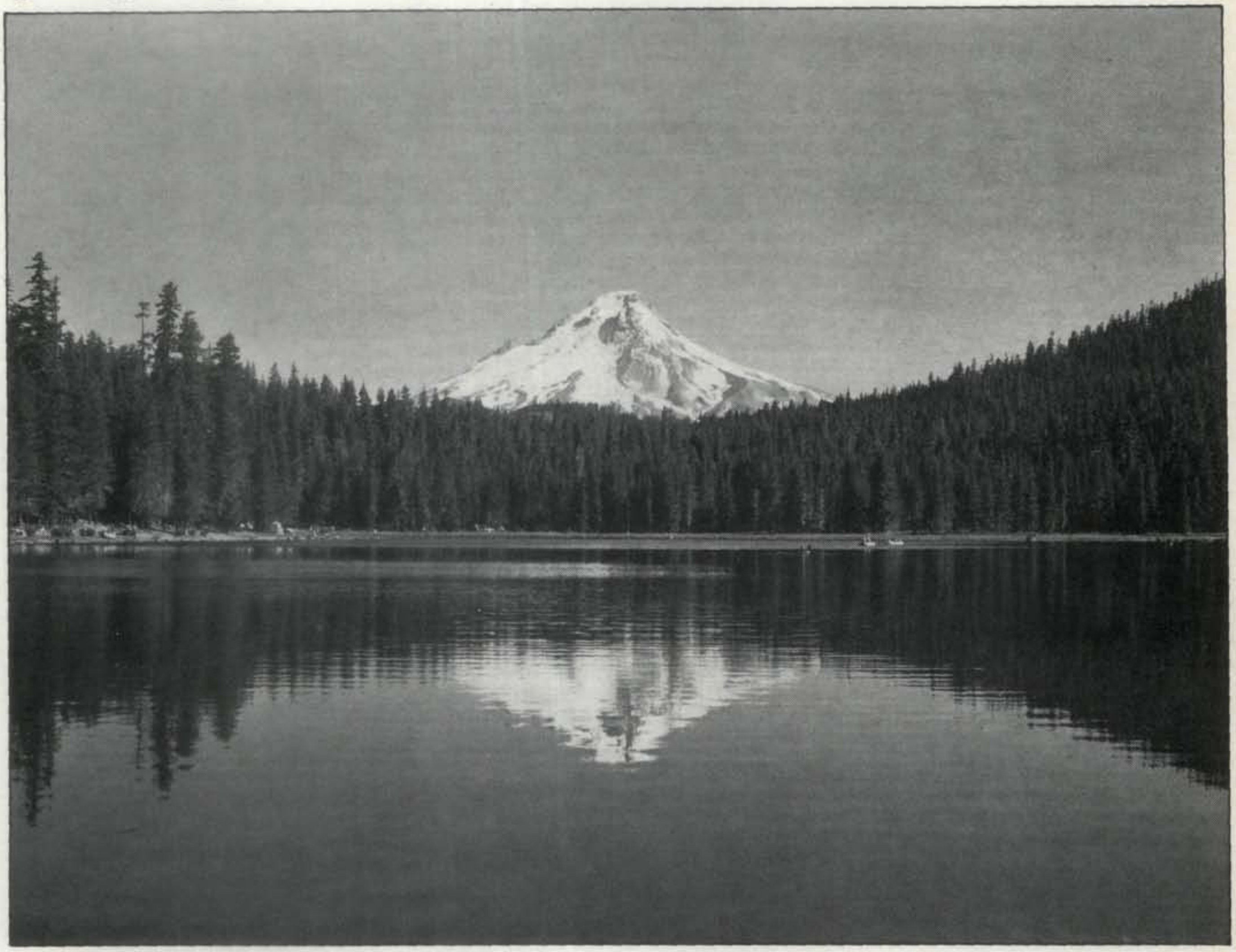
AMERICA
THE BEAUTIFUL



BLOOMINGDALE'S CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN CREATIVITY AND STYLE

Come home with us to America.
The land that started as a necessary adventure, and has never stopped. America. The new nation. The land of grand advantages, unique talents, ingenuity and confidence.

This fall, journey with us as we celebrate America, Bloomingdale's style.
Highlights: the All-Stars, America's top-ten fashion designers who created special things for us. The American Folk Art Museum Shop, authentic re-creations in furniture, quilts and other accents for your home. Model Rooms dramatizing points North, South, East, West. Regional tastes to take with you, or enjoy in our Campbell's Country Inn. See craftsmen and artisans at work, exhilarating exhibits showing off our unique inventiveness, photo essays, our own moving video film, and so much more.

ALL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTION LIKE NO OTHER
bloomingdale's

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL was created with the support and creativity of these major American companies.
American Airlines
Campbell Soup Company
Lincoln-Mercury (Division of Ford Motor Company)
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

AMERICAN EXPRESS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA WASHINGTON, D. C. NEW JERSEY CONNECTICUT

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
OCT 18 1982

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Agnes of God**—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided conversation of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. Starting Monday, Sept. 27, Diahann Carroll will replace Miss Ashley for two weeks. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Charlotte Sweet**—A spoof of Victorian music hall. The libretto is by Michael Colby and the music by Gerald Jay Markoe. The young company performs valiantly and with some skill. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Dining Room**—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Janet Maylie, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Doll's Life**—A musical with a book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Larry Grossman. George Hearn, Betsy Joslyn, Peter Gallagher, and Edmund Lyndeck head the cast. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 23. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of Ray Cooney and John Chapman's **NOT NOW, DARLING** will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Sept. 23, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 10. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Geniuses**—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Ghosts**—There is little sense of ghostliness in this heavy-handed production of Ibsen's classic. Liv Ullmann is the star. (9/13/82) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 2.)

**Knucklebones**—A comedy by Douglas Anderson. (Nat Horne, 440 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

**The Liberation of Skopje**—An autobiographical work, in Serbo-Croatian, by Yugoslav playwright Dušan Jovanović, presented by the Zagreb Theatre Company in association with La Mama. (On the grounds of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Final performances Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 22-26, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 475-7710.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Two Victor Herbert productions. Through Sunday, Sept. 26: **THE RED MILL.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Sept. 29: **MLLE. MODISTE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Little Shop of Horrors**—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof, as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Master Harold . . . and the Boys**—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age schoolboy's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Nine**—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Present Laughter**—Noël Coward's somewhat autobiographical comedy stands up very well after almost forty years, though the production, directed by and starred in by George C. Scott, takes gross liberties with the spirit of the play. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**The Queen and the Rebels**—Colleen Dewhurst is the star of Ugo Betti's play, translated by Henry Reed. Waris Hussein is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 30. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tues-

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 33
"AMERICA'S CUP '83: THE SHERPA CHALLENGE" . . . . . . . . . *Lynn Caraganis* 38
"SET OFF" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *James Robison* 42
ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD (GEOLOGY—PART III) . . . . . . . *John McPhee* 46
"AT A PRIVATE SHOWING IN 1982" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . *Maxine Kumin* 48
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 118
"TREMAYNE AUTUMNAL" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Donald Justice* 118
THE SPORTING SCENE (RACING) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Bill Barich* 120
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 134
BOOKS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 138
  BRIEFLY NOTED . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 145

COVER: *Jenni Oliver*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, Charles Barsotti, Mort Gerberg, Edward Frascino, Warren Miller, William Steig, J. J. Sempé, Arnie Levin, Stan Hunt, Charles Saxon, Dean Vietor, Lee Lorenz, George Price, Dana Fradon, Stuart Leeds, J. B. Handelsman, Ed Arno, Edward Koren*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 32, September 27, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Joseph Hilton, my grandfather, is second from right.

MY GRANDFATHER USED TO TELL ME that you could explain the purpose of any business worth its salt in 10 words or less.
The idea of his business was to provide custom
1
tailor workmanship, and materials in
2 3 4 5 6
ready-made clothes.
7 8
It was a great idea!
We have not changed it since 1888.
We still make the very finest ready-made clothes.
We still offer woollens of custom character and distinction.
We still exemplify the soft classic look of the old New Haven tailors, long since gone.

Tailored
Naturally
Stitch
by
Stitch.

Norman Hilton & Co.
CLOTHIERS SINCE 1888
"Doing One Thing Well"

*1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104 (212) 246-2575*

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

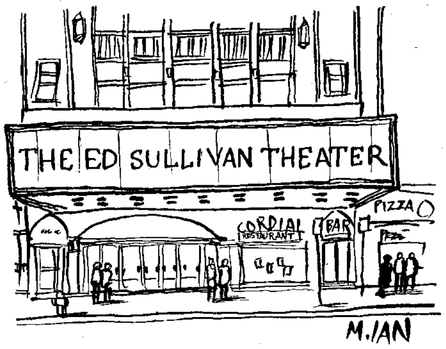
days through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Stage That Walks**—Bruce D. Schwartz in a one-man entertainment devised by him and involving puppets. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 22. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Torch Song Trilogy**—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Your Arms Too Short to Box with God**—Patti LaBelle and Al Green in a revival of the musical taken from the book of Matthew by Vinnette Carroll, who also directed. The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 3.)

**Long Runs**—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Frank Langella plays the villainous Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Kathy Danzer, Caryn West, J. Smith-Cameron, Tim Choate, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,320 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

## MISCELLANY

**Forbidden Broadway**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

**New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players**—Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23-24, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 25, at 3 and 8; Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

**Peter Allen and the Rockettes**—A ten-day engagement. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, and Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 28-Oct. 1, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 7:30 and midnight; and Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2:30.)

## DANCE

**Pirin, the Bulgarian National Folk Ensemble**—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

**Charles Moore Dance Theatre**—"Haitian Suite," "Tyi Wara," "Cafezal," "Jigbu," and other works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 2-3, all at 8.)

**Ritha Devi**—The first of two performances of a program of new and classical dances of India. (Community Church of New York Assembly Hall, 40 E. 35th St. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

**Benefit Programs**—Stuart Hodes, Rachel Lampert, Victoria Uris, and Rachel Harms and her company. Proceeds will be used to establish a scholarship fund for dance students entering New York University's Tisch School of the Arts. (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 8. For tickets, call 598-2404.)

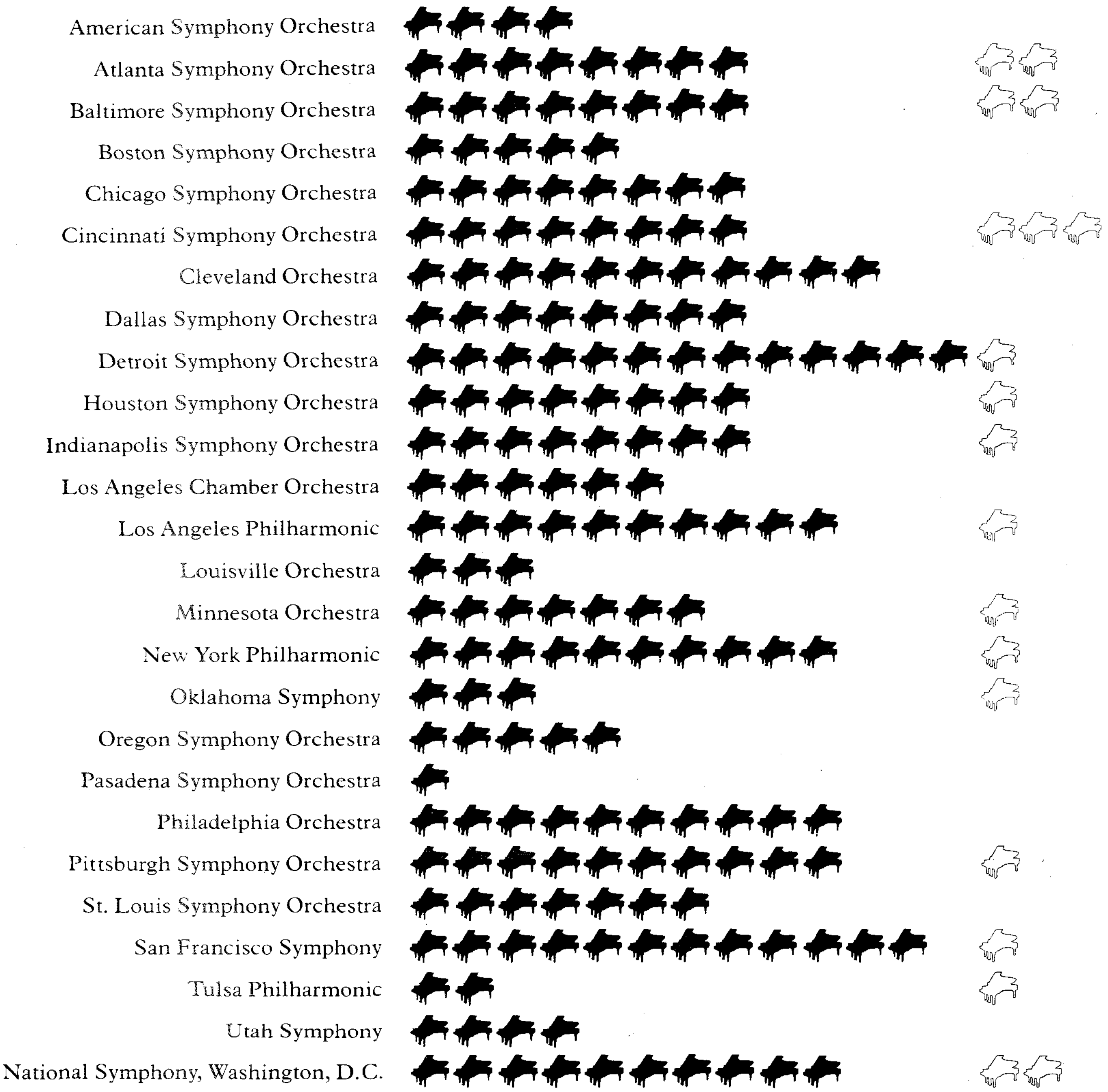
## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, the **JAKI BYARD** trio will be aboard; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, pianist William Komaiko, bassist Dick Sarpola, and drummer Vernel Fournier will perform. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **JOE WILLIAMS,** whose six stunning, bluesy years with Count Basie back in the fifties and early sixties have not been forgotten, now sings standards, ballads, and an occasional blues. His stage presence is smooth, confident, and commanding, and he's here through Sunday, Sept. 26. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** will be featured in the club's first-anniversary celebration; and on Wednesday, Sept. 29, **MAX ROACH,** for some thirty-five years a model for up-and-coming young drummers and established older ones, too, will arrive with his quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-



**Our 1982-83 bottom line: Steinway 189. All others 19.**

This concert season, Steinway Pianos are once again the overwhelming choice of soloists scheduled to perform with major orchestras in the U.S.

For literature about the Steinway, write to John H. Steinway, Dept. 31, 109 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

**Steinway & Sons**

6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, two evenings of doo-wop music with the Coasters, the Cadillacs, Blue Emotions, and Laddins; Thursday, Sept. 30, Margie Adam; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, guitar duo **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and Norwegian jazz-fusion saxophonist **JAN GARBAREK** and his quartet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians are pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **RED MITCHELL,** who play duets Mondays through Saturdays. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Broadway Joe's,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

**Café Pierre,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Peter Nero, the pop-music pianist, can be found in the Café Carlyle (no longer exclusively Bobby Short territory—Mr. Short will turn up in November), beginning his shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** a sturdy, swinging bebop-derived pianist and occasional singer, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has returned to this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Sept. 22, Carnival Crash, the Bashers, One Times One, and Positron; Thursday, Sept. 23, Call & Response, the Cucumbers, Yap Yap Research, and Actual Size; Friday, Sept. 24, Certain Generals, Band of Outsiders, and Peter Holsapple; and Saturday, Sept. 25, Helen Wheels, the Corpsicles, and the Youth. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

**City Limits,** 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country or Western-swing bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook as her backup team, Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Sundays through Tuesdays, **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Sets at nine and eleven. Dining.

**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Saturday, Sept. 25, Lowe Arkwright & the Backdoor Oilers; and Saturday, Oct. 2, Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertoire for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two nightly, except Sundays. Wednesdays, other combos play from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 26, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young tenor saxophonist who plays in a big-voiced, swing-era style, will lead his quintet from about nine-thirty. Dining.

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**TEDDY WILSON,** the great swing pianist, and **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** the great hard-bop pianist, are not only still great, they're playing together here through Sunday, Sept. 26; and starting Tuesday, Sept. 28, Tania Maria, a lively Brazilian singer and pianist, will perform with her trio. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Folk City,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Sept. 22, Microscopic Septet and Friends & Enemies; Thursday, Sept. 23, Johnny Cunningham (at eight and eleven); Friday, Sept. 24, Carolyn Hester and Nanci Griffith; Saturday, Sept. 25, Danny O'Keefe; Sunday, Sept. 26, Robin and Linda Williams; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, folk-rock singer Richard Thompson (at eight and eleven); Friday, Oct. 1, **MARY MC CASLIN & JIM RINGER;** and Saturday, Oct. 2, Terry Garthwaite, Rosalie Sorrells, and Bobbie Louise Hawkins. Two shows—the first one usually getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

**Greene Street,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: Pop-soul pianist Kenny Brawner through Saturday, Sept. 25; Sunday, Sept. 26, singer and pianist **ANDY BEY** and a bassist; Monday, Sept. 27, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and guitarist **RUDY STEVENSON;** and starting Tuesday, Sept. 28, singer Mindy Lee and singer-pianist Rick Joswick. Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays and Tuesdays, **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio; Wednesdays through Sundays, Scott Hardy, Harris Simon, Steve Alcott, and vocalist Alicia Sherman have the floor. Both groups begin playing about ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly except Sundays from five to ten; on Sundays **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays stride piano and Ellington tunes.

**Griff's,** Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those spare high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Pianist **CHRIS ANDERSON,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **FRANK GANT** are here through Saturday, Sept. 25; for the week beginning Monday, Sept. 27, singer and pianist **NINA SHELDON** works with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from eight.

**Hanratty's,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **RALPH SUTTON,** a strong, buoyant, bluesy pianist whose renditions of early-jazz pieces really move on out, can be found at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

**Jazzmania Society,** 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—**SUN RA,** the intergalactic jazzman, explores the dance music of Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington with his Cosmic Arkestra on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, singers Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw will perform with a band called Euphoria. Music from nine-fifteen.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Knickerbocker Saloon,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They'll be listening to pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Sept. 25; to pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** on Sunday and Monday, Sept. 26-27; and to pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** beginning Tuesday, Sept. 28. Music from about ten.

**Lone Star Café,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 22-23, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS** and the Schoolgirls; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, **FINN AND THE SHARKS,** a hot, adept rockabilly band from Nyack; Sunday, Sept. 26, singer and pianist **COMMANDER CODY** and Jack Smith & Rockabilly Planet; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 27-28, super mandolinist **FRANK WAKEFIELD** and David Nelson and folk rockers Simon Nicol and Dave Swarbrick; Wednesday, Sept. 29, Chicago blues-harp wizard **JAMES COTTON** and rockabilly baritone **SLEEPY LABEEF;** and Thursday, Sept. 30, **COMMANDER CODY** and Tommy Joe White. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

**Lush Life,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—This club, a virtual kid brother (or sister) to most of the city's other jazz spots, is not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but it's definitely lively. The solid lineup: Through Saturday, Sept. 25, **MARION COWINGS,** a Sinatra-influenced singer, and his heavyweight backup group—**KENNY BARRON, EDDIE GOMEZ, AL FOSTER,** and **GARY BARTZ;** Sunday, Sept. 26, baritone **EARL COLEMAN,** singing with **HANK JONES** and **CHARLIE ROUSE;** Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 27-28, the Carmen Lundy quintet; and starting Wednesday, Sept. 29, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** and his quin-

**Bache Command Account gives you more for your money.** An ordinary brokerage account allows you to buy and sell securities. And that's all.

The Bache Command Account™ offers you the same opportunities to make money as an ordinary brokerage account—and many more.

**All your money, always working.** Bache Command Account automatically directs your uninvested money—including dividends—into a high-yield money market fund, a tax-free fund, or a U.S. Government securities fund. Your money virtually never lies idle.

**Exclusive protection beyond SIPC.** Why do you need $10 million worth of protection? It's a very comfortable feeling. The Bache Command Account provides special protection beyond normal SIPC coverage, for a total coverage of up to $10 million—underwritten by a subsidiary of The Prudential Insurance Company of America. And you won't find it anyplace else.

**Your money's ready when you are.** You don't have to wait for a "check in the mail." Checks and a Visa card let you use your money the moment you wish.

**New source of personal credit.** The loan value of your securities in a Command Account creates a credit reserve. Credit that's yours for the taking through your checkbook or Visa card.

**Creating new financial order.** Each month you'll receive one simple statement. Surprisingly simple, because it includes every transaction so you'll know exactly where you stand in your financial world.

**Some things you'd never expect.** You can indicate tax-deductible expenses on your checks. At year-end, you'll receive a special statement summing them up—and all your account activities—to help simplify your tax preparation.

The Bache Command Account also entitles you to: a monthly investment newsletter, travelers checks, and a price comparison and buying service.

**An asset in itself.** The Bache Command Account has a lot more to offer than just stocks and bonds. For the investor with $20,000 or more in cash and securities, it's an asset in itself. To learn more call or send in the coupon.

# The ordinary brokerage account is now obsolete.

**Bache**
*A Prudential Company*

(09) NYR-C-C

Bache Service Center
Box 5002, Clifton, N.J. 07015
Call toll-free: **800-526-7854**,
from New Jersey, call **800-522-4182**
(In Alaska & Hawaii, call the Bache office nearest you.)

My present account may be obsolete. Tell me more about the Command Account. Please send me the free brochure and prospectus containing more complete information, including all sales charges and expenses. I will read them carefully before I invest or send money.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
HOME PHONE BUSINESS PHONE
BACHE CLIENTS PLEASE GIVE NAME AND OFFICE OF ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE

**Bache Command Account™**

© Copyright 1982 Bache • Member SIPC

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

tet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Marty's,** 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view of **MEL TORMÉ** Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and *Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight.* Dining.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** plays piano and sings in a small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice a repertoire that includes such tunes as "When in Rome (I Do as the Romans Do)," "I'm Hip," and "Peel Me a Grape"—which convey, with help from Miss Dearie's insouciant delivery, what used to seem in the fifties and early sixties like cool hipness and what now seems more like innocence. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, singer **MARGARET WHITING** will come in to salute Ethel Merman. Shows begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays from nine to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 22, Sherry Winston; Thursday, Sept. 23, Al Broady; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, a promising-*sounding soul-flavored group comprising gui*tarist **ERIC GALE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and singer **MARTHA REEVES;** Tuesday, Sept. 28, tenor and soprano saxophonist **RENE MC LEAN;** Wednesday, Sept. 29, guitarist Georg Wadenias; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his class of '82 **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from ten until two.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Sept. 22, the Kingpins, a rockabilly outfit, and Marshall Chapman, a country rocker from Spartanburg, S.C.; Thursday, Sept. 23, Lee Roy Parnell and Darryl Canada; Friday, Sept. 24, R. & B. saxophonist **DENNY MOROUSE** and Red Decade; Saturday, Sept. 25, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl; Sunday, Sept. 26, Max Creek; Tuesday, Sept. 28, B. Willie Smith and Island Swing; Wednesday, Sept. 29, Doug McCormick and the Urgents; Thursday, Sept. 30, Lili Anel and Schriener La Pierre; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, singer Esther Satterfield. Shows begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**Peacock Alley,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**Peppermint Lounge,** 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll and video. Thursday, Sept. 23, Chequered Past; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, the Blasters; Tuesday, Sept. 28, **CHUBBY CHECKER;** Wednesday, Sept. 29, Translator; Thursday, Sept. 30, Dirty Looks; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, Lords of the New Church. Live music from eleven-thirty approximately. Closed Sundays.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER,** along with his bouncy dance septet, is present Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Red Blazer Too,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

**Ritz,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday, Sept. 22, Paul Carrack's Noise to Go, featuring English rock singer **NICK LOWE;** Thursday, Sept. 23, Kid Creole & the Coconuts and **NONA HENDRYX & PROPAGANDA;** Tuesday, Sept. 28, L.A. rock singer Warren Zevon (at 10); Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES;** and Friday, Oct. 1, Irish rock singer Rory Gallagher. Shows usually begin after midnight.

**Seventh Avenue South,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Sept. 22, singer Cathy Rose Salit; Thursday, Sept. 23, Main Gazane; Friday, Sept. 24, electric violinist Noel Pointer; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 25-26, **DR. JOHN,** playing New Orleans-piano music; Monday, Sept. 27, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 28-29, Iliani Elias; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, a real fine quintet—**RON CARTER, RANDY** and **MIKE BRECKER, LENNY WHITE,** and **KENNY BARRON.** Music from nine-thirty.

**Sounds of Brazil,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical *sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the* jungle: Thursday, Sept. 23, Brasil 2000; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Sept. 26, Kenia & Pau Brasil; Tuesday, Sept. 28, Marcos Silva; and Thursday, Sept. 30, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Wednesdays belong to flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL** and his quartet. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Star and Garter,** 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, singer Val Eley; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, singer Sabrina Carnesi and pianist Esther Blue; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, singer Marilyn Redfield's trio. Music from ten. Dining.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **JIMMY MC GRIFF,** the absolutely wonderful jumping R. & B. organist with just the right light touch, is here with his quartet through Saturday, Sept. 25; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 26-27, **CEDAR WALTON, RON CARTER,** and **BILLY HIGGINS;** and starting Tuesday, Sept. 28, the accomplished electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** and his vocalist wife **URSZULA DUDZIAK** will lead their quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, basic blues club with occasional Irish music. **BIG JOE TURNER,** a real live history of Kansas City blues, sings here on Fridays and Saturdays from about nine, with some fine, sturdy help from tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** guitarist **BILLY BUTLER** (a master of sliding blues chords and a veteran of the Bill Doggett recording of "Honky Tonk"), and a sufficiently bluesy quintet.

**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, Sept. 22, Tom Nielsen & the Parker Brothers Band; Thursday, Sept. 23, Jailbait and Scarlet Fever; Friday, Sept. 24, the Waves and Ozone; Saturday, Sept. 25, Empty Suits and the Privates; Tuesday, Sept. 28, the Corps and Diamond Dupree; Wednesday, Sept. 29, Shady and the Swing; Thursday, Sept. 30, André Morgan and Richard Thorn & the Side Effects; Friday, Oct. 1, Blotto; and Saturday, Oct. 2, the Triplets and Neeva. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the downstairs room presents salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on Sept. 27, two bands, **MACHITO'S** and **TIPICA '73,** will share the stage and one guest jazz soloist, saxophonist and flutist **FRANK WESS.** On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

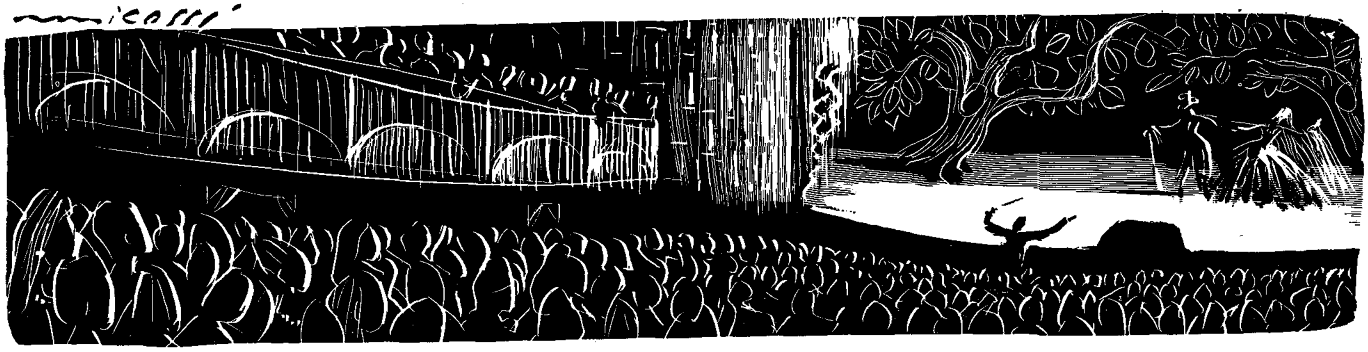
**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor in this, the most famous jazz club in the world. **ZOOT SIMS** heads up his quartet and plays dancing tenor-sax solos through Sunday, Sept. 26; on Tuesday, Sept. 28, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will bring in his quintet. Mondays remain **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

**Village West,** 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** is on hand with bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** and guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** through Sunday, Sept. 26; on Tuesday, Sept. 28, singer **CARRIE SMITH** will move in with her backing trio. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays.

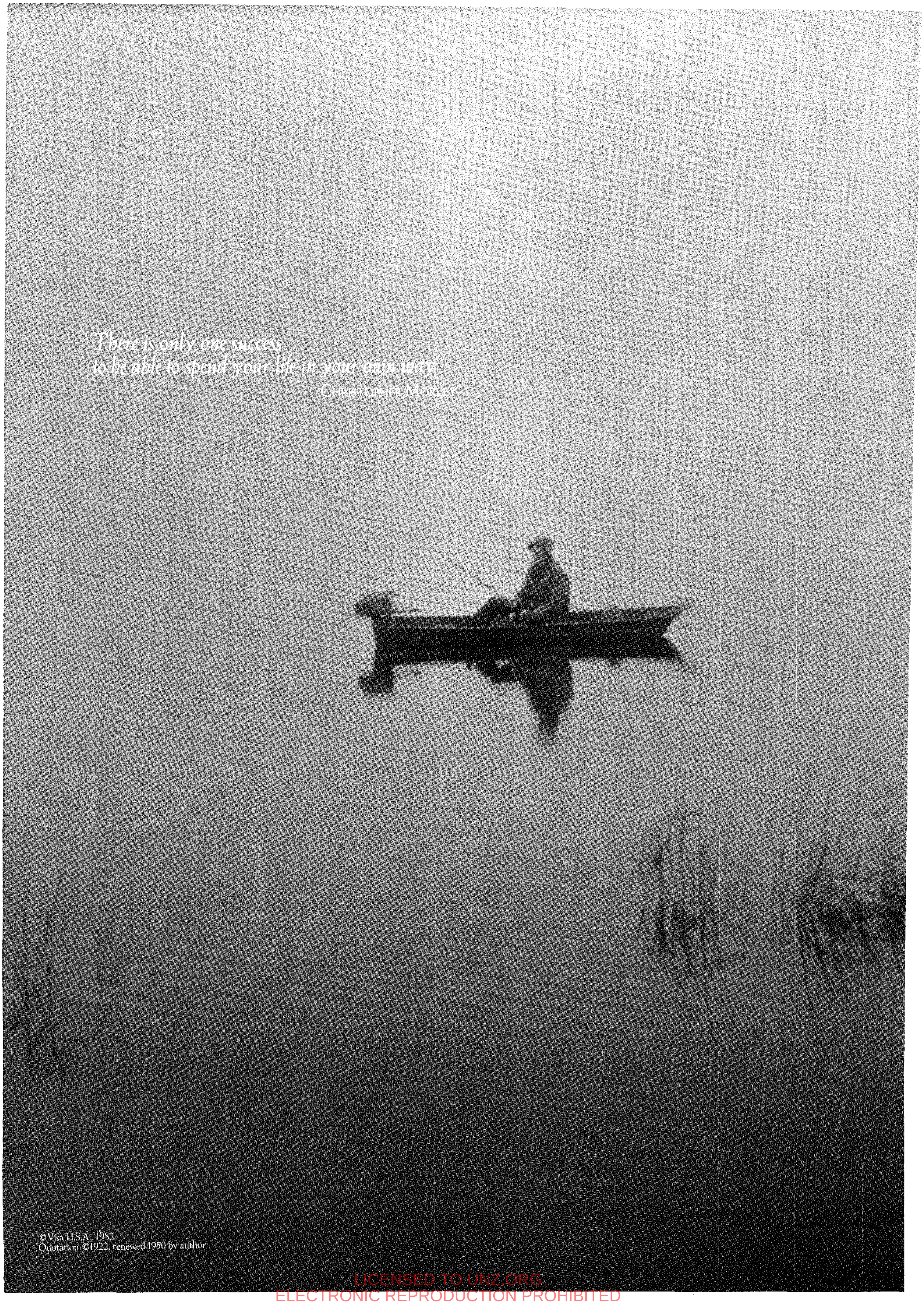
**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Kuni Mikami Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Trumpeter **JABBO SMITH & HIS RHYTHM ACES** perform through Saturday, Sept. 25; and beginning Sunday, Sept. 26, guitarist Mike Peters and his combo will play five nights' worth of hot jazz. Music from nine.

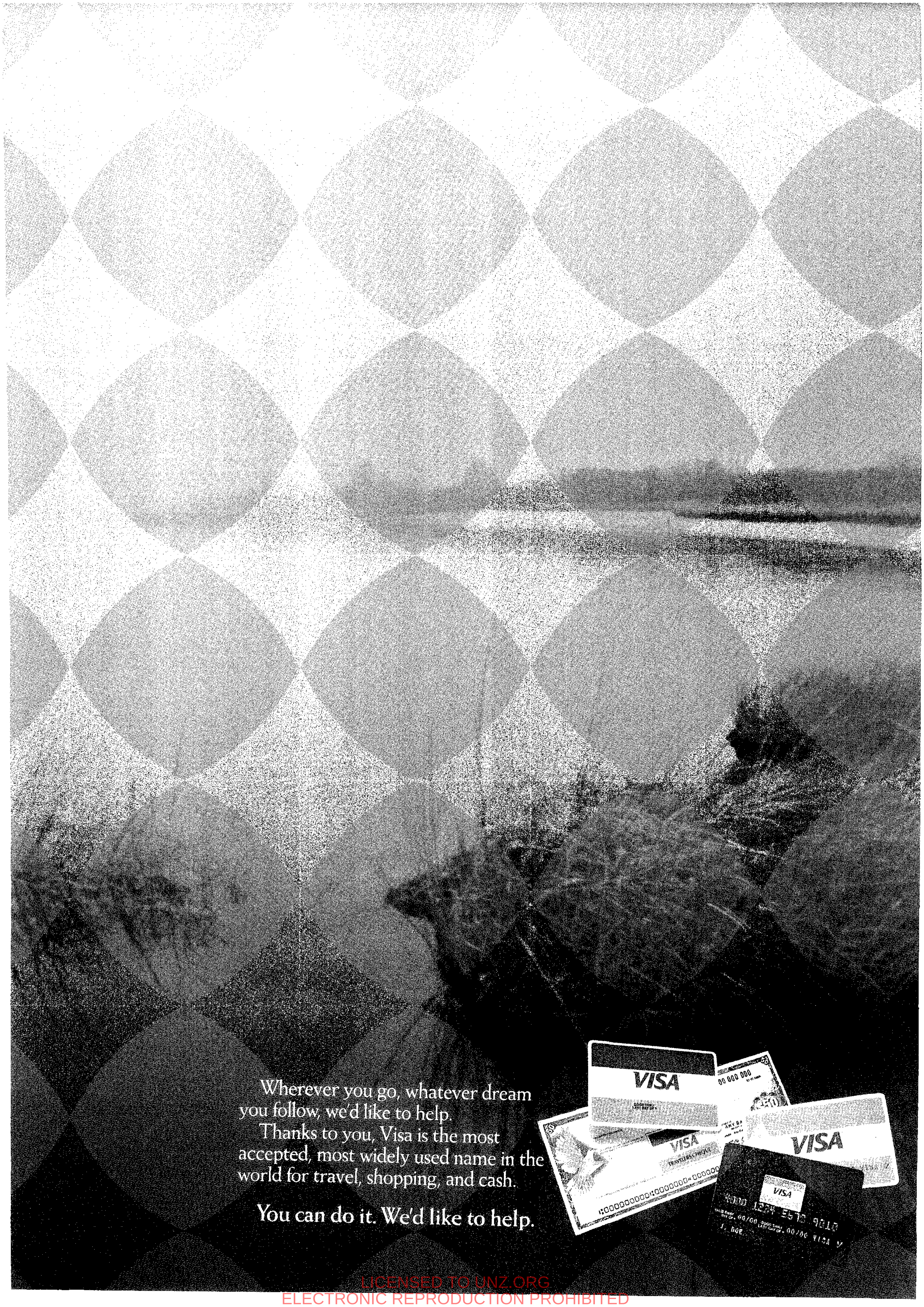
**Zinno,** 126 W 13th St. (924-5182)—In the



IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF, IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1980
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
750 ml
94.6 PROOF
Tanqueray®
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
CHARLES TANQUERAY & Co LTD.
LONDON. ENGLAND.
PRODUCE OF ENGLAND • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
A man's home is his castle.
Furnish yours properly.
Tanqueray Gin. A singular experience.


"There is only one success . . .
to be able to spend your life in your own way."
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

©Visa U.S.A., 1982
Quotation ©1922, renewed 1950 by author

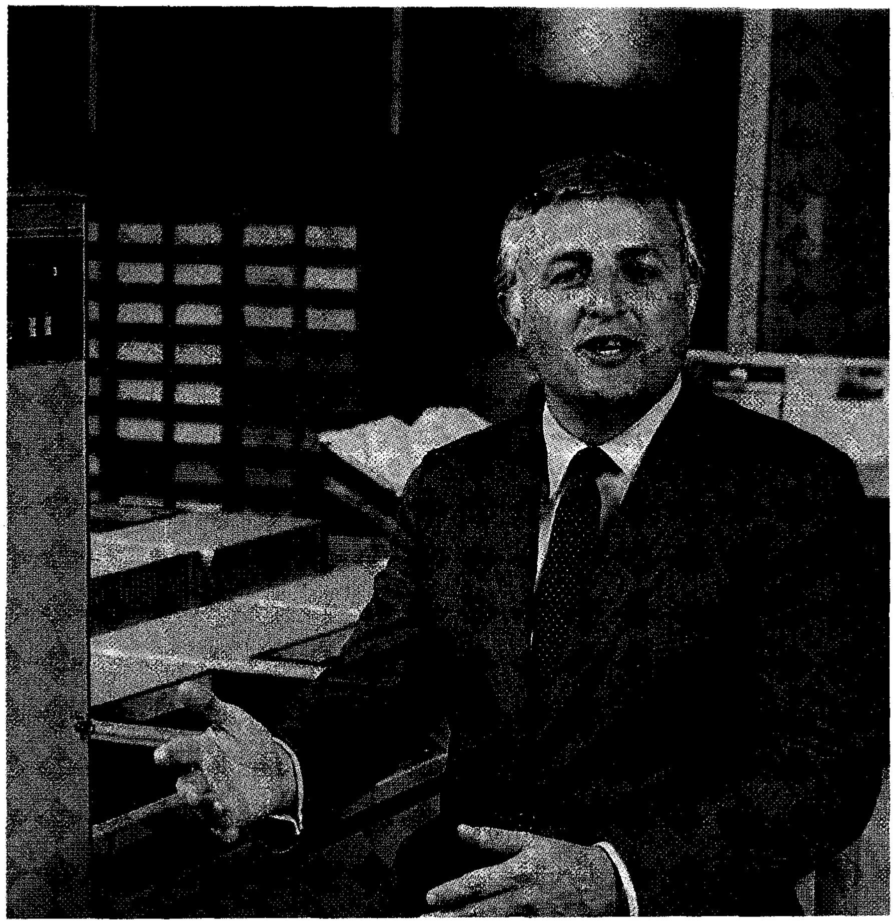


Wherever you go, whatever dream you follow, we'd like to help.

Thanks to you, Visa is the most accepted, most widely used name in the world for travel, shopping, and cash.

**You can do it. We'd like to help.**

# What if you chose
# as a business



## "At Loctite Corporation, HP computers improve DP productivity and reduce business costs by $650,000 a year."

Loctite, a leading producer of indus trial adhesives, uses two HP 3000 computers to manage its company-wide information network.

In Newington, Connecticut, Industrial Products Group President David I. Barton says, "Using HP's data base management software, we increased DP productivity by 50 percent and in just one year are saving $650,000 in reduced business costs.

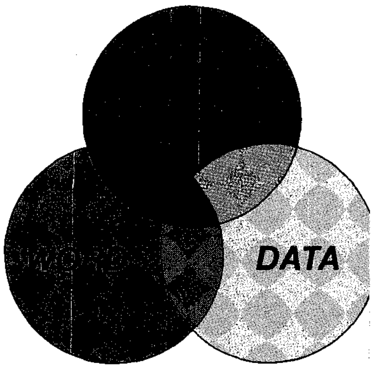
"Improved information management has enabled us to maintain precise inventory control. As a result, we increase our customer sati faction with prompt deliveries wh saving $360,000 in reduced carryi costs per year.

"Based on the performance of the HP systems, we're now expandin our network to accommodate our plants in Canada and Puerto Rico.

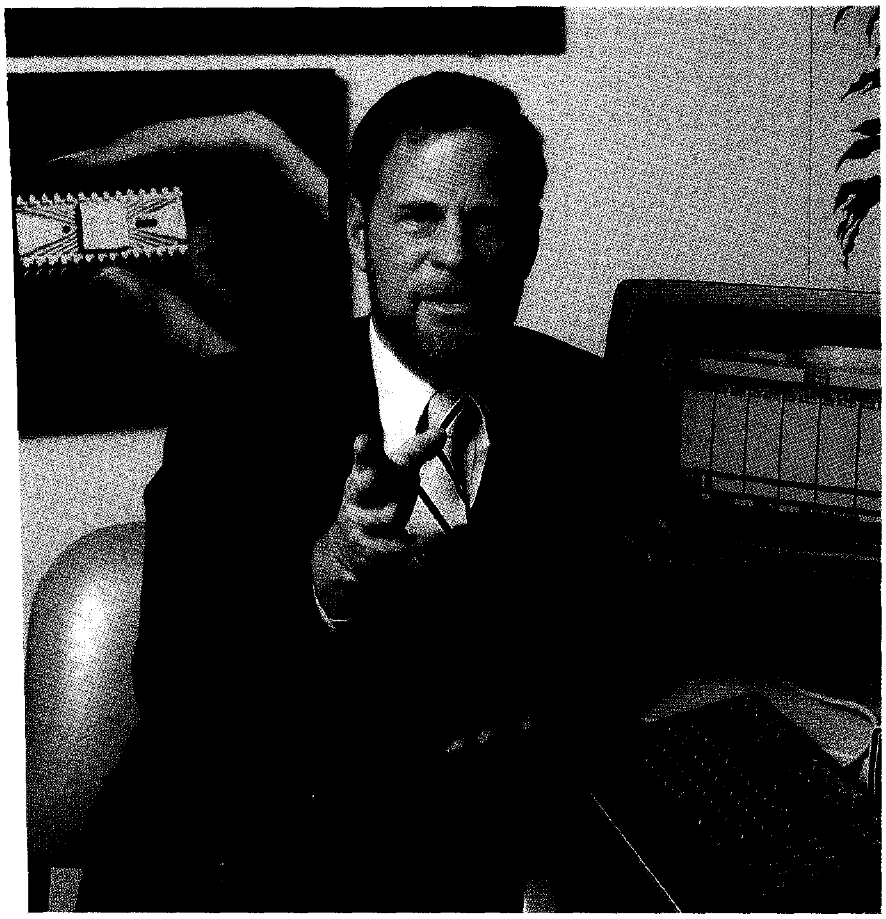
## What should you expect from a computer partner in the '80s?

**Integrated information management!** With words, data, and graphics, HP can help you organize and integrate the many information variables that affect your day-to-day business operations. This timely, interrelated information reduces ambiguity. It sharpens decision making and provides clearer operating perspectives.

By integrating key areas of your organization through a network of personal and multi-user computer systems, you can put into your offices the capabilities for word processing, document management, financial management, and electronic mail and filing. People who are not computer professionals will find them easy to use.



# Hewlett-Packard computer partner?



## "At AMI, HP 125 personal office computers improve decision support by 50%."

American Microsystems, Inc., a subsidiary of Gould Inc., is a leading designer of custom MOS/LSI circuits. In Santa Clara, Calif., Donald Macdonald, Advanced Office Systems Manager, says, "We distributed 27 HP personal office computers to decision support people throughout the company and gave each executive secretary an HP intelligent terminal. In just three months our executives were receiving key decision-making information about 50 percent faster than before. And they were getting answers to 'what if' questions in hours rather than days.

"Our decision support staff can now analyze data to provide information instead of just numbers. In short, with our HP 125s as office productivity tools, we have quickly gained the benefits of faster and better decisions."

nanufacturing operations, an grated network can put to work 's application solutions for comer-aided engineering, factory omation, and operational plang and control.

major corporation with worlde manufacturing, marketing, support facilities, Hewlettkard takes its commitment to puter partnership in the '80s ously.

## You should consider a working partnership with HP. Now.

For a free copy of our brochure explaining HP's practical, proven approach to meeting your long-term computer and information needs, write to A.P. Oliverio, Senior Vice President, Marketing, Dept. 207, Hewlett-Packard Company, P.O. Box 10301, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

**When performance must be measured by results**

HEWLETT PACKARD

00207

FRENCH CUFF DRESS SHIRTS OF PURE COTTON; CUFFLINKS OF 18K GOLD.

Quality. It is the essence of everything that is Polo by Ralph Lauren—from his superbly tailored classic dress shirts, to his fine men's jewelry of real gold.

Nothing else projects the elegance and refinement of Polo by Ralph Lauren.

And nothing else feels like real gold.

Polo Ralph Lauren

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** works with **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the buzzing bassist, Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday music is provided by bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **JOHN BASILE.** Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

### JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Frank Sinatra**—With Buddy Rich and his band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 22-23, at 8.)

**Peter Tosh** and **Jimmy Cliff**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 7 and 11:30.

**Heavenly Jazz Concert Series**—The first in this year's series of five concerts, this one featuring Joe Williams, with Norman Simmons, Paul West, Vernel Fournier, Al Grey, and Chris Woods. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Sept. 26, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

**Ricky Ford Quartet**—With Albert Dailey, Rufus Reid, and Jimmy Cobb. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

**Doc Cheatham and Warren Vaché, Jr.**—New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5620. Friday, Oct. 1, at 6.

**Lou Rawls**—With Phyllis Hyman. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, at 8.)

**Chick Corea and Paco de Lucia**—With Touchstone. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

**De Danann**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.

**Jazz Forum**—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Al Haig trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 6 and 8: Dave Katz & Mean Streets. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 10 and midnight: Jason Forsythe sextet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Paul Motian quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Buck Hill, Charlie Rouse, Kenny Barron, Buster Williams, and Billy Hart. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

**Soundscape**—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, at 9: Hamiet Bluiett quintet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Darrel Austin**—A retrospective of oils and works on paper, which frequently depict a moonlit fantasy world inhabited by reclining animals and bathing figures. Through Oct. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Tony Berlant**—Found tin, cut out and nailed to plywood, is the basis for various constructions, including one that frames a portrait (dated 1953) of the artist. Through Oct. 16. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**Alfredo Saldaña Bustinza**—Neo-Expressionist paintings in raw colors on unstretched canvas by a twenty-five-year-old Brownsville, Texas, artist who prefers to paint with his hands instead of with brushes. First one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Sept. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**Clarence Carter**—Architectural paintings with stairway structures predominating. Through Oct. 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Charles Demuth** (1883-1935)—More than twenty watercolors, including fruit and flower still-lifes from the twenties, plus drawings and preparatory studies. Through Oct. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

**Kazuko Inoue / Edward Renouf**—Abstract paintings. / Paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**Ron Isaacs / Richard Seehausen**—Painted-plywood wall pieces that counterfeit wearing apparel—suède gloves, jackets, kimonos—and are accompanied by very small, wholly unrelated, cutout figures. / Ordinary people doing things more often documented in snapshots (swimming-pool frolics, just talking) than in full-dress paintings like these, by a figurative Expressionist. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Julio Larraz**—Oils, watercolors, and pastels by a Cuban realist. Through Oct. 9. (Inter-American, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Raphael Soyer**—The gallery walls are crowded with drawings and watercolors (friends, nudes, lovers, self-portraits) by this veteran realist, now in his eighties. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Three English artists showing in New York for the first time—George Dowson (still-lifes in oil), Anthony Hepworth (abstract paintings on paper and sculptures), and Melissa Scott-Miller (game birds in oil). Through Oct. 16. . . . **CDS,** 13 E. 75th St.: American painters, both veterans and relative newcomers, including Hedda Sterne, Adja Yunkers, and Roxi Marsen. Through Oct. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St., and **KOUROS GALLERY,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A joint show of paintings, collages, sculptures, and photographs by more than two dozen women artists from the United States, Canada, and Latin America. The more familiar names include Grace Hartigan, Lynda Benglis, Wendy Knox Leet, and Liliana Porter. Through Oct. 17. (Center hours: Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. Kouros hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Pertaining to Boston" has late-nineteenth-century paintings by William Morris Hunt, John LaFarge, Hermann Dudley Murphy, and others. Through Oct. 8. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 25.) . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Four large figurative paintings in oil by Otto Dix and eight watercolors by Egon Schiele are included in a showing of works by half a dozen German Expressionists. Through Oct. 16. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Modernist paintings and drawings from the twenties and thirties by Americans Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Wednesday, Sept. 29. . . . **SIEGEL,** 29 E. 73rd St.: Minimal paintings and sculptures, one each by ten artists, including Alan Uglow, Robert Ryman, Jene Highstein, and Carl Andre. Through Oct. 9.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Bård Breivik**—Fibre-and-wood sculptures. Through Oct. 20. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

**Marcel Broodthaers** (1924-76)—Two shows: Books, paintings, films, and other works by a Belgian artist who had a rarefied wit. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings and graphics. Through Oct. 30. (Gibson, 205 E. 78th St.)

**Stephen Brown**—Portraits, some of the artist. Through Oct. 6. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Kenneth Callahan**—Abstract oil paintings, and drawings that include scenes of China. Through Oct. 16. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Louise Chase**—Vivid paintings of storms, strange trees with sharply pointed branches, dramatic sunrises, done on large canvases on which symbolic details (open hands, coiled ferns) also appear. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Roz Chast**—Delicate drawings and watercolors illustrating far from delicate subjects—a journey to the center of the refrigerator, for instance, or what *really* happened to the dinosaurs. The artist is a frequent contributor to this magazine. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

**William Clutz**—Recent pastels of New York's streets and Central Park. Through Thursday, Sept. 30. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Thom Cooney-Crawford / Andrew Hudson**—Mannered paintings and small sculptures centered on elongated male figures in jackknife positions. / Sketchily outlined figures painted on canvases that are splattered with diluted colors. Through Oct. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Joni Lehman**—Large, forthright figurative paintings by a young artist whose fresh style goes hand-in-hand with the obvious influences of masters like Matisse and Gauguin. First solo show in New York. Through Oct. 7. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

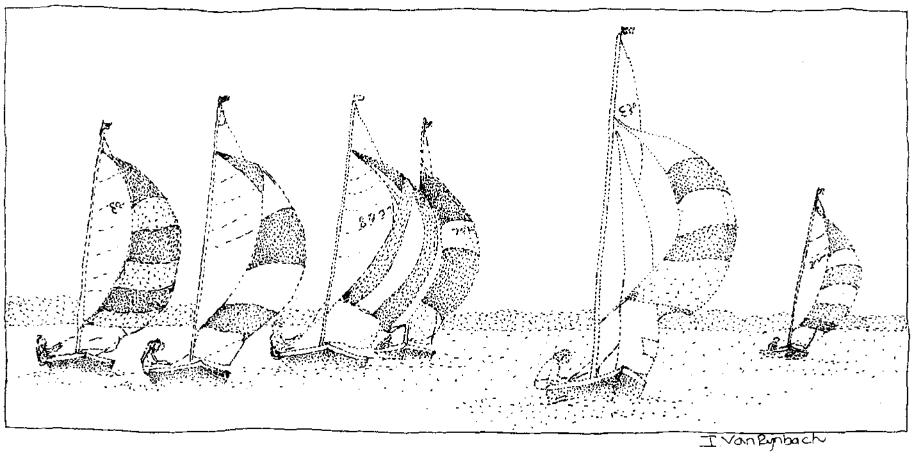
**Michael Loew**—A new set of abstract paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 16. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Morris Louis** (1912-62)—Paintings from all four of his major color series. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Ed McGowin**—A liquor-store holdup is the subject of one of five large-scale wall works in mixed mediums. Through Oct. 16. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

**Betty Parsons** (1900-82)—A memorial exhibit of some of the last works created by this eminent dealer and artist—jaunty constructions, touched up with bright paint, which she assembled from driftwood and other objects found near her Long Island home at Southold, where she died in July. Through Oct. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Gabor Peterdi / Milton Avery** (1893-1965)—Paintings dated 1960 to 1982. / Small works



I Van Rynbach

# This Peugeot 505 S is travelling at 80 miles an hour in the silence of the Sahara Desert. A computer is "listening" to noises that you should not be permitted to hear.

*From Europe's second-largest carmaker comes the Peugeot 505 S, seen here undergoing silence tests in the soundproof chamber.*

A silver car sits in a strange golden room. The engine of the car is humming, the rear wheels are spinning on rollers at 80 miles an hour, and something feels very, very wrong.

The room should be awash with sound. Instead, it is uncannily quiet. The walls and ceiling are receiving the sound waves... and swallowing them.

### In pursuit of a quiet car

This is the anechoic chamber at Peugeot, a sonic-test room that replicates the almost deathly hush of the empty desert.

The room is tremor proof. Its door is five and a half feet thick. Golden dihedrons of glass-fiber panels smother up to 99 percent of the sound waves so that they cannot ricochet back and disturb the probing microphones at work.

Connected to these microphones is a computer. It is "listening" for noises that should not exist. If there is a panel vibration, or a buzzing from the dashboard or transmission, the computer will pinpoint the noise.

Peugeot has little tolerance for cars with mysterious rattles and squeaks.

**The Peugeot Lion**

The lion has represented Peugeot since 1858. It was Peugeot that built the first car ever sold commercially (1891)...the world's first diesel-powered car (1922)...and the first high-rpm diesel engine (1967).

### Listen with your eyes

A word of caution: Do not be fooled by the quietness of a car. Quietness, by itself, is no guarantee of first-rate construction.

Trust your eyes—and an alert brain—before you trust your ears. Open the door of a Peugeot 505 S and peer at the hinges. They are machined from hot-rolled steel. Peugeot believes that its owners will not abide doors that sag later in life.

Notice how smoothly the seats move back and forth. The reason: they glide on tiny rollers instead of simple metal slides.

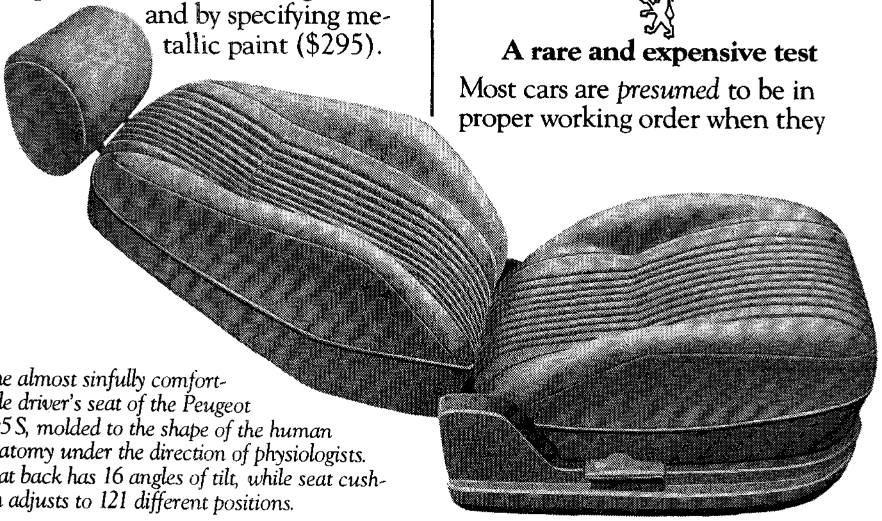
The body is welded in 4,032 places, then treated with 21 anti-corrosion measures. One of these measures involves dipping the body in an electrically charged bath that attracts the primer to the metal like a magnet. Hydrogen is used so there are no tiny bubbles of oxygen that can breed rust.

### The meaning of "S"

Peugeot does not believe in nibbling you to death with extra-cost options. When you spend $13,990* for a gasoline-engined 505 S, this is the "S" (for Special) equipment that comes with the car:

- Air conditioning, factory-installed
- Electric sunroof
- Cruise control
- Electric windows
- Digital AM/FM 40-watt stereo radio with cassette player, scan tuning, and four speakers
- Automatic electric antenna
- Central locking system—a twist of the key locks all four doors and fuel-filler door
- Alloy wheels
- Multi-adjustable driver's seat.

So fully equipped is the car that the only other ways to spend your money are by ordering a 3-speed automatic ($370) in place of the 5-speed overdrive manual gearbox, and by specifying metallic paint ($295).



*The almost sinfully comfortable driver's seat of the Peugeot 505 S, molded to the shape of the human anatomy under the direction of physiologists. Seat back has 16 angles of tilt, while seat cushion adjusts to 121 different positions.*

*New York is noted for its punishingly rough streets. Cabdrivers are switching in droves to Peugeot 505 diesels, despite their higher cost.*

### An aversion to silly doodads

The Peugeot 505 S is how much car you should expect for $14,000 today. It positively bristles with *useful* equipment rather than gee-whiz gimmickry.

The engine is fitted with silver-tipped spark plugs. And magnetic-pulse ignition. And precisely metered fuel injection. It is designed to shrug off tune-ups for 30,000 miles.

The brakes are disc brakes—*on all four wheels*—because discs shed water and dissipate heat faster than drum brakes.

The shock absorbers contain pistons with four times as many valves as normal shock absorbers. These awesome damping devices have the almost eerie ability to reduce bumps in the road to little more than ripples.

### A rare and expensive test

Most cars are *presumed* to be in proper working order when they roll off the assembly line. This is not Peugeot's way; it takes nothing for granted.

*Every single Peugeot* is put through a road test on a special track before it is permitted to leave Europe for the U.S. One of Peugeot's 65-member team of test drivers will personally drive the car.

The driver will test the steering, brakes, lights, engine performance, transmission, and suspension. Listen for rattles and vibrations. Check the instruments and controls. Try the heating and air-conditioning systems.

A rarity today, this final road testing costs a small fortune. Peugeot considers it indispensable in maintaining a high level of quality.

Peugeot has little tolerance for poorly made cars.

See your dealer for details of Peugeot's limited warranties.

*Based on P.O.E. manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices may vary according to local dealer. Destination charges ($255), state and local taxes, dealer preparation, if any, and license fees are extra.

For name of nearest Peugeot dealer, call **1-800-447-2882** toll free in the continental U.S. In Illinois, 1-800-322-4400.

Please send me the Peugeot Facts Kit, complete with brochures, road tests by leading car magazines, plus list of my nearest dealers.

☐ Please include details on Overseas Delivery.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State__________ Zip________

**Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.,**
**One Peugeot Plaza, Lyndhurst,**
**New Jersey 07071**

69-000NY-0927

PEUGEOT

©1982, Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

on paper in a show that coincides with the Avery retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through Oct. 14. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Picasso** (1881-1973)—Sculptures from the artist's estate, plus three pieces on loan from the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**D. Jack Solomon**—Beasts in Persian miniatures inspired these paintings and sculptures of colorful big cats. Sometimes the paintings serve as background for the sculptures. Through Oct. 9. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

**A. A. Ushenko**—Loosely executed allegorical paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

**Douglas Fenn Wilson**—Realist paintings of Tahiti and California in which the imagery is heightened, so to speak, with strips of balsa wood, laid on in relief. First one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, Sept. 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: New work by Robert Ryman, Cy Twombly, and Richard Tuttle. Through Oct. 9. . . . **DEL RE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper and paintings on canvas (among them a triptych by Richard Pousette-Dart) by twentieth-century artists. Miró, Dubuffet, Rothko, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper from 1910-25 by members of the Russian avant-garde (Rodchenko, Malevich); works from the fifties through the seventies by Americans (Avery, Steinberg, Christo); and works by gallery artists (Lizbeth Mitty, Ed Kerns). Through Oct. 9. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by New York artists Dee Shapiro, Jan Sawka, Winifred Godfrey, Robert Swain, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 2.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Kermit Adler**—Paintings of still-lifes set in interiors. Through Oct. 9. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**Nicholas Africano / Kim MacConnel**—A series of paintings based on the Jekyll-and-Hyde story. / Collages. Through Oct. 6. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

**Arman / Lance Richbourg**—Constructions, each devoted to groups of a single type of carpenter's tool. / Baseball paintings (done from photographs) by the son of a former Boston Braves outfielder. Through Oct. 9. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Behind a closed door in the back room are four cityscapes by Thomas Bacher, who used for paint a mixed pigment that glows in the dark.

**Roger Brown**—Paintings in his usual vein. Through Oct. 9. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

**Stevan Jennis**—Freestanding sculptures in painted cardboard—a trousered leg, a salami with a face, a Sherlock Holmes pipe, a blocky torso—plus drawings on paper either related to the sculptures or on similar themes. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**Barbara Kasten and Joe Breidel**—Color photographs of her own constructions in metal and mirrors by the former, and of bare feet juxtaposed with knives, scissors, and hatchets by the latter. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

**Keith Milow**—Huge explosions are depicted in these paintings, done for the most part in oils and iron powder, with seemingly incongruous references to Poussin in some of them. Through Oct. 4. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**Carolee Schneemann**—Abstract paintings, kinetic sculptures involving such devices as flapping umbrellas or tinkling shards of glass, and boxes that look as if some of Cornell's works had been vandalized. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **CASTELLI**, 142 Greene St.: A twenty-fifth-anniversary show in which gallery artists, ranging from Johns and Rauschenberg to Schnabel and Salle, are represented by a work from one of their early shows at Castelli. Through Oct. 9. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: A changing exhibition of works by the artists the gallery represents, among them Jennifer Bartlett and Sol LeWitt. Through Oct. 23. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by thirteen artists. Through Nov. 6. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: A tenth-anniversary show consisting of a new work by each of the gallery artists—Natalie Bieser, Bill Richards, John Okulick, and Alan Siegel, to name some. Through Oct. 6. . . . **LITZ**, 153 Mercer St.: Hard- and soft-core erotica by thirty-one artists, among them Oldenburg, Warhol, Alice Neel, and Hockney. Through Oct. 6.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Fred Gutzeit**—An installation centered on work gloves, either found by or made by the artist. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Samuel F. B. Morse** (1791-1872)—"Gallery of the Louvre," other historical paintings, and portraits by the artist-scientist who abandoned painting at about the time he invented the telegraph. Through Oct. 23. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5. Drawings by Morse may be seen at the National Academy of Design.)

**Group Shows**—At the **BOUCKAERT**, 100 Hudson St.: Paintings and sculptures characterized by allover patterns. Robert Zakanitch and Jackie Winsor are two of the seven artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **COOPER UNION**, Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building, Third Ave. at 7th St.: A show of twenty-six contemporary industrial products (a tricycle, a telephone, a roof window) from Denmark, plus step-by-step explanations, through drawings and photographs, of their evolution. Organized by the Danish Design Council. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER**, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: "Partitions," a show of painted screens, free-standing paintings, and room dividers by fourteen artists, among them Patsy Norvell, Jeff Way, and George Woodman. Through Oct. 9. (Open Mondays.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Lou Bernstein / Cliff Chandler**—Photographs of whales in the aquarium at Coney Island, of New York in the fifties, portraits, and other subjects. / Photographs of Duke Ellington at a 1968 recording session at the Great Northern Hotel; the Prospect Park area in Brooklyn; and other works. Through Oct. 16. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

**Bruce Davidson**—Large-scale photographs of subway riders by an artist who spent more than a year documenting his trips. Through Nov. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Robert Disraeli**—Photographs from the thirties: portraits of such artists as Stuart Davis and John Marin, New York scenes, abstractions. Through Oct. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Gisèle Freund**—Photographs of literary figures, mostly. Through Oct. 8. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Ralph Gibson**—High-contrast silver-gelatin photographs. Through Oct. 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Russell Lee**—Vintage and contemporary prints, notably the 1941 Pie Town, New Mexico, series he did for the Farm Security Administration. Through Oct. 23. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Irving Penn**—Forty-one still-lifes from 1979-82. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Paul Strand** (1890-1976)—Photographs from 1914 on, about half of them printed by the artist. Through Jan. 15. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

**Morris Warman**—Mostly candid shots of notables—Winston Churchill, William Faulkner, Fiorello LaGuardia, Edith Piaf, Rex Stout—by a former *Herald Tribune* photographer. Through Thursday, Sept. 30. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **FLOATING FOUNDATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, Pier 40 South, Hudson River at W. Houston St.: Work by twenty contemporary women photographers, including Lilo Raymond and Barbara Morgan. Through Oct. 17. (Thursdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Nearly forty vintage prints by Dutch (Piet Zwart, Cas Oorthuys) and other (Erwin Blumenfeld, László Moholy-Nagy) artists who reinterpreted the De Stijl movement through the lens of a camera. Through Oct. 23. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Avocational photographs by painters and sculptors of this century and the nineteenth: Degas, Brancusi, Pearlstein, and others. Through Oct. 9. (Open Mondays.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

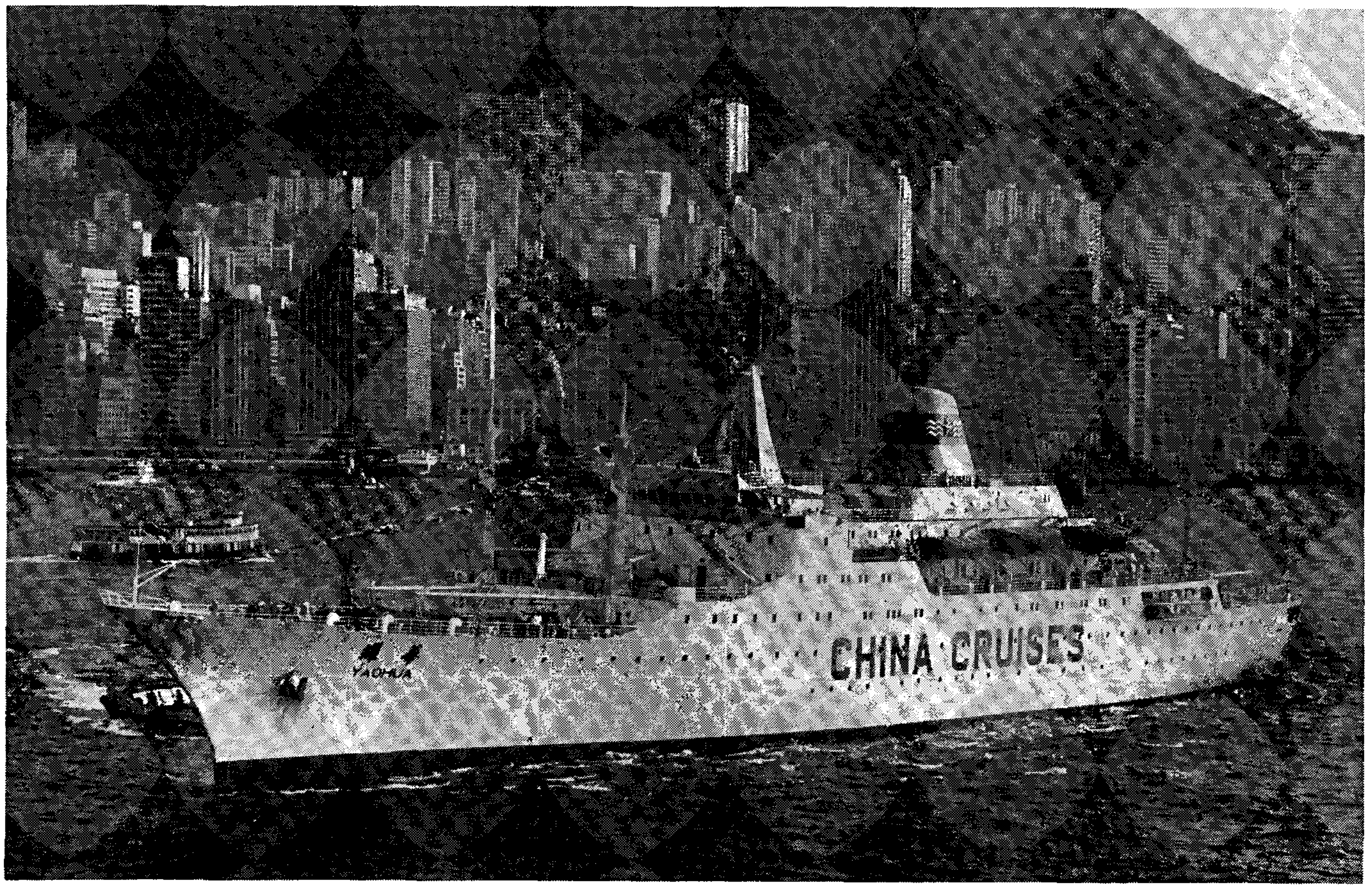
**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Cimabue Crucifix, on loan from the church of Santa Croce in Florence, is on exhibit in the Medieval Sculpture Hall. Through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ "Hendrik Goltzius and His Circle," a show of prints by the Dutch artist considered the outstanding line engraver of the late sixteenth century. Also, prints by his students and by artists (Dürer and Spranger) Goltzius was influenced by. Through Nov. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 18 W. 54th St.—While the museum's renovation and expansion project continues, only part of the permanent collection remains on view. . . . ¶ Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other, the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Scandinavia Today," the over-all title for a nationwide series of exhibits (see also the Cooper-Hewitt, Morgan Library, and National Academy of Design), brings three shows to these galleries: works in various mediums by two contemporary artists from each of the five Nordic countries; paintings and works on paper by the Swedish artist Öyvind Fahlström; and paintings and prints by Danish Cobra artist Asger Jorn. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ A dozen works (on canvas and on paper) by Jan Matulka which are recent gifts to the museum from his widow. Through Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art**, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Milton Avery retrospective of

The YAO HUA explores the coasts of China and the mighty Yangtse River.



A lovely way to see the wonders of China

From March to November the beautifully appointed MV YAO HUA* *will cruise along the coasts of China,* along the mighty Yangtse River, and through the gates of history.

This is a marvellously different way to enjoy the wonders of China. YAO HUA means, in Chinese, the Brilliance of China — a name just right for this 10,000 ton ship, built in France, and recently transformed to the high standards required by Salén Lindblad.

The fortnight's program includes two full days in Beijing. The dazzling treasure house of the Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven, the Tombs of the Imperial Mings and, still further north, the Great Wall. Shanghai in the south, a microcosm of all China, is almost overwhelming; but Suzhou — a city of water-gardens and poets — is a graceful contrast.

Then there is the Yangtse itself, China's river of tears and history. Our itinerary is long...Nanjing, steeped in history; Xiamen, the great port of Amoy; and three days in Hong Kong, a city as glittering as diamonds and equally fascinating.

Throughout the tour there will be informative talks on board and ashore, and experienced guides will accompany and advise you. The chef will present specialties from the culinary centers of China — Canton, Sichuan, Shanghai and Beijing — and thus create a gourmet tour within the cruise.

Suites and cabins on the YAO HUA are air-conditioned and stylish. There are spacious decks, a swimming pool, cocktail lounges in contemporary oriental decor, and boutiques which sell Chinese silks and other goods.

Cruising on the YAO HUA offers a great experience of China, her scenery, history and her people.

*Chinese Registry.

**Salén Lindblad Cruising, Inc.** Dept. NY 9-27*
133 E. 55th Street, New York, NY 10022 (212) 751-2300

Please send your *China Coastal and Yangtse River Cruises* brochure to:

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State __________ Zip __________ Phone __________

SALÉN LINDBLAD CRUISING INC.

Georges Kaplan
Ben Thylan
FURS

NATURAL RUSSIAN SABLE
IN Chevron Pattern

An Exclusive Design
Made on Our Own Premises

at the International Couture Furriers
32 East 57th Street/Fourth Floor
New York City (212) Plaza 3-7700

paintings and monotypes fills the fourth-floor galleries. Through Dec. 5. A complementary show is at the Grace Borgenicht Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A show of selections from the museum's print collection representing five hundred years of work, done primarily by Europeans. Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, (including a working proof from his "Los Caprichos" series), Degas, Cassatt, Whistler, Kirchner, Braque, Picasso (his 1935 "Minotauromachy"), Dine, and others. Through Nov. 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

**American Craft Museum I,** 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian designs in furniture, glass, ceramics, metal, and textiles from the eighteen-eighties to the present. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred hand-colored fashion prints illustrating the sartorial trends followed by men, women, and children from the end of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A display of European laces dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, with additional items chosen to demonstrate how lace patterns have been translated into patterns for wrought-iron gates, embroidery, and contemporary baskets. Through Nov. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Japan House,** 333 E. 47th St.—Ushio Shinohara's exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and drawings includes a 1966 Pop treatment of the ukiyo-e genre and a six-panel painting on canvas, "Flower Viewing," that is exhibited as a folding screen and combines, among other things, Wonder Woman figures and figures after Edward Hopper. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of more than fifty seventeenth-century prints, most of them portraying the Jewish population of Amsterdam as seen by non-Jewish artists of that city, and providing as well a number of Biblical scenes, ten of them by Rembrandt. Through Dec. 5. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, except Sept. 27, through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sunday, Sept. 26, from 11 to 3.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A show of fifteenth-century Dutch and Flemish illuminated manuscripts (among them the 1440 "*Hours of Catherine of Cleves*"); religious drawings (including one attributed to Hieronymus Bosch); and illustrated printed books (Ovid's "Metamorphoses" accompanied by woodcuts). Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ A display of Icelandic illuminated manuscripts and early printed books of historical, legal, liturgical, and literary interest. Through Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show concerning Samuel F.B. Morse's association with the academy, of which he was founder and first president. It includes four of his portraits and fifty of his drawings as well as works by fellow-founders Asher B. Durand, Robert Weir, and Charles Loring Elliott; and student work of the period. Through Nov. 18. A complementary exhibit of Morse's works is at the Grey Art Gallery, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. . . . ¶ Two hundred prints in a show that is part of the "Scandinavia Today" series. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ A display of pages from the sketchbooks of Le Corbusier, together with photographs of his designs. Through Nov. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leona Mitchell, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Kurt Moll, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Leona Mitchell, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Eva Marton, Bruna Baglioni, Placido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Eva Marton, Bruna Baglioni, Placido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Kurt Moll, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leona Mitchell, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Gwynn Cornell, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 1: "La Gioconda," with Galina Savova, Bruna Baglioni, Placido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Kurt Moll, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine.

**New York City Opera**—Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Medea," with Marisa Galvany, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 24, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Rita Shane, Vinson Cole, Alan Titus, and Richard Cross; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Noelle Rogers, Jacque Trussel, Charles Long, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Tosca," with Stephanie Sundine, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Vincent LaSelva. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 1: "La Traviata," with Carol Vaness, Jon Garrison, and William Stone; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 7, and Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8: "Medea," with Marisa Galvany, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Harry Dworchak; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept.

30, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Shinja Kim, Vinson Cole, and Alan Titus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8: A new production of Gluck's "Alceste" (in French), with Heather Harper, Jon Garrison, William Eichorn, and Scott Reeve; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2: "Tosca," with Stephanie Sundine, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Vincent LaSelva. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Rita Shane, Vinson Cole, Alan Titus, and Richard Cross; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8; Friday, Sept. 24, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 7:30: A Tower-Berlioz-Moussorgsky/Ravel program, with Shirley Verrett, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8; Friday, Oct. 1, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: A program of orchestral works by Brahms, Berlioz, and Szymanowski, as well as operatic excerpts by Handel, Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini. With Montserrat Caballé, soprano.

**Solisti New York Chamber Orchestra**—Ransom Wilson conducting and acting as flute soloist in a program of music by Handel, Copland, Mozart, and Albinoni. With Eric Wyrick, violin. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**Choruses of the World**—Thirteen university choruses from ten countries will perform seriatim and together. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**Gregory Haimovsky**—Piano, in an all-Debussy program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

**Eugene List**—Piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

**Terry Riley**—Keyboard and synthesizer, with the Kronos Quartet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—An all-Bach program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

**Barbara and Gerhardt Suhrstedt**—Piano music for four hands. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Sept. 26, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

**Chamber Music at the Y**—Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat" and Mozart's Clarinet Quintet in A Major, performed by Jaime Laredo and Daniel Phillips, violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; Michelle Zukovsky, clarinet; Sharon Robinson, cello; and others. With Bil Baird's Marionettes and John Houseman, narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 28-29, at 8.)

**David Tanenbaum**—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

**Steve Reich and Musicians**—Thursday, Sept. 30, and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: A program including the chamber version of "Tehillim" and the première of "Vermont Counterpoint." With Ransom Wilson, flute. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2: A program including "Music for 18 Musicians" and "Vermont Counterpoint." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**Gothic Concert**—A program of baroque duets for two sopranos, with Sally Sanford and Carol Wilson accompanied by Raymond Erickson, harpsichord, and Myron Lutzke, cello. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Aulos Ensemble**—A program of baroque music on original instruments, with Jaap Schröder, violin. (Grace and St. Paul's Church, 123 W. 71st St. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

**Sylvan Wind Quintet**—Chamber music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

**Fitzwilliam String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

## MISCELLANY

**International American Music Competition for Vocalists**—Predominantly American programs by three finalists in the 1982 competition sponsored by Carnegie Hall and the Rockefeller Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 1. No tickets necessary.)

# SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

**Baseball—yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, Oct. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 25-26, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 27-28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30, at 7:35.

**College Football—saturday, sept. 25:** Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, oct. 2:** Army vs. Harvard, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Pace, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. William and Mary, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven, at 1:30.

**Professional Football**—Sunday, Sept. 26: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.

**Hockey**—Exhibition games—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Thursday, Sept. 30. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Monday, Sept. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7:35.

**Racing**—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 11. The Lawrence Realization, Saturday, Sept. 25; the Ruffian Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 26; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 29; and the Grey Flight Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **meadowlands:** Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 1:30 and 8; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Queen Charlotte, Friday, Sept. 24, and the Pegasus, Thursday, Sept. 30. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Oct. 18.

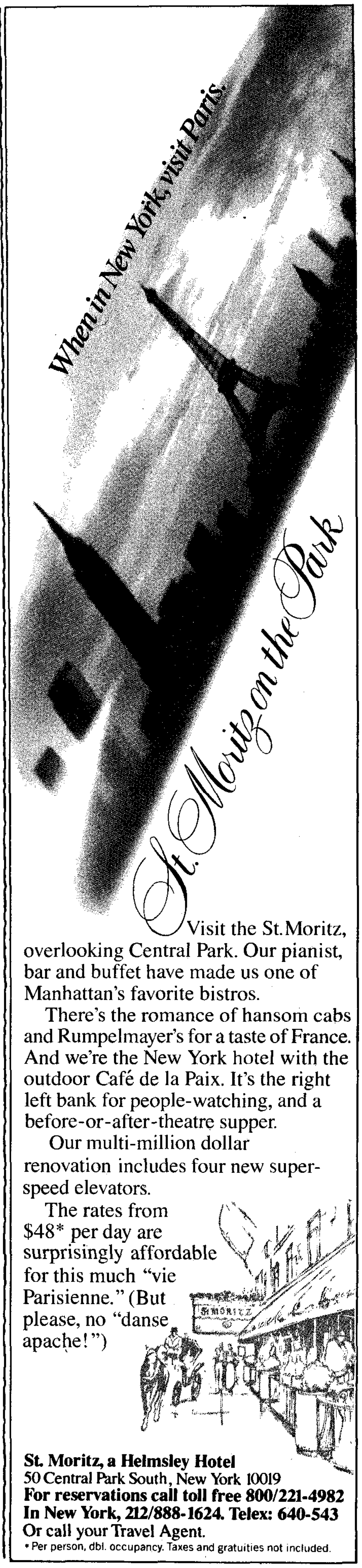
**Skating**—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, at 8 a.m.: School figures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 4; Friday, Oct. 1, at 5:30; and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 6:45: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 8 a.m.: Ice dancing and free skating. (Sky Rink, 450 W. 33rd St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

**Trotting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 6.

# ET ALIA

**Poetry Readings**—Denise Levertov reading from her own works. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Robert Bly reading from his own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

**Lecture**—"The Metaphor of the Soul," by Bruno Bettelheim. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)


When in New York, visit Paris.
St. Moritz on the Park
ST. MORITZ

Visit the St. Moritz, overlooking Central Park. Our pianist, bar and buffet have made us one of Manhattan's favorite bistros.

There's the romance of hansom cabs and Rumpelmayer's for a taste of France. And we're the New York hotel with the outdoor Café de la Paix. It's the right left bank for people-watching, and a before-or-after-theatre supper.

Our multi-million dollar renovation includes four new super-speed elevators.

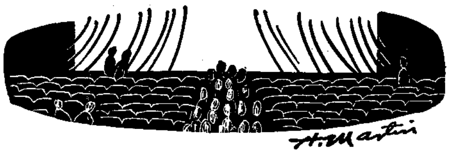
The rates from $48* per day are surprisingly affordable for this much "vie Parisienne." (But please, no "danse apache!")

**St. Moritz, a Helmsley Hotel**
50 Central Park South, New York 10019
**For reservations call toll free 800/221-4982**
**In New York, 212/888-1624. Telex: 640-543**
Or call your Travel Agent.

* Per person, dbl. occupancy. Taxes and gratuities not included.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

**FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.**

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Lonely Heart" (1981; directed by Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).

**R.K.O. Century Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Sept. 30: A Woody Allen Festival.
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 23: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†) and "Body Heat" (†).
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 23: "Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 30: "The World According to Garp" (†).
From Oct. 1: "Hey Good Lookin' " (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film, in English).
Theatre 2: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 23: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn. From Sept. 24: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 27: "The World According to Garp" (†).
From Sept. 28: "Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 23: "Author! Author!" (†).
From Sept. 24: "Star Wars" (†).

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

**Manhattan 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger. From Oct. 1: "Hey Good Lookin' " (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "L'Adolescente" (Jeanne Moreau; in French), with Simone Signoret.
Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Last Tango in Paris" (†).

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Hair" (†). From Oct. 1: "Tex" (Tim Hunter), with Matt Dillon.
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand and Arielle Dombasle.

**Gemini 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris. Sept. 24-30: "Gisela." From Oct. 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset. From Oct. 1: "Going All the Way."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 27: "The Road Warrior" (†).
From Sept. 28: "The World According to Garp" (†).

**Loews New York Twin 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film, in English). From Sept. 24: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda.
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Sept. 30: "Les Turlupins" (Bernard Rêvon; in French), with Bernard Brieux.
From Oct. 1: "Eating Raoul" (Paul Bartel), with Bartel and Mary Woronov.

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tempest" (†).

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 23: "Poltergeist" (†).
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

**U. A. 85th St. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 23: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.
From Sept. 24: "Gisela."

**Loews Orpheum 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 23: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl. From Sept. 24: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda.

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 23: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "Forbidden World" (Allan Holzman), with Jesse Vint and Dawn Dunlap. From Sept. 24: "Blood Tide."
Theatre 2: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum 1 and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 28: "Reporters" (1981; directed by Raymond Depardon; in French). From Sept. 29: A program of three short documentaries.
Theatre 2: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Burden of Dreams" (Les Blank), a documentary.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

**Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger. From Sept. 24: "Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sheer Klein; a Canadian film).
Theatre 2: "Barbarosa" (†).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman).
Theatre 2: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 3: "Mephisto" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 23: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel. From Sept. 24: "Last Tango in Paris" (†).

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Aida" (1954; Clemente Fracassi; in Italian and English), with Sophia Loren.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Sept. 22: Theatre closed.
Sept. 23: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).
From Sept. 24: "Yes, Giorgio" (Franklin J. Schaffner), with Luciano Pavarotti and Kathryn Harrold.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Josepha" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Miou-Miou and Claude Brasseur.

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Barbarosa" (†).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tempest" (†).

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.
Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 2: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "The World According to Garp" (†). From Sept. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 23: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames. From Sept. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 23: "Barbarosa" (†). From Sept. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 23: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset. From Sept. 24: To be announced.

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel. From Sept. 24: "Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sheer Klein; a Canadian film).
Theatre 2: "Mephisto" (†).

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†) and "Arthur" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 23: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor. From Sept. 24: "Diner" (†) and "Rich and Famous" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 23: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris. From Sept. 24: "The Road Warrior" (†); and "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 23: "The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film; in English). From Sept. 24: "Star Wars" (†).

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "Young Doctors in Love" (directed by Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young. From Sept. 24: "Star Wars" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "Rocky III" (†). From Oct. 1: "Going All the Way."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 30: "The World Ac-

*(Advertisement)*

# WORKING WITHIN THE RULES

*(Or, how to find freedom and comfort in the conventions of modern business dress.)*

COMPOSING music and dressing for the office could be said to have something in common. This occurred to us recently when we read that Stravinsky enjoyed, even preferred, working within set limits. Perhaps it let him get on with what he had to say without worry about the form of his statement.

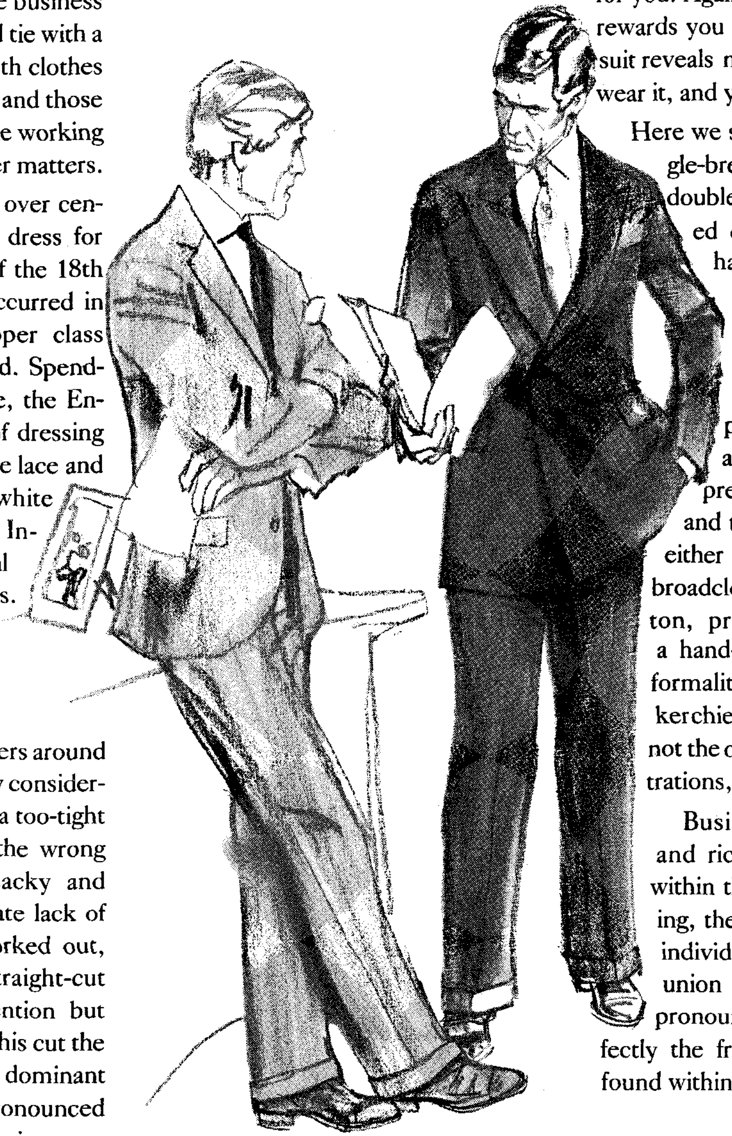
While we wouldn't equate the business suit with a sonata or the shirt and tie with a fugue, we can find analogies. Both clothes and music follow accepted rules and those rules, once defined, leave anyone working within them free to think of other matters.

Musical forms have evolved over centuries and so has the way we dress for business. Around the middle of the 18th century, a significant change occurred in England: the influence of upper class country clothes began to spread. Spending so much time in the saddle, the English gentry developed a way of dressing better suited to their life than the lace and ruffles and embroidery and white silk stockings of city and court. Instead, plain cloth in a functional cut, plain linen, and stout boots. Their business costume, the ancestor of ours.

TODAY'S business dress centers around the suit, its cut our primary consideration. Too-sharp shoulders and a too-tight waist can attract attention of the wrong kind, whereas a suit that's sacky and shapeless would seem to indicate lack of confidence. The cut we've worked out, natural shoulders, a waist, straight-cut trousers, doesn't demand attention but hardly lacks assurance. Within this cut the single-breasted suit has been dominant but we've recently noted a pronounced interest in the double-breasted suit.

Unfortunately, some men like some composers, never get beyond form, forgetting about content. If cut could be said to be form, then cloth is content, something we've never neglected. At Paul Stuart we cherish beautiful woolens and go to extraordinary lengths to find them. Like changes of key within a sonata, nuances of color, weave and pattern change the mood of the suit and the tone of the entire outfit.

It matters little that the composer has moving things to tell us if he lacks the skill to accomplish his vision. Over the years we have accomplished ours through a close relationship with a firm of Canadian tailors who are, quite simply, masters. Yet even the suits they make for us, well proportioned and well made as they are, will not automatically fit everyone. For your satisfaction, and ours, they must fit, therefore we have a staff of tailors in our store to see that they do.



CUT, cloth, craft, fit, these lead us to comfort. Comfort is the agreeable knowledge that you're well and suitably dressed; it also is physical, and incremental. The satisfying heft and balance of the suit jacket as you hold it to try it on; the feeling, as you settle it around you and button it that it might have been made just for you. Again, like the musical piece that rewards you more with each hearing, the suit reveals new comforts the longer you wear it, and you'll wear it for years.

Here we show both a two-button, single-breasted suit and one of the double-breasted suits we mentioned earlier. The single-breasted has a center vent, the double-breasted has side vents; both have plain-front trousers. That's the basic form. Fill it in with solid colors or pin stripes or chalk stripes or a small glen plaid, then express yourself further with shirt and tie and pocket square. With either suit we'd like a silky white broadcloth shirt of Sea Island cotton, preferably with french cuffs, a hand-made silk tie of a certain formality, and a white linen handkerchief for the pocket. But that's not the only choice, different orchestrations, different music.

Business suit and white shirt and richly-textured tie, all working within the rules. Is this way of dressing, then, trite? Ordinary? Lacking individuality? On the contrary. Its union of form and content has a pronounced style and illustrates perfectly the freedom of expression to be found within the conventions.

**Paul Stuart**

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York, NY
(212) 682-0320 Open 9:00 to 6:00
© 1982 Paul Stuart, Inc.

cording to Garp" (†). From Oct. 1: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.
Theatre 4: "The Road Warrior" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Incubus" (John Hough), with John Cassavetes.
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 23: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†). From Sept. 24: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film; in English).

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 23: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames. From Sept. 24: "Blood Tide."
Theatre 3: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "The Beach Girls" (Pat Townsend), with Debra Blee. From Sept. 24: "Amityville II: The Possession" (Damiano Damiani), with Burt Young and Rutanya Alda.
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Sept. 23: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins; and "Private Lessons" (1981; Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris. From Oct. 1: "Going All the Way."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 23: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn. Sept. 24-30: "Fearless Jackals." From Oct. 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).

**R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Forbidden World" (Allan Holzman), with Jesse Vint and Dawn Dunlap.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 23: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor. From Sept. 24: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl.
Theatre 2: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 28: "The Cat and the Canary" (1978; directed by Radley Metzger), with Edward Fox and Wendy Hiller.
From Sept. 29: "Le Samourai" (†).

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 22: "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal; and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.
Sept. 23: "Drums" (1938; Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Raymond Massey, and Valerie Hobson; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.
Sept. 24: "THX 1138" (1971; George Lucas), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
Sept. 25: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
Sept. 26-27: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "Luna" (†).
Sept. 28: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (†).
Sept. 29: "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine; and "Clash by Night" (1952; Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, and Robert Ryan.
Sept. 30: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
Oct. 1: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Body Heat" (†).
Oct. 2: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 22: "Man of Iron" (1981; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
Sept. 23: "Sandakan 8" (1974; Kei Kumai; in Japanese); and "The Lower Depths" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Sept. 24-25: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
Sept. 26: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas.
Sept. 27: "Pather Panchali" (†) and "Aparajito" (†).
Sept. 28: "The World of Apu" (†) and "The Music Room" (†).
Sept. 29: "Pigpen" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
Sept. 30: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
Oct. 1: "The Arabian Nights;" and "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.
Oct. 2: "The Canterbury Tales" and "The Decameron."

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 23: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
Sept. 24-25: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Sept. 26-28: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Sept. 29-30: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.
Oct. 1-2: "Personal Best" (†); and "Bilitis" (1977; David Hamilton), with Patti D'Arbanville.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 23: "The Road Warrior" (†).
Sept. 24-30: "Star Wars" (†).
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Sept. 22: "Rose Marie" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen; and "Naughty Marietta" (1935; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, and Frank Morgan.
Sept. 23-25: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Sept. 26-27: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "The Duellists" (†).
Sept. 28-29: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "The Rose Tattoo" (†).
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "Arthur" (†); and "10" (1979; Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Julie Andrews, and Bo Derek.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 23: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert) and "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.
Sept. 24-25: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, and Robert Cummings; and "Mogambo" (1953; John Ford), with Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, and Grace Kelly.
Sept. 26-28: "The Country Girl" (1954; George Seaton), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" (1955; Mark Robson), with William Holden, Grace Kelly, Fredric March, and Mickey Rooney.
Sept. 29-30: "High Society" (1956; Charles Walters), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, and Celeste Holm; and "High Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado.
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 25: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.
Sept. 26-27: "The Painted Veil" (†); and "A Woman of Affairs" (1928; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Lewis Stone, and Johnny Mack Brown.
Sept. 28-29: "Rage in Heaven" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke), with Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery, George Sanders, and Lucile Watson; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1941; Victor Fleming), with Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy, and Lana Turner.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "As You Desire Me" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Sept. 22: "Hussy" (1980), with Helen Mirren and John Shea; and "Normande" (1979; Gilles Carle, in French), with Carole Laure.
Sept. 23: "The Breaking Point" (1950; Michael Curtiz), with John Garfield and Patricia Neal; and "We Were Strangers" (1949; John Huston), with Jennifer Jones and John Garfield.
Sept. 24-25: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a silent film), with Keaton; and "The Three Ages" (1923; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton.
Sept. 26: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Jan-

# INTRODUCING THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® VACATION STORE.

**For a great cruise at a great price, don't set sail without us.℠**

If you're shopping for a cruise, make the American Express Vacation Store your first stop. We have a wonderful selection of cruises from 7 relaxing days to Bermuda to 80 luxurious days around the world.

At the American Express Vacation Store, we're experts at matching your dreams with the cruise that will make them come true. And cruise vacations are less expensive than you might think because once you're on board, just about everything's included. Write or call for our free cruise brochure or stop by any one of our 450 American Express Vacation Stores. It's the place to begin your bon voyage!

**FREE!**
**THE AMERICAN EXPRESS CRUISE BROCHURE**

Everything you ever wanted to know about cruises from stem to stern. To get yours call this number toll-free from the Continental U.S.

**800-228-2290**

Or send this coupon to: American Express Travel
P.O. Box 37233
Omaha, Nebraska 68137 NY-982

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________

STATE __________ ZIP __________

AMERICAN EXPRESS®

**THE AMERICAN EXPRESS VACATION STORE**℠

**WHY TAKE A CHANCE WHEN YOU TAKE A VACATION?**

© American Express Company, 1982.

ice Rule; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

Sept. 27: "Beat the Devil" (†) and "Sahara" (†).

Sept. 28: "The Marriage of Figaro" (1959; in French), performed by the Comédie-Française; "The Would-Be Gentleman" (†); and "Les Femmes Savantes" (1965; Jean Meyer; *in French*), *performed by the Comédie-Française*.

Sept. 29: "Club Havana" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Tom Neal; "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Tom Neal; and "Moon Over Harlem" (1939; Edgar G. Ulmer).

Sept. 30: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943; Roy William Neill), with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce as Holmes and Dr. Watson; "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (†); and "Murder at the Baskervilles" (1937; Thomas Bentley), with Arthur Wontner and Ian Fleming as Holmes and Watson.

Oct. 1-2: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard; and "Negatives" (1968; Peter Medak), with Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento, and Glenda Jackson.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 22: "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Sept. 23: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Sept. 24-25: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

Sept. 26: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Sept. 27: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Sept. 28: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, and Carmen Miranda; and "Weekend in Havana" (†).

Sept. 29: "The Battle of the Sexes" (†) and "The Captain's Paradise" (†).

Sept. 30: "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart; and "Wives Under Suspicion" (1938; James Whale), with Gail Patrick and Warren William.

Oct. 1-2: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

### FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Whitney Museum**—Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Oct. 24: "Drive-In: Second Feature" (1982; directed by Roger Welch), a film-and-sculpture installation. Mr. Welch will be present on Thursday, Sept. 30, at 2. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

**New York Film Festival**—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **Alice Tully Hall,** Lincoln Center: Sept. 24 at 7:30: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; West Germany). . . . **Avery Fisher Hall:** Sept. 24 at 9:30: A repeat showing of "Veronika Voss." . . . **Alice Tully Hall:** Sept. 25 at 12:30: "Bolwieser" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; West Germany; 1977). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 3: "The Burning Brazier" (Ivan Mozhukhin; France; 1923, a silent film). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6: "Another Way" (Karoly Makk; Hungary). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 9: "Eating Raoul" (Paul Bartel; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2: "Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 4:30: "Madam Satan" (Cecil B. De Mille; United States; 1930). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 7: "Bolwieser." . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 9:30: "Another Way." . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6:15: "Eating Raoul." . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 9:30: "Moonlighting." . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6:15: "Description of a Struggle" (Chris Marker; United States) and "Letter from Siberia" (Chris Marker; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30 and Sept. 29 at 6:15: "Tex" (Tim Hunter; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (Vittorio and Paolo Taviani; Italy). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "City Lovers" (Barney Simon; South Africa) and "Coming of Age" (Josh Hanig; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30: "Identification of a Woman" (Michelangelo Antonioni; Italy). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6:15: "Vortex" (Scott B and Beth B; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "The Trout" (Joseph Losey; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at noon: "Identification of a Woman." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 3: "The Night of the Shooting Stars." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "Little Wars" (Maroun Baghdadi; Lebanon). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway; Great Britain). (For tickets, call 362-1911).

## IN BRIEF

### SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
### IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Aparajito** (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu Trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" (see below) from its medieval village life to the modern streets of Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with the school system, and later, when he has left his mother, with the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—one understands how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. Adapted by Ray from a novel by B. B. Bandapaddhay; music by Ravi Shankar. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 27.)

**Arthur** (1981)—John Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud that perfect hat. As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits and his work has a friendly spirit, and with Moore and Gielgud bouncing off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves, the picture doesn't sag for long. But Gordon's attempt to reactivate the romantic mechanisms of the screwball comedies of the thirties doesn't work with the women characters—particularly with Liza Minnelli and Geraldine Fitzgerald. As the poor-girl heroine, Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. With Barney Martin, Anne De Salvo as Gloria, Jill Eikenberry, Thomas Barbour, Ted Ross, Stephen Elliott, Peter Evans, Lou Jacobi, and, in a bit, Lawrence Tierney. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

**Author! Author!**—As the hero, a playwright who's a genial, children-loving jokester, Al Pacino reads his lines very skillfully, but he can't seem to get the message to his face or his body. He's like a man who's looking for something and has forgotten what; he prowls, distractedly. And when he tries for warmth, his smile is so self-conscious that at times his teeth seem to be stranded on the screen, left behind. Most of the scenes in which he is shown in his theatrical dealings have a quick, satirical snap, and in the first half the dialogue has a sense of give-and-take, but then the film follows up on all the stuff we're not interested in. The playwright chases after his wife (Tuesday Weld), who has casually gone off with another man, leaving behind her four children by three earlier husbands. The playwright also has one child of his own, and by the time he is hauling kids onto the roof of his Greenwich Village house to protect them from being dispersed to homes they don't want to go to, the picture has turned into a *Times Magazine* article on male parenting. The script, by Israel Horovitz, has trim, funny lines but also terrible, overingratiating ones, and some of the most doddering, bonehead situations to be seen on the big screen in years. Directed by Arthur Hiller, the film is blotchy in just about every conceivable way; you'd have to conduct an exhaustive search to find a movie with scuzzier lighting (the cinematography is by Victor J. Kemper). With Dyan Cannon, who gives her scenes an infusion of spirit, and also Alan King, André Gregory, Bob and Ray, Bob Dishy, and Eric Gurry. (7/26/82) (Gotham Cinema; through Sept. 23.)

**Barbarosa**—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence as the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him. The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (8/9/82) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 23.)

**The Battle of the Sexes** (1960)—The old order, represented by Peter Sellers as the head accountant of a Scottish firm rich in tradition, triumphing over the new, represented by Constance Cummings as an interloping American efficiency expert. This British film was adapted from the James Thurber story "The Catbird Seat," but as directed by Charles Crichton it's not as funny as it's meant to be. With Robert Morley as the laird in charge of the firm. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

**Beat the Devil** (1954)—"The formula of 'Beat the Devil,'" its director, John Huston, once remarked, "is that everyone is slightly absurd." The plot of the picture was unknown to the cast, but presumably known to Huston and his co-writer, Truman Capote; however, Capote later remarked that he had "a suspicion that John wasn't too clear about it." Commercially speaking, the movie courted—and achieved—disaster. According to most accounts, Capote wrote the script as they went along (reading it aloud to the cast each morning, Robert Morley says), and Huston didn't show any signs of anxiety. This improvisation was not necessarily an actor's delight, and Humphrey Bogart, who looks rather bewildered through much of it, as if he hadn't been let in on the joke, said, "Only the phonies think it's funny. It's a mess." Yes, but it may be the funniest mess of all time. It kidded itself, yet it succeeded in some original (and perhaps dangerously marginal) way by

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

finding a style of its own. Bogart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for British East Africa; their travelling companions are a gang of uranium swindlers—Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard. The funniest performer is Jennifer Jones (in a blond wig) as a creative liar; she's married to a bogus British lord (Edward Underdown). Then there's a shipwreck. This straight-faced parody of the international thriller killed off the whole genre. (It also ended the Huston-Bogart working relationship. Bogart had had his own money in the picture.) With Bernard Lee. Cinematography by Oswald Morris and Freddie Francis; from a novel by James Helvick (a pseudonym for Claud Cockburn). (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

**Body Heat** (1981)—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

**La Cage aux Folles** (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema.)

**The Captain's Paradise** (1953)—Alec Guinness leads a double life, and acts out one of the most common fantasies of Western man: as the captain of a ferry steamer, he alternates nights between a cozy middle-class cottage with homebody wife Celia Johnson on the Gibraltar end and a torrid, opulent apartment with passionately exuberant wife Yvonne De Carlo on the Morocco end. "Two women," he says, "each with half of the things a man wants," and happily split between two lives and two wives he doesn't realize that he is satisfying only half of each wife's desires. This comedy never quite finds its style, but the two wives are better than any man (or the film) deserves. With Charles Goldner, Miles Malleson, Bill Fraser. Directed by Anthony Kimmins, written by Alec Coppel and Nicholas Phipps. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

**Diner**—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Festival. . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 24.)

**Diva**—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

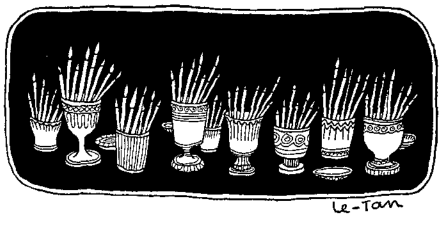
| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

**The Duellists** (1978)—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flareup of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend, like the causes of the larger wars that they're both fighting in. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful. Its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions; what keeps them from palling is that they have a graphic power of their own, and they're coolly impassioned—a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these ravishing yet unsettling images. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 26-27.)

**E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial**—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

**Hair** (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign, small folk town of New York. (Cinema I; through Sept. 30.)

**Last Tango in Paris** (1972)—Exploitation films had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. When Brando improvises within Bertolucci's structure, his full art is realized; his performance is intuitive, rapt, princely. Working with Brando, Bertolucci achieves realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Bertolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Barbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 24.)



**Luna** (1979)—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 26-27.)

**Mephisto**—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible,* a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

**A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy**—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. (7/26/82) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 23.)

**The Music Room** (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. It's often crude and it's poorly constructed, but it's a great experience. Worrying over its faults is like worrying over whether "King Lear" is well constructed; it doesn't really matter. Ray made this film between the second and third parts of the Apu Trilogy, for respite. With Chabbi Biswas as the aristocrat who has nothing left but his love of music—he holds a musicale in his decaying mansion. Ray's script is based on a story by T. S. Bannerjee. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

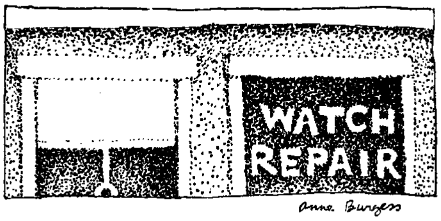
**My Dinner with André**—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern Platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**An Officer and a Gentleman**—This formula romantic melodrama, which involves the regenerative moral powers of military discipline, seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. He has a headlong style; he gives the picture so much propulsion that it gains a momentum of its own. It's crap, but crap on a motorcycle. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School in the Northwest, near Puget Sound. Gere pushes himself to go as far as he can, and he has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down—when you expect him to be emotionally transfigured—he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Winger convinces you that this girl really believes her life would be empty if she didn't share it with the hero. Gossett plays the sergeant bone-hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith as the hero's friend and Robert Loggia as his father, and there are entertaining flashes of Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. They all work under a handicap: the script, by Douglas Day Stewart, is schematic in the manner of TV drama, circa 1955. (8/23/82) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**On Golden Pond**—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. Or is it "good American stock," or Hepburn's pedigreed cheekbones? The movie is shaped so that it seems to be getting at the problems of old age (Norman's eyes and ears are failing, his memory is spotty, and his body is becoming more and more unreliable), but then Norman's crankiness is made to seem sly—a form of one-upmanship. He's meant to be a lovable curmudgeon. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Gemini 1, and Rivoli; starting Oct. 1.)

**The Painted Veil** (1934)—Richard Boleslavsky directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall, as her husband, and George Brent, as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Regency; Sept. 26-27.)

**Pather Panchali** (1954)—(Variously translated as "Song of the Road," "The Lament of the Path," etc.) This first film by the masterly Satyajit Ray—possibly the most unembarrassed and natural of directors—is a quiet reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village. Beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love, it brought a new vision of India to the screen. Though the central characters are the boy Apu (who is born near the beginning) and his mother and father and sister, the character who makes the strongest impression on you may be the ancient, parasitic, storytelling relative, played by the eighty-year-old Chunibala, a performer who apparently enjoyed coming back into the limelight after thirty years of obscurity—her wages paid for the narcotics she used daily. As "Auntie," she is so remarkably likable that you may find the relationship between her and the mother, who is trying to feed her children and worries about how much the old lady eats, very painful. Ray continued the story of Apu in "Aparajito" and "The World of Apu" (see below), and the three films, all based on a novel by B. B. Bandapaddhay, became known as the Apu Trilogy. (Robin Wood's study, "The Apu Trilogy," does the films justice.) Cinematography by Subrata Mitra; music by Ravi Shankar. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 27.)



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |

**Personal Best**—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details: you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is somatically charged. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength. This is a very smart and super-subtle movie in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. It should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Cinema Village; Oct. 1-2.)

**Poltergeist**—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 23.)

**Raiders of the Lost Ark** (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of Princess Leia in "Star Wars" (see below)—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy.)

**Rich and Famous**—Twenty years in the lives of two women writers, pals from their college days. Jacqueline Bisset is the tense "modern" artist—perpetually dissatisfied, self-conscious, hard-drinking. Candice Bergen is the gusher—as a housewife and mother, she writes a roman à clef about her Malibu Colony neighbors, and then she just keeps pouring out her fantasies and getting richer and richer. The bland Bisset is unvaryingly intense; she reads her puffed-up lines straight, and all with the same intonation. If she doesn't know that the picture is a comedy, this may be because Gerald Ayres, who wrote the script, seems to mean everything he has her say. (Her character is intended to be fearfully intelligent.) Bergen is much the livelier, but her caricature of a shallow bitch is too busy; she's a good sport rather than an actress, though she probably does as much for the role as anybody could. This remake of the 1943 film "Old Acquaintance" (which was based on John Van Druten's 1940 play) isn't camp, exactly; it's more like a homosexual fantasy. Bisset's affairs, with their masochistic overtones, are creepy, because they don't seem like what a woman would get into. And Bergen is used almost as if she were a big, goosey female impersonator. Directed by George Cukor, this movie has an unflagging pace, but it's full of scenes that don't play, and often you can't even tell what tone was hoped for. It's a tawdry self-parody. With David Selby, Hart Bochner, Steven Hill, Matt Lattanzi, Fay Kanin, and Michael Brandon, who makes an uncredited appearance as the man who has sex with Bisset in an airplane washroom. Among the guests in the party scenes are Christopher Isherwood, Don Bachardy, Roger Vadim, Paul Morrissey, Ray Bradbury, Nina Foch, and Gavin Lambert. (10/26/81) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 24.)

**The Road Warrior**—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked body builder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 24.)

**Rocky III**—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/81) (Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 30.)

**The Rose Tattoo** (1955)—Tennessee Williams' Serafina (Anna Magnani) is a Sicilian-American widow still in love with the fantasy of her dead husband's perfection—a woman cut off from the life around her because nothing is as good as that dream (and, from the way it looks, the squalid Gulf Coast town around her isn't up to anybody's dream). Magnani's virtuoso display of vitality makes it almost frighteningly clear that her husband's perfection was his sexual potency. The weakness of the material is that the reduction of all human needs to sex is handled only semi-comically. Burt Lancaster is rather embarrassing as Serafina's not-too-smart suitor, though he has a funny scene when he chases a goat. Magnani won an Academy Award for her performance; Tennessee Williams reputedly wrote the role for her, though Maureen Stapleton played it on Broadway. Directed by Daniel Mann, the picture comes across as a rather foolish, good-hearted romp; with Jo Van Fleet, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey. James Wong Howe also won an Academy Award, for cinematography. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 28-29.)

**Sahara** (1943)—Bogart and an all-male supporting cast that includes J. Carrol Naish and Rex Ingram, in a lost-patrol-type story set during the Second World War. Bogart is a sergeant in command of an American tank that's been cut off from the rest of the Army during the British retreat to El Alamein. The tank keeps rolling, picking up strays along the way until it has a full Hollywood ethnic complement—a Texan, a Brooklynite, a white Southerner, a black Sudanese, and so on. Excitingly staged and stunningly photographed, the film might have been a classic wartime melodrama if it weren't so offensively didactic. John Howard Lawson and the director, Zoltán Korda, wrote the screenplay, based on an incident in a Soviet screenplay, and the picture has the self-righteous, uplifting formula of many Soviet films—Bogart and his buddies capture a complete Nazi battalion. Cinematography by Rudolph Maté. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

**Le Samourai** (1967; known as "The Godson" in the United States)—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. In French. (Agee Room; starting Sept. 29.)

**The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan** (1970)—Mid-nineteenth-century Japan, and not a bit scandalous, though the picture—directed by Masahiro Shinoda—has a bright sense of mischief. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 28.)

**The Seven-Per-Cent Solution** (1976)—The plot starts from two pieces of common knowledge—that Sherlock Holmes used cocaine and that Sigmund Freud took the drug for a period. The fictional Holmes "lived" at the same time as the historical Freud; they're both myths by now, and by crossing these mythologies the film, adapted by Nicholas Meyer from his 1974 best-seller, gives us a luxuriant straight-faced parody, in which the two great detectives—Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud—pool their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). The film is somewhere between the genial "little" English comedies of the fifties, with their nifty plots and overqualified performers, and the splashy, stylized James Bond pictures. Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Professor Moriarty—a prissy, complaining old pedagogue. Olivier plays the role with the covert wit that is his specialty. The others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Jill Townsend, Regine, Gertan Klauber, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Directed by Herbert Ross, this is a highly civilized light entertainment. The production was designed by Ken Adam; the cinematography is by Oswald Morris; "The Madame's Song" is by Stephen Sondheim. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

**Star Wars** (1977)—As of now, the biggest box-office success in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 24-30. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 24.)

**Tempest**—Taking off from Shakespeare and the idea of a world-famous American architect of Greek ancestry who is having a mid-life crisis, Paul Mazursky tries for a free, airborne mix of comedy, musical, psychodrama, and dream play. The film has a flickering wit and there are charming bits by Susan Sarandon and the talented young actress Molly Ringwald, but Mazursky doesn't find an original tone that the audience can respond to, and he has put John Cassavetes—one of the most dour and alienating of actors—at the film's center. And worse, the picture has delusions of pain-in-the-soul glamour; set mostly in Manhattan and on a Greek island, it's overblown and luxuriantly elegant. You feel you should ooh and ah the vistas (courtesy of the cinematographer, Don McAlpine). It has the polished pictorial extravagance of stupe classics, such as Albert Lewin's 1951 "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman." (It even has the swank blue skies that "Pandora" had.) And it's a sophisticated fantasy in the same mode: the images might be used to advertise a new *parfum*. This is an absurd movie, but what an artifact! It takes a high degree of civilization to produce something so hollow. With Raul Julia, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, Lucianne Buchanan, Sam Robards, Paul Stewart, Jackie Gayle, Tony Holland, Jerry Hardin, and Paul and Betsy Mazursky. From a script by Mazursky and Leon Capetanos; with a modern score by Stomu Yamashta. (9/20/82) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

**Weekend in Havana** (1941)—Probably the cheerfullest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the 20th Century-Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mack Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 28.)

**The World According to Garp**—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon, Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting Sept. 28.)

**The World of Apu** (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. The full-grown Apu is played by the remarkable Soumitra Chatterji, who starred in several other Ray films. Adapted by Ray from a novel by B. B. Bandapaddhay; music by Ravi Shankar. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

**The Would-Be Gentleman** (1960)—An enjoyable photographed performance, in color and with the exquisite Lully music, by the Comédie-Française of the famous Molière comedy about the rich man (Louis Seigner) who wants to become a gentleman. Jean Meyer, who directed the play and the film, appears as the valet. The exaggerated balletic movement and the elegant diction are intact; the subtitles are witty and idiomatic. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 28.)

© 1982 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski. Shirt: Ora Feder

Perhaps once in a decade
a skin care product comes along that is so advanced
in the world of beauty, it creates
a whole new category of skin treatment.
The kind of beauty breakthrough
that could come only from Estée Lauder.

# Now Estée Lauder helps skin care become skin repair. Introducing her new nighttime rescue product: Night Repair Cellular Recovery Complex

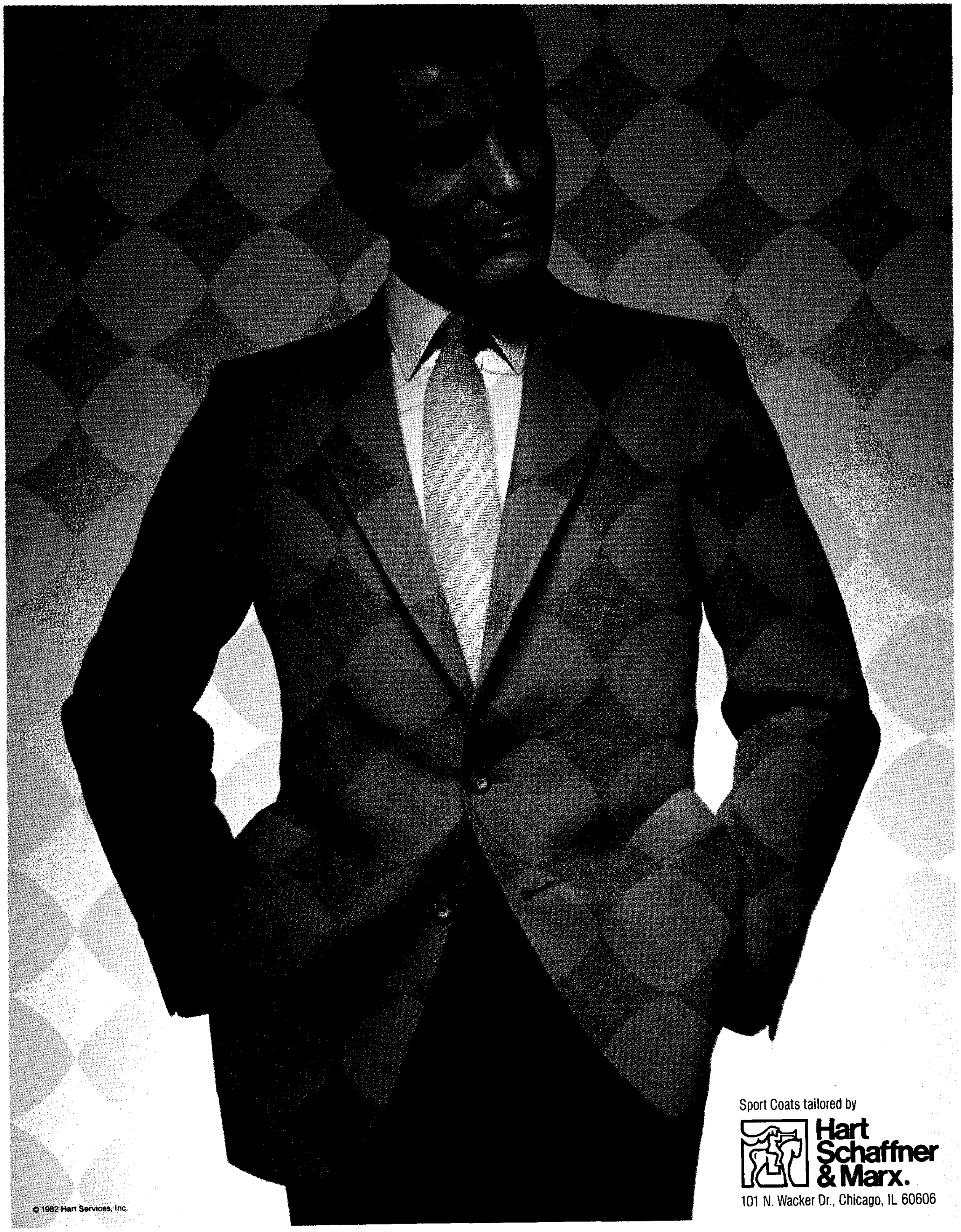
Night Repair is a
biological breakthrough
that uses the night,
the time your body
is resting,
to help nature speed up
the repair of cells that
have been damaged
during the day
by the ultraviolet light
all around us (which
incidentally occurs
all year long, winter as
well as summer).
Night Repair also greatly increases
the skin's ability to hold moisture.

Today Estée Lauder advances
skin care to Night Repair.
Use it tonight and wake up to better looking skin.

ESTĒE LAUDER

ESTEE
LAUDER
Night
Repair
Cellular
Recovery
Complex

Christian Dior



Sport Coats tailored by
Hart Schaffner & Marx.
101 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago, IL 60606

© 1982 Hart Services, Inc.

THE NEW YORKER

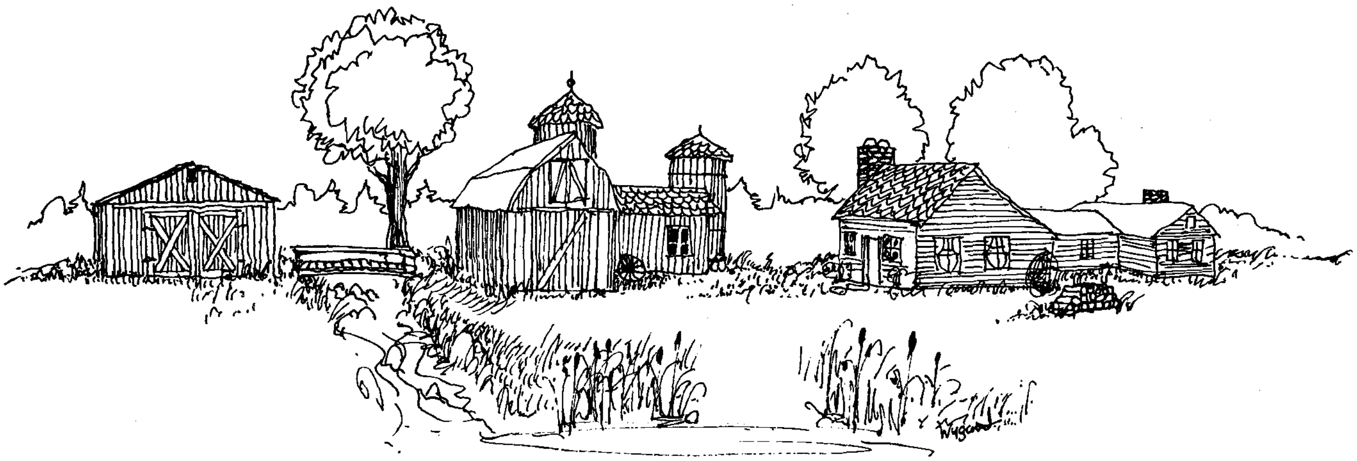
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

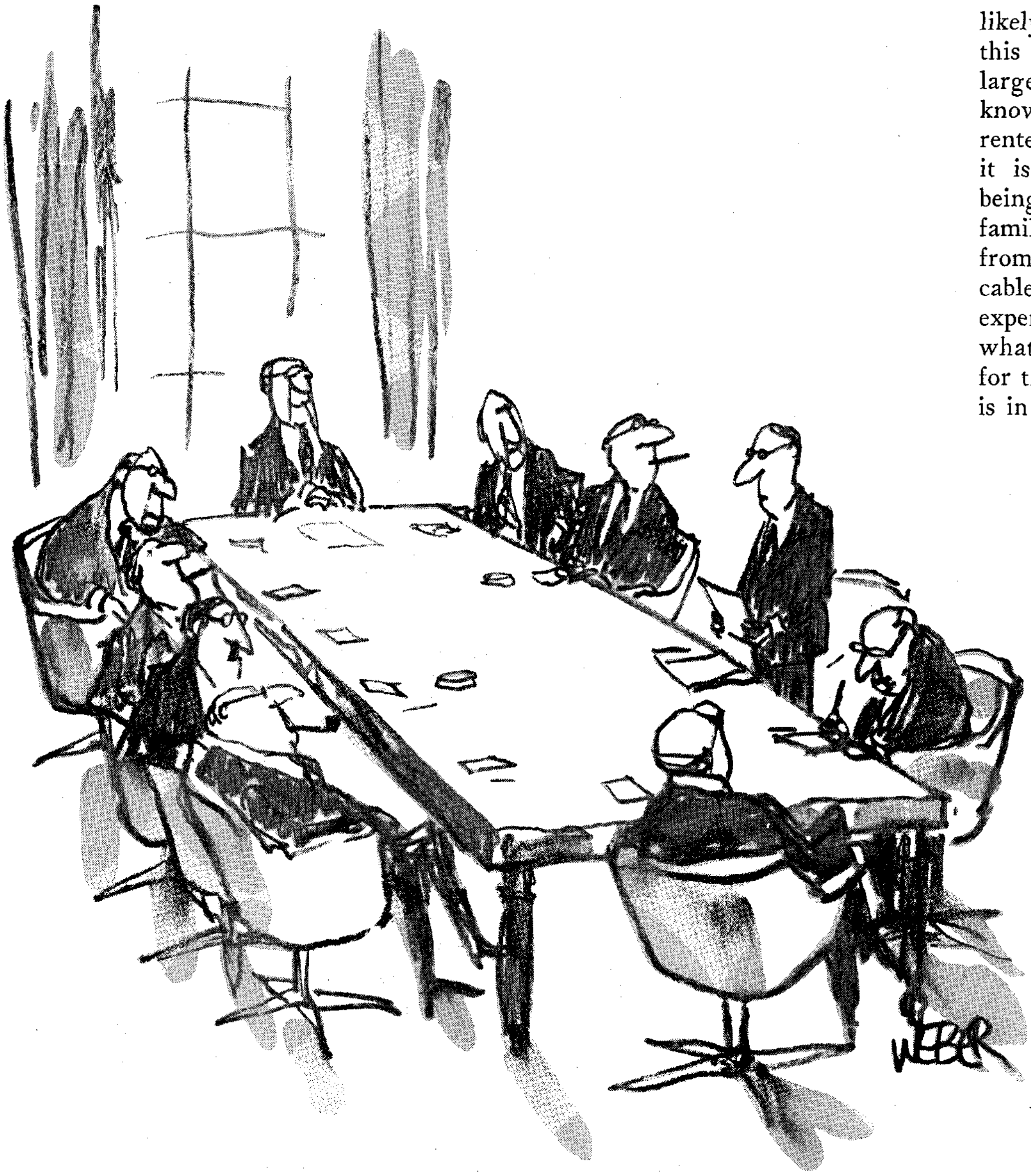
## *Notes and Comment*

IN recent months, New York has become a river town in a way that it had not been in a long time—and probably will not be for more than a brief spell. This came about through the dismantling, below Forty-second Street, of the West Side Highway. The highway was set down along the edge of the Hudson, and from the Battery to midtown it was elevated. Thus, the view to the river down side streets in neighborhoods along this part of the route was always obstructed by a heavy dark band. One could see the brightness of light over water in contrast to the shadowiness of the city streets that framed it, and in many places one could see under the highway to a bit of water. But because of that black band cutting across the narrow vertical view at the end of the street there was no unity to the sight. One was blocked off from the reality of the river, and hence from the meaning of the river—from all the ways that the river could comment on the city scene. It was a visual barrier to which many of us were so inured that we didn't really recognize it as a barrier.

Some years ago, after a portion of the highway collapsed under a truck, the elevated section was closed to traffic. From then on, it served as a great, silent path levitated from the bustle of life at a middling height, from which, on one side, one could mingle with the city as if one were a bird, not quite in it and not quite out of it, while the other side was so full of river sky and the wide gesture of the bay that those city dwellers accustomed to no more than the mingiest diet of water sights felt giddy and overwhelmed by a surplus of splendor. During this stage—surely the most notable in the highway's history—many of us became attached to it, not only for the views it afforded, not only for the unusual pleasure of a long promenade with no cars around at all, but also for the way the highway was conducive to reflection. In its abandoned state, the highway took one outside time. The silence and ruination of the road set a mood of temporal distance from which one could contemplate the civilization thrumming away on all sides as if from the perspective of some future time, when it, too, would belong to history. Secondly, built for cars, it looked surreal with nothing on it but human figures—usually solitary and far apart—and this did what contrived surrealism often fails to do, which is to induce wakefulness and responsiveness through an unexpected sight. And, lastly, there was a rightness of scale, which is something that can never be nailed down, even in the most explicitly worked-out piece of architecture: in this case, a grace created by a combination of the height of the highway and its width, the size of the buildings one viewed from it (ranging from moldering pier sheds to the gargantuan World Trade Center), the span of the river, the sweep of the bay—all these meeting in a way that was perfect. Rightness of scale promotes a sense of well-being, serenity, and interior balance which is auspicious for thought.

Then, last spring, on a casual walk to the river, we discovered that the highway was being demolished. We had known that it was doomed, and we had acknowledged that even if it were to be recognized as a kind of marvel, that might only seal its fate, for in this stage our civilization does not favor perspectives outside itself from which it can be quietly contemplated. Furthermore, we had reflected, even if this squeamishness were overcome, and such a perspective were properly valued, one could hardly preserve an accident. How could a city





*"At the moment, there's $413,874,691.03 in the kitty."*

• •

officially maintain an exactly appropriate state of deterioration? Nevertheless, the actual sight of the highway being knocked down, and by a crew that chanced that day to be in a slaphappy mood, whipping around in bulldozers with big grins on their faces, was distressing. The spectacle of boulderlike rubble and of twisted steel rods writhing out of hunks of shattered cement, beneath rows of columns now supporting nothing and stretching into the distance in a haze of dust, was something that could not have been foreseen in any detail, and it distracted us from peering past the moment to what the river front would look like with the highway altogether gone.

The next time we visited this section was during the Labor Day weekend, and then it was not with the highway, or the effects of its destruction, in mind but was in the course of a long walk through the city which was our way of greeting it after the summer. Setting out, we had expected that special intimacy of emptiness which can exist here on a holiday weekend. As it turned out, New Yorkers were notably absent, but there were people everywhere—tourists from other parts of the United States and from overseas, dressed in clean, bright, practical clothes and loaded down with cameras, which they pointed in all directions, so that we looked this way and that after them to see what it was in particular that caught a newcomer's notice. (Because large-scale foreign tourism has come to New York only recently, New Yorkers have no clear idea of what aspects of the city are likely to strike visitors.) The effect of this situation was that of being at a large party in a house that one has known all one's life but that has been rented to people to whom it is new, as it is to their guests, and hence of being made a stranger by one's very familiarity with the house—cut off from those around one by incommunicable thoughts and associations. The experience was a strange inversion of what one feels when one is alone for the first time in a foreign city that is in full possession of its inhabitants.

From this state of isolation, we noticed a number of changes, but most of them belonged to a kind of change that really amounts to sameness, such as the erection of new buildings in midtown—changes that were as familiar, in their way, as City Hall and the Brooklyn Bridge. It was in the relatively stable neighborhood of lower Manhattan that, wrapped in our solitary knowingness as we looked over the heads of strangers, we encountered the only real change we came across that day: a change so basic and at the same time so quiet that we walked past several of those east-west streets leading toward the Hudson before we fully realized that the view to the river, across it, and beyond it was completely unobstructed—before we became conscious of the light-footedness and the capacity for deep breath that come with the removal of a longstanding oppression.

Even then, it took us a while to recognize the importance of the change, because there is nothing magnificent or in any way self-advertising about the aspect of these streets. They date from a period when Manhattan was a clattering commercial port; and, having been long neglected in the shadow of the highway, unchanged and, in a sense, even unseen while they were cut off from the river that gave them their character in the first place, they have retained that workaday, abused, unthought-about character intact. Their kin are country lanes that end in a clear bit of shore where a few clam boats and dories, along with some wrecks and rusting equipment, suggest longtime but otherwise unrecorded use. Unremarkableness is a part of the streets' character: we saw no cameras pointed their way—for a visitor who couldn't know that a change had taken place it would make no sense to record their plain image. Only as we began walking uptown again, turning that image over in our mind, did we figure out why the sight of the river framed by old walkups and warehouses was so restoring. The reason is that they locate the city. They say, "You are at this point, a point unlike any other on earth, where this city, at the mouth of this river, actually meets the river, and you can go to this meeting place and get in a boat and travel to any number of other points, but no other point will be any more specific or any more deeply, inextricably, and explicitly connected to the world than this one." This is what the streets leading to the Hudson share with country lanes leading to water. They sum up something about our emplacement that is ordinarily blurred: something that eludes one in the awesome, sweeping views of the city and its waterways which one sees from airplanes and skyscrapers, because distance, while offering a kind of mastery, entails an unbridgeable gulf of detachment; and that escapes, too, from the heroic, palisaded river views of the upper West Side, because they are primarily aesthetic, which is to say magnificent but not conveying man's concrete engagement with and evolved dependence on the world—stunning but without the power that stirs, draws, and also daunts one a little in all paths, lanes, roads, and streets leading to working waterfronts.

The Hudson waterfront of lower Manhattan is not a working waterfront. It seems to be so only because the streets that lead to it have been neglected and, in the suddenness of their new exposure, convey that old message freshly. Much of the actual waterfront—the part that faces the river directly—has been turned over to windowless structures that serve as vast garages for trucks or are given over to other dreary uses that can be accommodated only in parts of the city that are considered utterly undesirable. Still, there are bits of the older time left: little clumps of four- or five-story buildings, which were once houses, business establishments, hotels, and are practical, unornamented, painted pink, yellow, gray. Observed from one of the disused piers—as they can be now that the highway is down—they are quite vivid enough to convey the waterfront in its day. Blinking in the sun, they present a sweet sight, a casual, passing caress from another time, that cannot conceivably last but that leaves us moved and changed yet again on this long, unpredictable, interesting journey of the city back to the river.

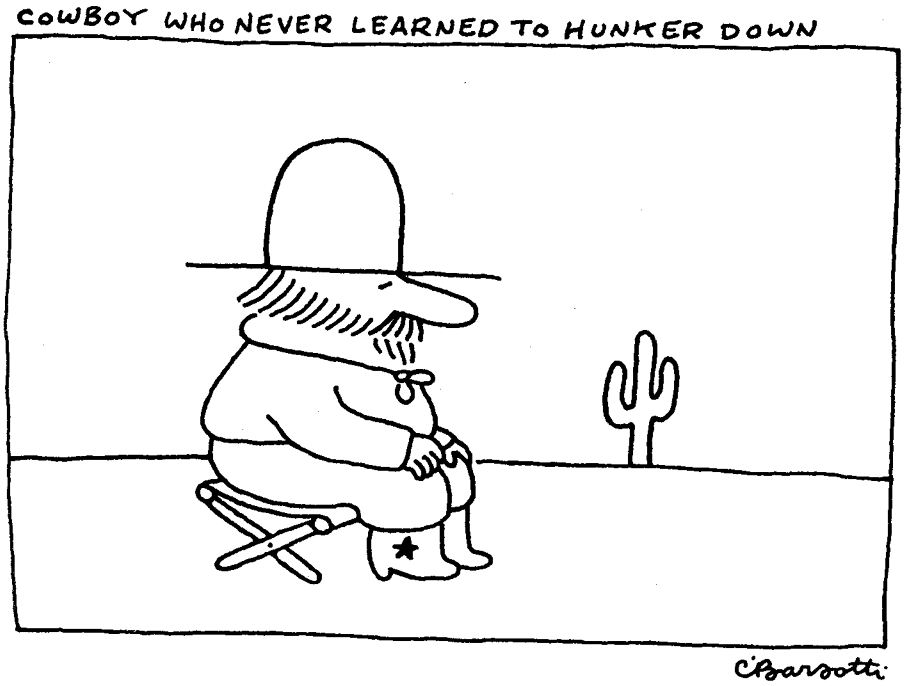
• •

## *Tennis*

NO doubt about it, September is the season for nostalgia. Here, for instance, is a letter from our friend the expatriate Englishwoman:

You know, I couldn't help comparing the athletic feats and roaring crowds at Flushing Meadow the other week with the more erratic, easygoing sort of tennis I played as a girl on the bumpy old grass court at the bottom of our garden. It was just a patch of lawn ringed by flower borders and a vegetable garden, and hidden from the gardens of our neighbors by tall wooden fences and a dense privet hedge. Up and down the lawn, my father paced each week behind the stately Atco mower. With its bellying clippings box like a figurehead in front (its paint was dark green and shiny, and it proudly bore the red coat of arms that was the emblem of the manufacturer's royal warrant), the mower traced its shuttling course, leaving on the grass a wake of light-green and dark-green ribbons. Next came the turn of the far humbler machine that marked the court's white lines. This homemade contraption was really just a paint pot mounted on a set of old wheels, and my sister and I would squabble over whose turn it was to push it, because it was a rotten boring job and a struggle not to wiggle with the whitener. Then the net went up across the width of the grass, and the height was measured with a pair of tennis racquets. (Repairs crocheted in garden twine marked an earlier mutilation of the net by a tenderhearted visitor who had hacked at it with garden shears to free an entangled hedgehog.)

On rare and formal occasions—when Bob Whiteman arrived in his cricket flannels to challenge my father in men's singles, for instance—excitingly fluffy new balls would materialize, and deck chairs would be set up beside the net so Mrs. Whiteman and my mother could sit calling "Good shot!" or "Hard luck!" as they sipped their glasses of sherry. For the most part, though, our family members played among themselves on that tennis lawn, in doubles that stretched out with the evening shadows in the lingering daylight of the English summer. My father would have changed out of his business suit into venerable old shorts, but his wife and daughters would still, like as not, be wearing the summer frocks they had worn all day at home or at school. In these games, the balls—in this case, elderly, few in number, and partly bald, their remaining fuzz much stained with green—were in play only quite intermittently, for much time was lost in searching the garden for the ones that vanished after ill-considered strokes. The air would echo not only with our calls of score, congratulation, and apology ("Sorry," we always said if we launched a shot too difficult for our opponent to return) but also with speculations and instructions about some missing ball. "Try a foot to your right, in that

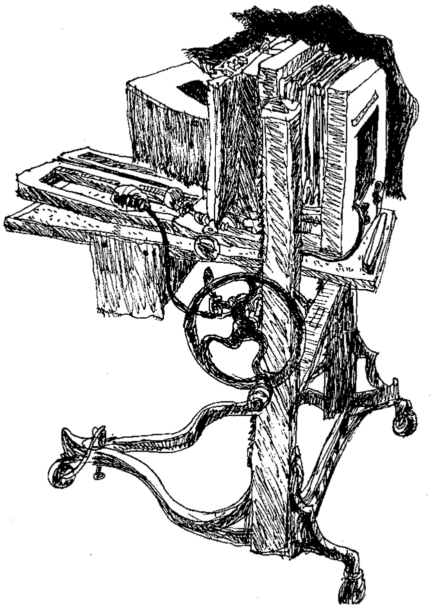

COWBOY WHO NEVER LEARNED TO HUNKER DOWN
CBarsotti

clump of aubrietia. Not that one, darling, the one behind," some player would sing out from one baseline to the other, or "I'm positive I saw it go in there next to the second row of peas." Sometimes a flying ball would arc right out of our enclave and land at the bottom of one of the gardens that gave onto ours. With luck, a neighbor would be pottering about there—an invisible presence, sometimes made known by the sound of lawnmower or wheelbarrow—and back the ball would soar in a prompt parabola. Then "Thank you! Sorry about that! Is that you, Ray? Thanks very much! Are you and Madge keeping well?" would begin an unseeing chorus of voices, in what seemed to us silently waiting young players a too protracted pause between some 30–40 and deuce. But more frustrating yet were balls that smashed into the dusty depths of the privet and sank without trace, however long we held up the game with peering, poking, and exclaiming over newly discovered thrushes' nests as we scratched our faces and hands on twigs. And the worst case of all was when someone's wild shot was lost in old Mrs. Fallows' territory. We would hear the dreaded splash as the ball shattered the viscous waters of her ornamental lily pond and affronted the fat old goldfish that had been cruising in contented circles, making little blipping sounds.

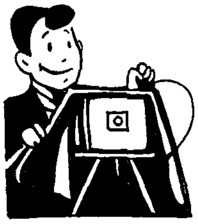
And so the sunsets would fade as we played on. Jock, the Skye terrier from two doors down, at No. 84, would call it a day with a volley of woofs before waddling in through the open French window to his bed. Our feet (bare or plimsolled) would start to skate on dew-wet grass, and we could scarcely track the looping flights of the smudgy balls. Lights began to go on in the houses around. Jock's mistress, up at her bedroom window, looked down for a moment at the four shadows moving on the tennis lawn, playing out what they had reluctantly agreed to call the very last game. Then her white arm glimmered in the dusk as she reached out to the handle of the metal casement and pulled it shut with a squeak and a crumping noise, to keep out the nighttime moths.

## *The Century No. 4A*

YOU can have your Polaroids, your Instamatics, your lightweight, pocket-size, easy-to-carry 35-mm. minis; the camera we prefer, certainly in these waning September days, is the Century No. 4A Studio Camera, mounted on the Century Sliding Carriage for the Century No. 4A, and manufactured by the Folmer Graflex Corporation. One such hefty instrument (*Illus. A*) has been taking passport photos at the squeeze of a rubber bulb for several generations in what was formerly the Monte Studio (and, before that, the Monte Carlo Studio) and is now the M & M Photo Studio, at 1192 Sixth Avenue. M & M occupies a small room—part of which is a tiny darkroom—on the third floor (Kaplan's Jewelry uses the first two floors), which it shares with L & S Alterations, Danielle Skin Care, Unisex Hair Styling, and the K & S Nail Salon. On display are solemn, full-face black-and-white passport portraits taken by No. 4A: Arturo Toscanini (1942), Anthony Quinn (1952), Vincent Price (1954), Ginger Rogers (1958), and Danny Kaye (1963), and less familiar faces as well. The current proprietor of the studio is Michael Schneider—the first M of M & M, his sister Maya being the second—who came from Riga, Latvia, in 1972, and now lives in Brighton Beach. "I like photography," he told us. "I learned it in junior high school in Riga." Schneider, a lean, quiet, dark-haired man, continued, "I was working at a Russian bookstore on Fifth Avenue at Twenty-first Street when the woman who owned this studio retired. Her father had owned it before her. She went to Italy. I bought it." He gave us an M & M business card. It featured a small nineteen-thirties-style cartoon logo (*Illus. B*).



*Illus. A*



*Illus. B*

When a customer is in a big hurry, Schneider will use a Polaroid camera; otherwise, he uses No. 4A. He let us take a good look at the camera, which is of deep-red cherry wood—a complex assemblage of knobs, cranks, tracks, levers, gears, accordion-fold bellows, tubes, wheels, cast-iron legs, and a pink rubber bulb wrapped in adhesive tape, with a snappy red tweed carpet covering its main deck—and demonstrated how it could go up, down, forward, and back, and angle this way and that. "This camera serves the purpose," he said, and then he permitted us to drape a large black cloth over our head and peer through the lens.

We asked Schneider if he had needed a visa picture of himself taken when he left Russia.

"Yes," said Schneider, "but the camera was not like this."

"What was it like?" we asked.

"Newer," he said.

## *Definitions*

WE recently dropped by the Park Avenue headquarters of Goodson-Todman Productions (Have you watched "Family Feud"? "Password"? "The Match Game"? "Match Game PM"? "Tattletales"? "The Price Is Right"? Then you've watched Goodson-Todman), and there we found a bunch of young people—ages five, six, seven, and eight—hard at work defining words. Videotapes of their definitions will be sent to Los Angeles, where adults participating in a shiny new game show, "Child's Play," will view them and try to deduce the words defined. Work had been held up for much of the morning, because someone was pounding the wall on the floor below and giving the engineers fits, but when the hammering let up, James, five, sat down in an improvised studio and prepared for his shot at the big time.

MEN WORKING
N ST

• •

"Can you talk nice and loud?" Carol Craven, the contestant coördinator, asked James.

"I can talk louder than my father. I can talk louder than ten thousand jets," he responded, and then he made good his boast, screaming very loudly indeed for several seconds.

Everyone jumped except Carol Craven, who just laughed and said, "Not that loud, dear."

James breezed through a long list of definitions, handling "devil," "mermaid," "magnet," "sword," and "turkey" effortlessly. Asked about "the Mideast," James had this to say: "It's a country, and they have all this dangerous stuff there, like volcanoes and stuff, erupting and stuff."

Chester Feldman, who ran the taping, said that originally adults were going to both define and guess the words but that grownups proved "too self-conscious" when they were thinking up definitions. "They begin to laugh, and they get hung up trying to articulate," he explained. "They spend most of their time laughing and saying, 'Isn't this ridiculous? I use that word every day.' " Some of the children doing definitions for the show come from California, Feldman said, adding, "New York kids have a greater awareness of any words connected with crime."

Richard Craven, who is Carol Craven's husband and helps think up the words to be defined, said there were some that seemed to stump everyone. " 'Girdle,' for instance. No one knows about those anymore."

"The problem is in getting the right word, which a kid understands but has to slightly grope for," Mark Goodson, who conceived "Child's Play," said. "Even I would have trouble defining 'boredom' if I didn't know that a synonym was 'ennui.' I have been amazed by how much the kids know but also how quickly things we take for granted vanish out of their purview. Almost no one knew about Jimmy Carter. No one knew about Watergate. But a lot of the kids know what 'bankrupt' means."

Before we left, we chatted with a few young veterans who had returned to the studio to define more words, because of their success during earlier tapings. Chris, who is eight, said that he enjoyed working in television. "I get to sit down and relax, and I get to eat, and be on TV. It is a good break," he said. However, he added, when the camera rolls "my heart starts pounding, like when I run too fast."

But Sascha, also eight, declared, "I'm not scared. I'm *proud* to be in front of a hundred million people." Sascha told us he liked all game shows, and especially "The Price Is Right," which "I always try to get on my schedule but almost never can." He explained, "It's the one where you guess the price of the refrigerator, and if you're right then you get to play the bonus game." Sascha said that some of the words used on "Child's Play" touched on current events, and then he set forth this quick assessment of the state of the world: "There's a retreat from Lebanon into Africa; Ronald Reagan is messing up the economy, as usual; a couple of days ago, the Yankees won against the Royals 18–7; by all I know, the Iran-Iraq war has stopped; the Russians aren't fighting us anymore; and most of the Mediterranean fruit flies have split."

Julie, who attends P.S. 6, where, she said, she is "terrific at math," told us that television was all right by her. "I like it because they ask you funny questions," she said. "They say 'What's "flirt"?' and 'What's "marriage"?' They're asking *me*, a seven-year-old kid, what those words mean. They've got to be kidding."

# AMERICA'S CUP '83: THE SHERPA CHALLENGE

I AM a Briton, yes, and we have received our share of drubbings from the Americans over this Cup. Of course, it meant little or nothing to us the year they took it from us: more a gesture on our part than anything else—a means, really, of encouraging sporting ideals in a pushing, ignorant people, giving them the incentive to raise themselves. This has always been the way of our dealings with ex-colonials. Let the poor devils see what we have and how we do it. Let 'em aspire! Then they'll drop their tribes and whatnot, and you'll get your loyalty, by God.

But that's all past now. So much so, in fact, that my friends at the New York Yacht Club have asked me to compile these unpretentious "notes" on the current challenge and I have promised to do so in a fair, nonpartisan spirit.

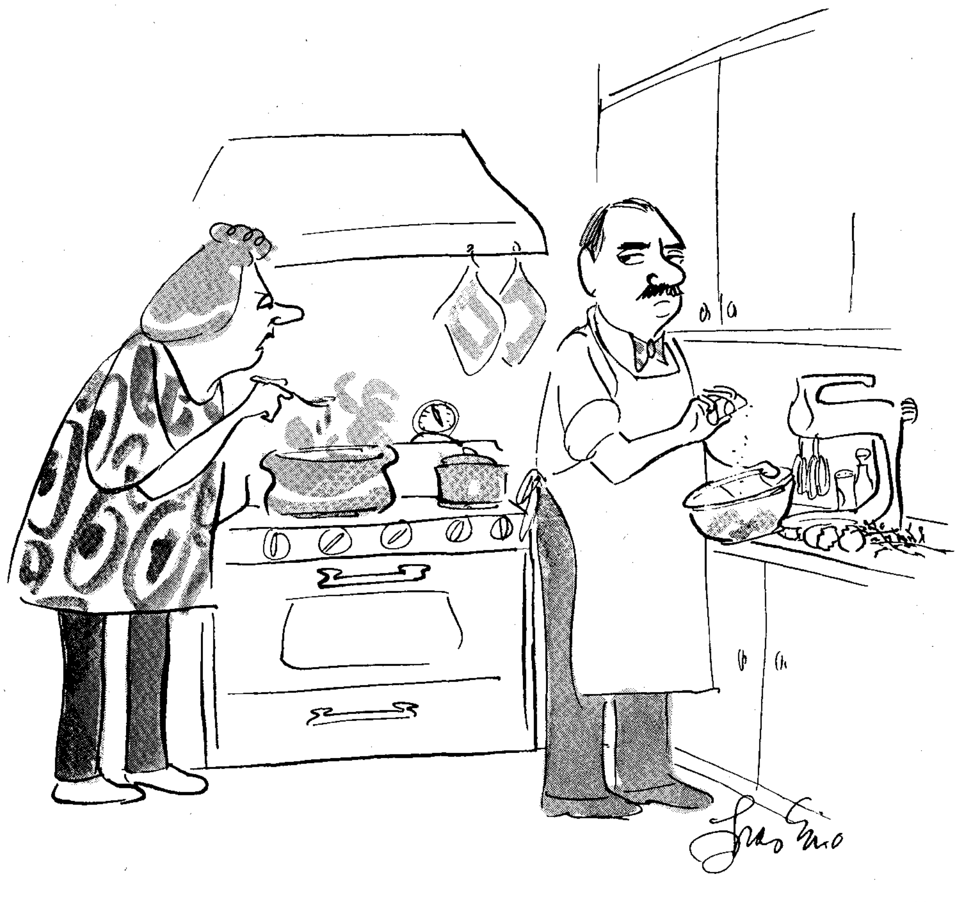
SEPTEMBER 9TH:

YES, like so many things, what once appeared to be a pathetic joke is now menacing fact; even as I write these words, I am squinting across the sparkling waters of Newport Harbor at the indescribable challenger from Kathmandu. Since her arrival during the night of September 5th (four days ago), she has hoisted no sail, nor approached any nearer than 500 yards from the piers. Nor has any member of the foreign crew come ashore. Yesterday the launch of the Measurement Committees approached the vessel, but a dense fog closed in rather suddenly, and they were forced to return. Committee members do report that whole families are living on the boat, and that goats and chickens run freely around the deck. I myself can see the smoke from at least *two* open-air cooking fires.

SEPTEMBER 10TH:

SOMEHOW or other, the question of the measurements has been waived, and though no representative of the challenging boat has so much as replied to our luncheon and cocktail invitations, the races begin at 1 P.M. the day after tomorrow. A note on the challenger: According to the American, or "Universal," rule of rating $\left(\frac{L+2D+\sqrt{S}-F}{2.37}\right)$, which is very complicated, this Nepalese craft, though eccentric, is deemed to be a legally proportioned 12-metre, and may compete under the rules. Indeed, if looks were everything, the fellows on our side might not be losing any sleep. For example, according to Measurement Committee members who did get near before the fog closed in, the Sherpa boatwrights have made no effort at all to trim the shaggy goatskin hull! Florrie Wentworth said it looked like "a bunch of people adrift in a good-sized wig." As for the Sherpas themselves, she claims that they bowed and waved politely before the fog hid them from view. She further claims that their "complexions are marvellous!" Moreover, no winches or hardware of any kind were seen except some wicker cleats. (It is painful—but characteristic of these races—that we should be forced to hang on every word that Florrie Wentworth utters at a time like this.) Further, no Westerner could swear to so much as the color of their sails! The Commodore did notice that they have a sort of "Park Avenue boom," though he is not absolutely sure, as it was hung all over with bits of bright cotton.

As Cup races are commonly won and lost by very small margins, the quality (or absence!) of a winch may be of no small significance. (There is some suspicion that they may have mounted the winches belowdecks—the innovation that gave Intrepid such good results.) But we old hands are more than baffled, Park Avenue boom or no Park Avenue boom.



*"Whoever said 'Men are the best cooks' was full of baloney."*

SEPTEMBER 11TH—THE MOOD AMONG OUR FELLOWS:

FIRST, I have been receiving a good deal of unfair ribbing around here for a remark I made in print some time ago, to the effect that many sporting Americans felt it *would* be a good thing for the Cup to cross "the pond" (for, as you know, once won by them the Cup has not been retaken). This present kind of thing is not what I meant. No one, no one would be sorrier than I to see the Cup go to a nation of professional porters.

Now I must relate a peculiar incident, whether true or not, just as I heard it from the chattering lips of a local Newport boy. As is only natural, there is enormous curiosity as to the lines of the challenger's hull. The suspense became too great for one of our members, and he persuaded this youth—in strictest secrecy—to swim underwater and take a look, in return for a college education. To this the boy agreed, and he swam out there around midday. He claims that when he was not 50 yards from the boat, he saw below him a great looming black shape and, terrified, swam away as fast as he could. Several of our fellows were standing on the dock when he appeared thrashing on the surface, and the story has unfortunately got round. Our fellows are understandably sobered by the whole business.

Needless to say, the Committee refuses to pursue the matter on the basis of what this local boy thinks he saw.

Wearing the Wrong Shoes: One of our members has now left Newport altogether. He was apparently tormented by the old prophecy about the team that takes the Cup having the wrong shoes. He heard Florrie say these Sherpas were wearing "some kind of wog wedgie," and he instantly packed up and returned to the city. This attitude is widely regarded as more appropriate to an earlier day, and we are resolved to await the verdict of the fair competition.

10 p.m.—"The Head of the Skipper Will Replace the Cup in Its Venerable Glass Case": I had a disturbing talk this evening with Skipper Beef Wentworth. Beef has more 12-metre experience than any other man on this side of "the pond." We have known each other for many years, and I have never seen him so ill at ease. Beef is famous for giving over the last 36 hours before any race to what he calls "pure drinking," for drinking during the race, and for going on to win. Today he just looks round sadly. I told him I believe he has trained his fine crew well, and his Groton Academy is a fine boat. He has nothing to reproach himself for should he lose, which hardly seems likely. But he sobbed and only said, "It's fine. It's fine. But I feel we shall . . . lose, Bobby."

Meanwhile, Ed Stevens, aggressive yachtsman and head of the Groton Academy syndicate, has been haunting the fishing shanties and public meeting places of the local people of Newport, who, he has always maintained, can be very shrewd if you can once gain their confidence. I have noticed myself that their knowledge of local conditions is impressive. According to Stevens, the young man who got such a scare out there the other day has since lost all his hair. Whether there is any connection, or whether this is merely a consequence of the poor conditions under which such people live—diet and so on—would be difficult to say.

Well, this is without a doubt the strangest America's Cup contest I have ever been involved in, and I go back to 1958, the year Sceptre gave Columbia such a hard time of it. And by the way, Sceptre was not the joke the U.S. media tried to make out. '58 was a summer of irresponsible winds and sullen swells—a very injurious type of racing weather by any international yachting standards. No acknowledgment of this was ever made in the American papers. However, this is a time when we must stand together, not carp.

The Media Get Into It: A popular U.S. tabloid has issued a supplement on the Sherpas ("We Aim at Nothing Less Than the Overthrow of the American Way of Life"), claiming to have interviewed several crew members by telephone. Incredibly, the Americans seem to believe this patent nonsense and are terrified by it, and these papers are now almost impossible to get. What follows is a representative sample of what is passing as truth in this once idyllic town:

Q: Are you related to anyone in this country?

Sherpa: Yes, Brooke Shields.

Another Sherpa: And we practice voodoo rites.

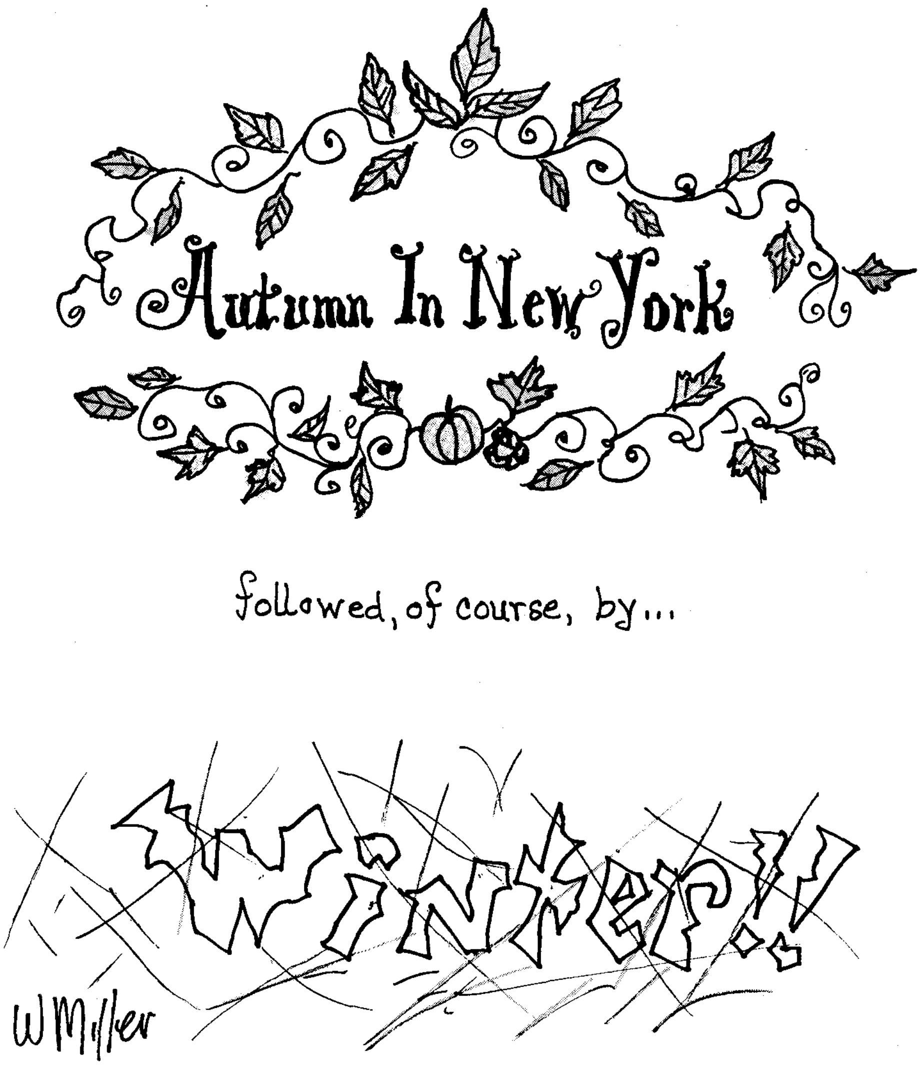
September 12th—The First Race:

I DON'T know when I have seen such tense holiday crowds. Jack Wedderburn and I were discussing it just this morning. He related to me a conversation he overheard between his hostess, a famous Newport dowager, and her colored maidservant, who reportedly said, "I just say, they win or they lose, you're still the richest lady in Newport." And her mistress replied, "There is more to life than money, Trixie." To which Trixie murmured, "Give me some, then, old lady."

Low comedy aside, Newport is a worried town, as evidenced by this trivial rhyme, which I heard in the Teacup as I was having my breakfast:

Oh, Nepal has got a nice boat
And a crew of Sherpa heroes,
But we'll buy 'em off with tobacco,
Bic lighters, and nice little mirrors.

Conditions are optimal for Groton Academy, I am happy to say. Beef will


Autumn In New York
followed, of course, by...
Winter!!
W Miller

• •

be counting heavily on her noted windward abilities, and the stiff breeze should hearten all the fellows. Whether the unknown Himalayan designer counted on such weather is of course a mystery, and of course very little is known about offshore conditions over there. There is the usual violent chop on the course, owing to the spectator fleet, which is estimated at 5 million vessels, being restrained with great difficulty—as usual—by the ships and helicopters of the Coast Guard. In a magnanimous gesture, the great motor yacht Frank Sinatra has offered the services of its escort, the U.S.S. Wyoming, to help patrol the course.

Groton Academy and Non-Aligned Sherpa Maid are now circling majestically behind the line in anticipation of the starting gun. I will take a moment here to describe at last the challenger's sails—objects of so much speculation until now. According to the most recent press release, they are woven of the hair of the yak. To Western eyes, they present a most peculiar appearance, almost that of some type of—what is it?—macramé! I would estimate the jib alone weighs two or three tons. What a contrast to the very flat Kevlar set of the handsome defender!

The seconds are ticking away, and I can see through my binoculars a small Sherpa woman actually lounging with her back against the mast, engaged in some kind of clapping game with a small child! Yet on Groton Academy the good-looking, brawny, identically dressed crew, schooled by a thousand drills, are working their boat as if their lives depended on it! What can be the outcome of such a race?

The starting gun! A cry goes up from the spectator throng, and Groton Academy crosses the line in the advantageous lee position. Non-Aligned Maid has hoisted her protest flag!—which she has no business to do, even though our fellows have apparently crossed too soon. They are being recalled. This is a most unfortunate way to begin a Cup series. I only hope it will not weigh too heavily with Skipper Wentworth.

Non-Aligned Maid is clawing her way very fast to windward now as Groton Academy approaches the line. What! Beef and the boys are setting their red half-oz. spinnaker—a very odd choice, surely, for this windward part of the course.

The challenger is nearing the first mark. But instead of rounding, she has come up into the wind, sails flapping, and stalled. We here on the Committee Boat are absolutely speechless!—perhaps there is some problem with those wicker cleats!—and there is a surge of hope in all our hearts as Groton Academy bears down upon her, as fast as her spinnaker will permit. What effrontery! The Sherpas are running up an immense flag with what seems to be a portrait of Sir Edmund Hillary with a mustache insultingly painted on. Oh, this is an outrage! Now she heels and rounds the mark. She is 1:20 ahead. Groton Academy is now following her round, but our mood is solemn, for our boat is not so strong on the reach.

4 P.M.: Non-Aligned Sherpa Maid has finished 5 minutes ahead of the defender. It is a distressing beginning, but of course the challenger must win three more races to take the Cup.

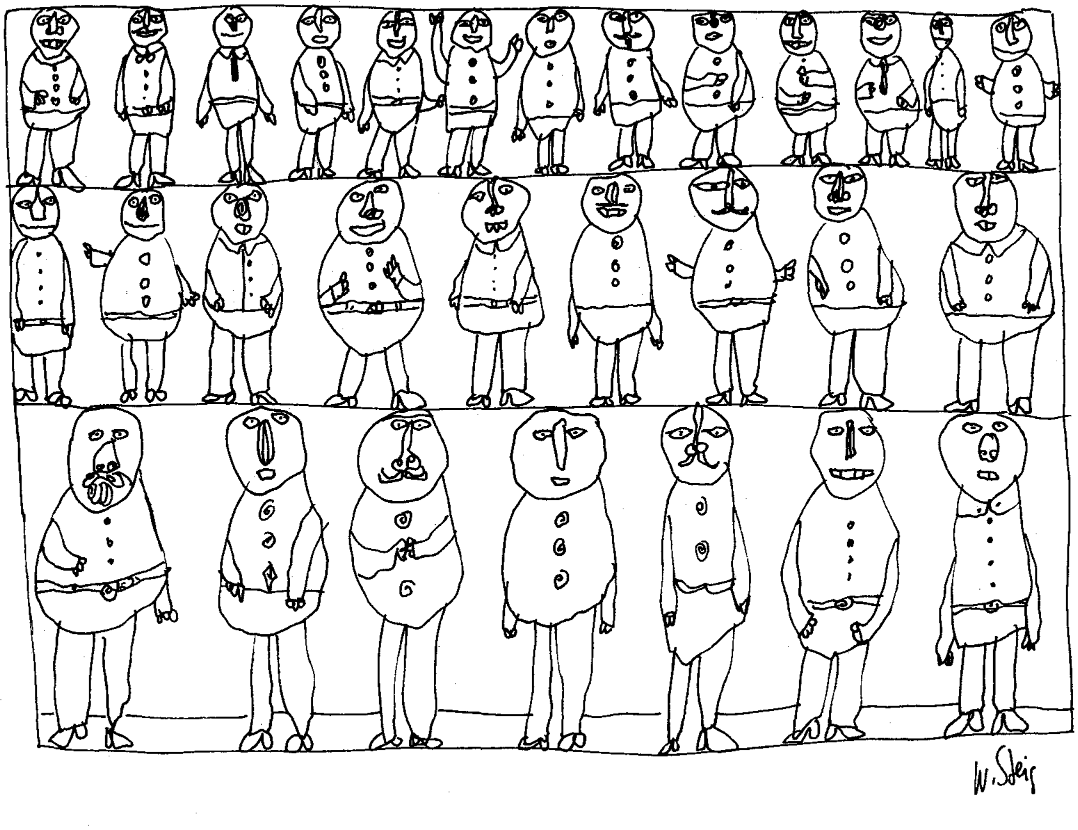
In the evening I encourage the stunned crew of Groton Academy to give the victors three cheers. This they graciously do, but it is doubtful whether the sound carries as far as the monstrous craft now moored far out in the harbor, turning its face away from the decent town of Newport like a great sullen bear. Certainly there is no answering cheer.

SEPTEMBER 13TH:

THERE has been a crisis. This morning a curious bean can with a Russian label washed ashore at the Teacup, and the Race Committee has started an immediate inquiry, calling a lay day to do so. Whether it fell off a passing liner or was merely dropped by a tourist, this Russian tin can has brought that "looming dark shape" ominously to the minds of all responsible yachtsmen.

In the meantime, Beef and the crew have closeted themselves at the Breakers to talk strategy. In this frustrating interim, hundreds of journalists are making nuisances of themselves round the town, and the Teacup is crowded to capacity. Unfortunately, the weather has also closed in, further dampening the spirits of all concerned.

I passed by the Teacup on my way to consult with Beef a moment ago and heard the thunderous chant-



*Demographic Study*

ing of those perhaps overclever newspapermen, who, in the absence of real information, apparently cannot resist making something up. Against my will I heard the following verse to their infernal song, which I set down here with my apologies:

> Oh, the Sherpas have built a 12-metre
> And sailed over the sea to find us.
> Who cares if we can't even beat her?
> The Security Council's behind us.

Meanwhile, in the intervals of fog, Non-Aligned Sherpa Maid may be dimly seen, placidly swinging at her mooring, and I can hear an eerie ethnic clapping out there.

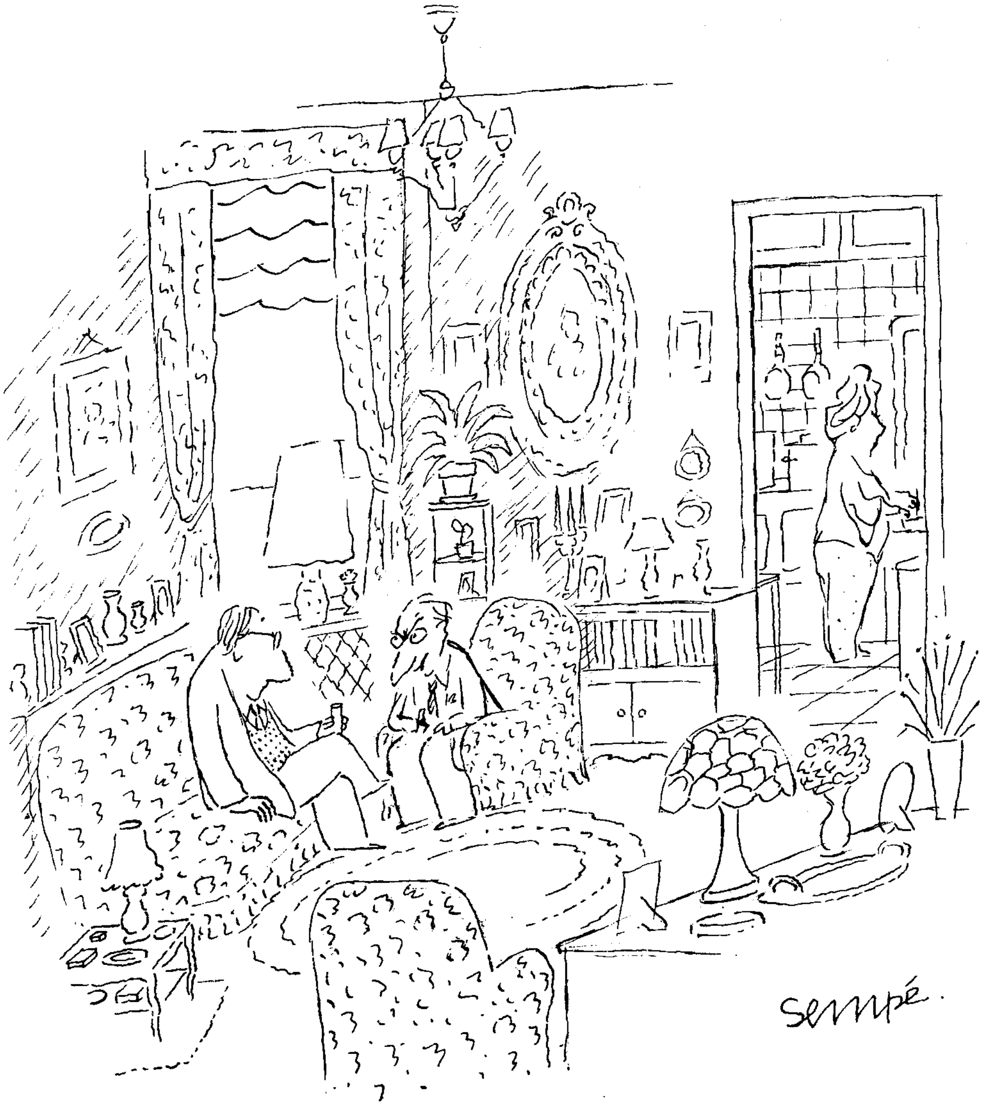
SEPTEMBER 14TH:

I HAVE just been advised by the Commodore that frogmen from the Frank Sinatra have discovered a large Soviet submarine on the bottom of the harbor, not half a mile from the town docks. It is widely believed that this submarine accompanied Non-Aligned Maid to these shores and actually towed her round the course. Do they call that non-alignment? The Race Committee is understandably outraged.

"LET THE FRANK SINATRA TOW OUR BOAT!": Some of the wags are actually taking pleasure in this shameless breach of tradition. But knowledgeable sailing men are heartened that, considering the help she had, Non-Aligned Maid did not do so very well. The word is going round that the owners of the powerful motor yacht Frank Sinatra have offered to tow Groton Academy in an "exhibition race" against Non-Aligned Maid and her "friend." All this old sailor can say to that is: whatever the outcome of such a race, it would be a sad departure from America's Cup tradition. (If this be élitism, so be it.) Besides, it is a well-known fact that the Frank Sinatra is escorted everywhere by the U.S.S. Wyoming; does no one consider the possible consequences of bringing such a vessel into competition, however indirect, with a nuclear submarine from Russia?

To such people, however, the possibility of a grave international incident, even war, and the damage it would do to the reputation of these races, is apparently nothing more than an amusing joke. If the Race Committee takes my advice, they will close these races immediately.

6 P.M.—OUR COMMODORE: I now set down in its entirety the Commodore's statement as it was just given to the press:



*"Little does Marsha realize that as she penetrates my defenses she brings herself closer and closer to a raging bull!"*

• •

> We feel it would be in the interest of the whole world for all foreign vessels to instantly depart for their homelands, and the U.S.S. Wyoming is seeing to that now. If this America's Cup challenge has done little to promote international forgiveness, it has done no lasting harm, either. [Cries of "Yes it has!" from the crowd]
>
> And perhaps the ethical differences we have noticed are merely cultural, after all, and not the results of race or political system. [Jeering, guffaws, and cries of "Come on and have a drink, Commodore"]
>
> As always, the New York Yacht Club will consider legitimate challenges from foreign clubs. Thank you, everybody.

As the crowd began to disperse and the cheering died away, a waggish voice cried, "Challenge, here, from Mongolia!" The Commodore, who was just climbing down from the platform, looked very grave. Then more guffaws broke out, and he and Beef Wentworth were borne away for some "pure drinking."

And so these unorthodox races were concluded, at least, in the fitting and traditional manner—the manner in which we also conclude races on the other side of "the pond." I mean with a drink. Third World and Communist countries may have their own way. To them, the end of a race may signal a night of spying, or round-the-clock sacrifices to hairy mountain gods.

—LYNN CARAGANIS

•

**HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT**

[*From the Tulsa World*]

Johniece Smith, who operates a beauty shop in her home in Tillar, said closing the bank made her sad.

"It's losing a part of the town that I hate the most," she said. "It was such a nice bank."

# SET OFF

I DON'T dress well, don't even try. The best I'm seen in is an old Gunn-plaid kilt of my mother's and a not too bad cardigan sweater. So Kilbrew, when he drives me home from high school, is surprised at how fancy my house is. My parents are both architects, and we live in a jointly wrought "concept." It's like a giant stack of hexagons. It's on a salt marsh. The grounds—our yard—are an acre or so of smooth black rocks and clamshells. Those and a piece of machine-looking iron sculpture.

Kilbrew I find boring, but he drives a dark-green turbo-charged Saab, and my girl friends call him wicked cute. Therefore, I'm glad he's taken with our place. "De-cent," he says. "So this is your house."

I imagine he'll call me. I think, Fine. There's a four-o'clock show I want to watch, on a Boston channel.

By three-fifty, I'm piled on the couch with a box of bakery brownies and a short jug of milk. The glass milk jug is a museum copy from a Bauhaus design. In fact, about everything we use at home is a designed object, and that is very tiring—whatever breaks, you feel rotten.

My father has set up for a study session with Reed, my little brother. They are at the dining-room table, but in *this* house the dining area just flows without partition into the four-o'clock-movie viewing area. That is, they're disrupting me.

"Work for it," my dad says, coaching, as if Reed were in a swimming meet.

"A point has a place—a location—but no dimensions," Reed says.

"Perfect," Dad says. "A ray?"

Reed looks off to where an antique quilt is hung. On the quilt are pinwheels. My father's up, cross-legged, on the dining-room table itself, looking, as always, great. He has brushed-down soft blond hair, a sharp nose and jaw, wolf blue eyes. Today he's in his Icelandic sweater.

Reed defines a ray, then a plane: "It has length and width but no thickness."

"A polygon?" Dad says.

Reed thinks. Our brass pendulum clock marks the seconds with deep clicks. "Did *you* have to do this?" he asks Dad, finally.

"No, not quite in ninth grade, I admit."

Reed has been skipped ahead a year into high school, and into an *advanced* freshman section, at only thirteen. They're shooting plane geometry at him, getting him ready for next year.

"On top of everything, I'm starving," Reed says.

I can feel my father thinking. Reed is very overweight. Right now, the skirts of the tweed coat he wears are pushed wide apart by his girth. His bulging thighs have smoothed the crease from his khakis. Because of his weight and his shaggy tan hair, Reed seems sloppy. Because he does, Father puts Reed in clothes that are fine and pricey, in order to compensate.

Dad brings Reed a box of Nutri•Grain to munch, which Reed does, straight from the box. Reed goes, "Umm," and Father winces.

"When are you gonna teach me to ski?" Reed asks.

Mother comes downstairs, seeming a little blurred by her afternoon bath-nap routine, but also seeming lean and girlish because she's in one of Dad's robes. It's voluminous, the robe. "Indigo," she calls it. It sets off her sunny hair.

"Everybody," she says creakily, in greeting. "You all mad at me for sleeping?"

This is the usual. We all tell her, "No, we aren't mad at you."

"Have you looked outside? The sky's like a Dutch landscape painting!" she tells us.

To Mother, nothing's just what it *is*, but everything's always like something else—a painting or photograph.

"Extraordinary day for March," Dad says.

They mean that the sky's deep blue, heaped with gray and white clouds, and lit up, radiant in patches.

Mom shuffles by me, waving as a drunk on the street might, and she's off to the kitchen for her tea.

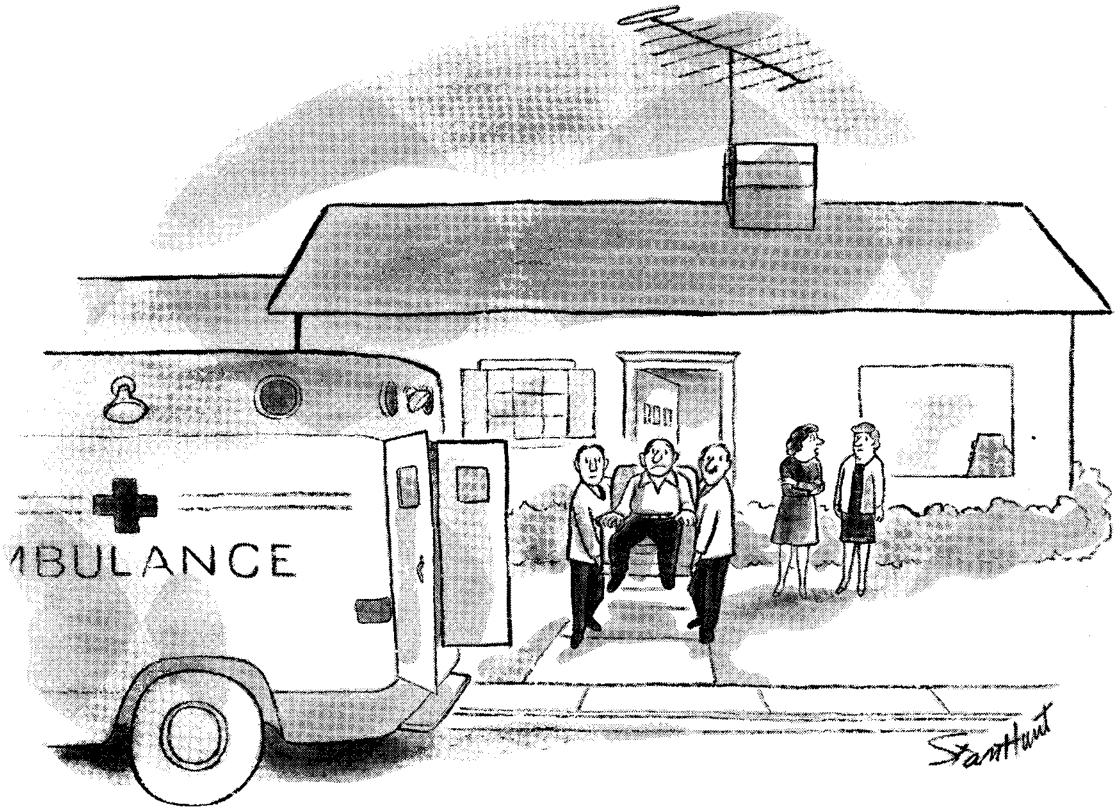
My movie, with Myrna Loy, is hard to follow. Spencer Tracy, young and dreamy, is in it.

Mother's back, blowing into her black mug. She goes behind Reed and massages one of his round shoulders.

Dad says, "The idea here is for him to get at least some of these definitions really iced before his date arrives."

"Whoa," I say.

"A study date, Shelly; relax, relax. A classmate," Mom says wearily.



*"He 'stood by' while they were having technical difficulties on Channel 2, but when they were fixed he just couldn't seem to snap out of it."*

• •

"Which one, Reed?" I ask.

"Caspar," he says.

Theresa Caspar. I pass her in the halls, sure, and she's the captain of the girls' basketball team, I know, because my friend Crystal is on the squad. Theresa Caspar's just a freshman, but she got so tall over last summer she was voted captain, so Crystal says. Theresa's a stick person, really, with a pie face and flat eyes, but striking and pretty. She always seems tousled, her hair and clothes; I guess because she's still surprised by so much vertical body growth so fast. "She's a doll—an athlete," I say.

"Is she?" Mom says, and smiles.

"Way to go, Reed," and "Good effort," I say, which are joke phrases between us. "But does this mean I have to clear out of the living room?"

Yes. When Theresa's mother drops her off, Mom, Dad, and I go into the studio annex. It's roofed like a greenhouse, and there are whitewashed brick walls. There are two drafting tables, with inks and instruments. There's a single napping bed with a wrought-iron frame. On the floor are the litter boxes for our two freckled cats, and there, too, are African scatter rugs with bars of color—orange, turquoise, black. My dad gets on a rug now, on his hip, and doodles on scratch paper. I take the bed, stomach down, and chew a bow of my eyeglasses, and look through a magazine of Mom's called *Casa*.

"No way, José," Theresa says. We simply can't help hearing her in the other room. She says, "Oh, Burns! Burns can shove it."

Mother covers her mouth, her eyes bright. She's on her stool at her board.

"This must be chemistry they're talking about. Burns is their chemistry teacher," I say.

"Hey, hey," Father cautions.

"Up his," we hear from Theresa.

"Up Burns's," I say.

"Hey," Father warns again. He's whipped up a little blue pencil sketch with a domelike sky, stylish trees, an improbably perfect cloud.

"Put in a car," I say to him.

"You got it," he says.

"So, what's Reed saying?" I ask Mother, who's closest to the door.

She listens. "Reed is saying—something, something, 'Pinto,' something. 'Pinto's *locker*'?"

I nod.

"Hmm. Someone named Foreigner?" Mom asks me.

"Florian," I say.

FATHER has scissor tongs and he's serving salad from a clear bowl shaped like a blowfish into smaller versions of the same bowl.

"A gob or a dot, Theresa?" he asks our guest. The plan is for her to eat with us before Dad drives her home—her reward for studying with Reed, I guess.

"A little, please," she says.

Mother brings a pot full of chowder to the table. Reed, wanting to be served, jiggles about in his seat.

"Are you ever called Tess?" Mother asks, while she puts a secret hand on Reed's arm to still him.

"Uh-uh," Theresa says.

"Me, neither," Father says, and Reed does his coughing laugh just to show Theresa that this is Father's idea of a joke, but it's unnecessary. Theresa's beaming, quietly shining.

Father goes on, "Actually, my old drill sergeant used to call me Tess—I've no idea why—when he wasn't playing with old drills."

"Ignore him, if you can," Mom says to Theresa.

"*We* do," Reed says, and snorts. The snort is involuntary, a checked laugh, but very like a pig's snort. Reed begins to color. We're a fair family, all of us. Only Father takes a tan in the summer, for instance, and only after getting burned first. When we blush, it's very visible. Very. And we're defenseless and helpless against it, and one blush causes a worse blush, and so on, until we're really on fire. So I feel horribly sorry for Reed.

Mother's ladling soup. "Please remember to be sure to thank your mom for bringing you over to study, Theresa, will you?"

"I will," Theresa says.

"I didn't mean to make an oink sound," Reed says.

"We didn't notice, honey," Mother says.

"What's wrong with oink sounds?" Father says. "You can't have a meal without some barnyard noises thrown in." He snorts nine or ten times in a row, wheezing realistically between each.

Theresa chuckles too hard and for too long at this.

"Oh, you've got a crush on Dad," Reed says to her.

"I do not!" Theresa yells, and whacks him on the bicep. "Reed, I don't!"

"What happened with Pinto today?" I ask Reed.

"You creep," Theresa hisses at him.

Father says, "This is all immaterial, because *I've* got a crush on Theresa."

"Gahd," Theresa says, still glaring at my brother.

"Doesn't your dad run the hardware store? Someone say that?" Father asks her.

"Well, not really. He's a travel agent," Theresa says.

Mother goes around to Reed, while Father asks some more questions. Mom's in her Levi's and a short velvet coat. She *looks* only a little older than us. She leans over Reed and puts her lips near his ear. Probably she's whispering nothing. I know, because I've been on the listening end of her whispers often enough. Usually she's just saying, "I like you," or "Fudge tonight," or something. A gesture.

FRIDAY or Saturday nights, or both, my parents go into town for the ballet, a lecture, the symphony, or dinner with other couples. They go drinking and dance to electric bands as well, in beer clubs jammed with college kids. This Friday evening, though, they're in Brookline for something—a poetry reading by a Russian, followed by champagne.

Kilbrew, of the Saab, *has* called me. Basketball game. Pizza, pinball. I tell him no.

After a bath, in my flannel robe and a towel turban, I take our flying stairs on down. I've got a library book by Alexander Pope. For school.

Reed, plumped on the floor, is razoring out magazine pictures for one of those pasted-up comic strips that he does. He has one of Dad's bottles of Guinness Stout.

We sit for a while; Reed working, me watching. His comic strips, printed in the school paper sometimes, are four panels of black-and-white cutouts. They never make sense.

"I hate stout. It tastes like bark," I say.

"Me, too, and it goes up your nose. But how did I know until I tried?"

"You could have asked me. I like that photograph," I say.

Reed is mulling over an ad for women's boots. He says, "No, it's a halftone and wouldn't reproduce. But see this? It looks just like Theresa!" He puts a pudgy finger on a line drawing next to the boot ad—a drawing of a giraffe. He peels the page from the magazine, sets about freeing the giraffe with his razor knife.

"I asked her to come over again Tuesday," he says.

"I'm stunned," I say. I am.

"Why? I had a good time. She's nice," Reed says.

"I thought that was awful for you."

"Naw," he says. "Naw." He tries fitting the cutout giraffe drawing into his comic strip at different places. He puts the giraffe under a sun lamp. "Look, Shelly."

"I see."

"Anyway, I thought you said Theresa was a doll. And you? You never go out," Reed says.

At once I say, "I do, when I want to."

"Like never. Like tonight," he says.

"I go out, Reed," I say, but he has drifted to a new topic of thought. He's screwed up the giraffe cutout and tossed it aside.

He asks, "Of all places, where would you most like to live? The rest of your life. Just on the planet, I mean."

I tell him I have no idea.

"Aha," he says. "It's a very revealing decision, where people want to live. You know where Theresa chose when I asked her?"

"Boston Garden? Disney World?" I say, and right away I'm sorry, because Reed looks so kicked. He bumbles around, scooting on the floor to collect his weight just right so that he can stand up.

I open my book of Alexander Pope to a poem of his I have to read. It's verse, but it's called "An Essay on Criticism," and, turning through it to find how long it is, I see this phrase: "a grace beyond the reach of art."

I think how perfect that sounds. My friend Crystal, talking about Theresa's basketball skills, once told me, "Her game is all yanking and cussing, and she guns the ball from all over the floor, but she scores about twenty-five points per game."

I call to Reed. "Oh, come on," I say.

He paddles out into the kitchen area, into the pools of light from the row of overheads.

"Come on, just tell me. Where did Theresa want to live?" I say.

Reed's bopping through cupboards, hunting food.

"Reed?"

"Here in this house," he says. "She would like to be you, who she thinks has fun and is perfect, she told me, and I think she only goes out with me because you're my sister, who she so much admires. There, Shelly."

IT'S very late, after two, when my parents come home, but I'm still up, not really doing anything. Sitting very still is what I'm doing.

Dad is flushed and acting secretly proud of himself, as he does when he's been drinking a little. Without a word, Mother collapses onto the suède couch, right by me, and horses around with my clean hair and is overly affectionate. It's their guess, probably, that I've had a little attack of night fear—shapes in my closet, noises on the roof—and have fled my bedroom.

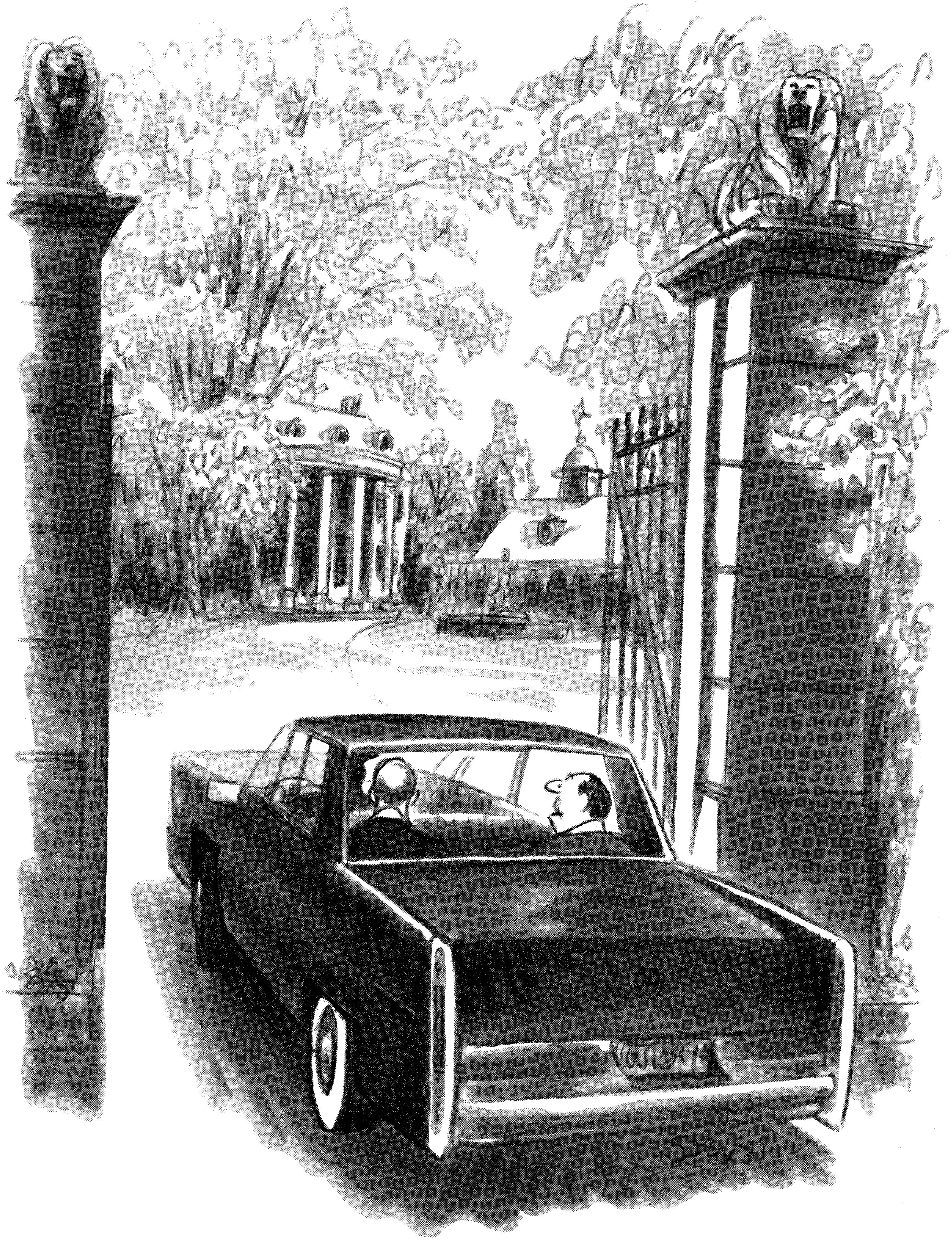
"Hey, beauty, relax. Don't try so hard," Dad says.

"Try what? What's he mean?" I ask Mother.

"Don't try so hard to sit there and not try so hard," Dad says. "I *know* you."

"He's a dizzy, smirking man and he hasn't a clue what he's talking about," Mother explains. Dad has his arms folded and has me pinned with his laser look—very penetrating blue eye contact.

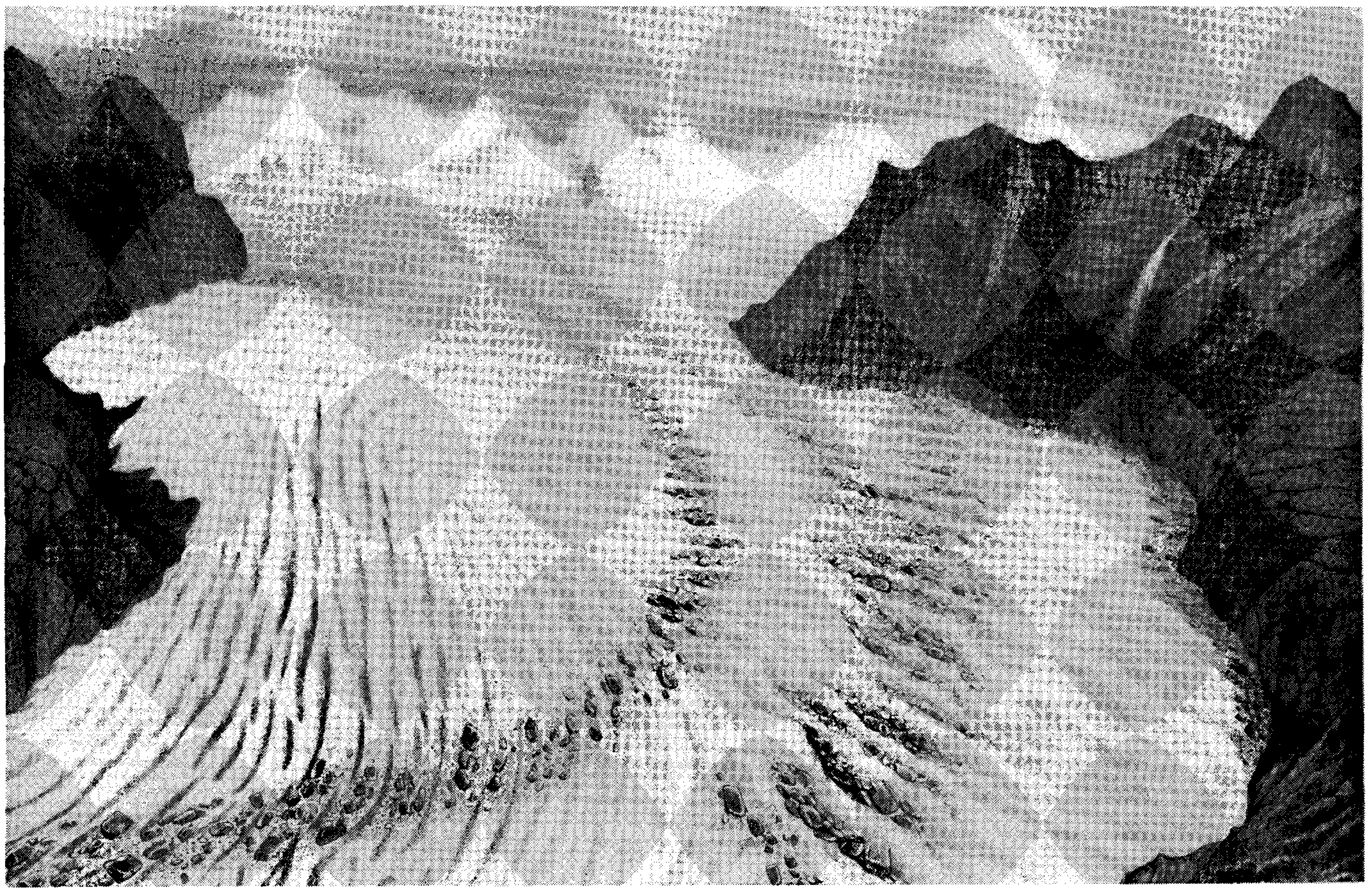
Maybe I'm just tired, and maybe feeling terrible is making me confused, or maybe Dad has let me off the hook. Something. Anyway, the big knots in my stomach and neck loosen up, and with a big sigh I let myself melt down into the cushions. —JAMES ROBISON



*"First and foremost, of course, it's our hedge against inflation."*

# ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD

## IN SUSPECT TERRAIN—III



*From "Études sur les Glaciers," by Louis Agassiz, 1840*

ON a cool April morning, Anita Harris, of the United States Geological Survey, began a trip on Interstate 80 from the Precambrian highlands of New Jersey to the glacial landscapes of northern Indiana. As a rock-carrying assistant, a geological interne, I accompanied her. Descending from the highlands, moving from one zone to another of the Appalachian mountain system, we crossed the Great Valley of the Appalachians and came to the first long mountain of the physiographic province of the Valley and Ridge—Kittatinny Mountain, cut in two by the Delaware River. We left the car temporarily aside and walked slowly through the Delaware Water Gap with—as geologists like to say—our "noses on the outcrops." Then we returned to the road.

OVER the bridge and out of the gap, we paid twenty-five cents at the booths of the Delaware River Joint Toll Bridge Commission. The collector was a citizen so senior he appeared to have been alive for a sixty-millionth of the history of the world. "Have a nice day," he said. We were moving west and would soon be rising into what geologists refer to as "the so-called Pocono Mountains"—actually a layered flatland that has been cut up by confused streams into forested mesas with names like Mt. Pohopoco. The long continuous welt of the deformed Appalachians—the Valley-and-Ridge belt of folded mountains—is extremely narrow at this latitude. As much as eighty miles wide in the course of its run from Alabama into Canada, it is a fifteen-mile isthmus where it is crossed by Interstate 80 at the eastern end of Pennsylvania. The foldbelt is narrow there because the Poconos refused to deform. When tectonism came and rock was being corrugated left and right, the strata that would become the Poconos were somewhat compressed but did not bend. "The rocks took the shock of the tectonics and didn't buckle," Anita said. "They shattered some, but they didn't move much. They didn't have the glide planes."

Now, scarcely a mile from the toll booths and still very much in the foldbelt, we came to what road builders call a throughcut, where the road had been blasted through the tip of a ridge. We stopped, crossed the interstate, and climbed the higher side. The rock was calcareous shale, and had been seafloor mud about three hundred and ninety million years ago, possibly ten fathoms down then, and gritty with fragments of shells and corals. There were brachiopods in the rock (something like clams and scallops) and cornucopian corals. Certain categories of these lone-growing, conical corals were the index fossils that led nineteenth-century geologists working in Devonshire to recognize the relative age of the rock the corals were found in, and to call the time Devonian. "If it weren't for this roadcut, I'd never have been able to measure these rocks," Anita said. "The next exposure is halfway between Kingston and Albany. When they first made this road, we came in and mapped in a hurry, before they laid on that goddamned grass seed, all that straw and organic tar. In the East, no one knows from geology."

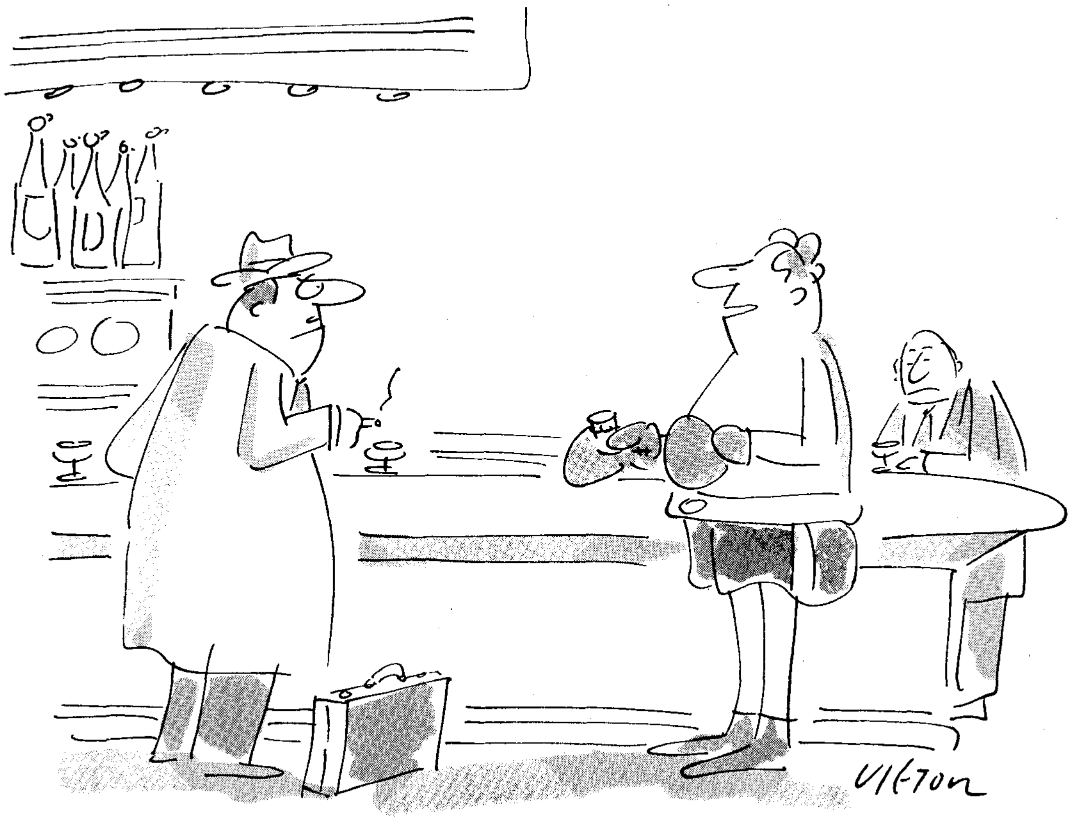
The sea had been in retreat here in the early Devonian, and as we made our way uphill, and pursued the dip of the strata, we hiked two or three million years through progressively shallower marine deposits and came to a conglomerate full of pearly white quartz that had been tossed and rounded by surf. Beyond the conglomerate was light, coarse-grained sandstone—a fossil Devonian beach. The sea would have been out there to the west, the equator running more or less along the boundary between Canada and Alaska. We turned and went the other way, up through woods and around the nose of the ridge. We were far above the interstate now and looking down on the tops of big rolling boxes—North American Van Lines, moving families from coast to coast. We went on through more woods, in an easterly direction, against the dip, until at length, high on the far side of the ridge, we reached another beach, ten or fifteen million years older than the first one. In the comings and goings—transgressions, regressions—of the epicontinental sea, the strandline had paused here in late Silurian time. Anita said, "This was the barrier beach when the redbeds of the Delaware Water Gap were paper-laminated lagoon muds behind barrier islands. Geology is predictable. If you find lagoon mud, you should find beach sand not far away." On through the woods, she walked offshore to an exposure of dark, shallow-water limestone. "This is what I've come up here for," she said. "This is as pure a limestone as you can get." She remembered the outcrop from her mapping days, and now she wanted the microfossil conodonts within. With her sledgehammer, she went at the rock. It was grudging, competent. She set off sparks. Working hard, she slowly filled two canvas bags, each having a capacity approaching one cubic foot. As she had done on hundreds of similar journeys, she would carry the bags into the post office of a small town somewhere and set them on the counter with a lithic clunk while the postmaster's eyeballs moved forward over the tops of his reading glasses. There was a frank number, a printed label. "ANITA G. HARRIS, U.S.G.S. BRANCH OF PALEONTOLOGY AND STRATIGRAPHY, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20560, OFFICIAL BUSINESS." Seeing that, 18412 would develop a security clearance in the lower strata of his frown, and with solemnity accept the rocks.

It was a shelly, coastal limestone. There were cup corals in it, and a profusion of brachiopods that looked like filberts. "Farmers call these hazelnut rocks," Anita said. A little farther along the outcrop, the limestone was full of small round segments of the stems of sea lilies—tall, graceful animals with petalled heads that grew like plants on stems. "The sea lilies grew in clear, shallow water a little offshore," Anita said. "It was a coast like Fiji's, or the Philippines', or Guatemala's. The coral and the thick shells tell you the water was warm. The rock is dark because it is full of dead oil, which came in later—much later. Oil migrated into these rocks and was cooked at high temperature. The conodonts will tell me the temperature."

In this manner, we meant to make our way west—picking and pounding at roadcuts and occasionally wandering off into the country behind them. In the deformed, sedimentary Appalachians, the rock not only had been compressed like a carpet shoved across a floor but in places had been squeezed and shoved until the folds tumbled forward into recumbent positions. Some folds had broken. Some entire regions had been picked up and thrust many miles northwest. Dozens of other complexing events had locally affected the structures of the Valley-and-Ridge terrain. One therefore could not know what to expect next. Whole sequences might suddenly be upside down, or repeat themselves, or stand on end reading backwards. Among such rocks, time moves in and out and up and down as well as by.

"It's a real schlemazel," Anita said. "Not by accident is geology called geology. It's named for Gaea, the daughter of Chaos."

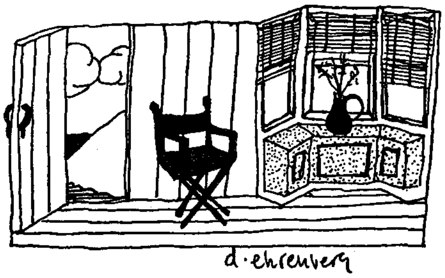
Among the west-dipping Silurian formations of the Delaware Water Gap, one might project but could



"Things in the fight game are fine. How are things in the business game?"

not reasonably expect Devonian rock to westward. It would be there if the stratigraphic package was intact and had not been overturned. The rock of that first big Pennsylvania roadcut was early Devonian in age. Leaving it, we moved seven miles west along the interstate and twenty million years up the time scale, where we stopped at a roadcut of middle Devonian marine siltstones and shales, so rich in organic residues that it was black as carbon, with corals that had been sliced by dynamite and resembled sections of citrus. Cambrian, Ordovician, Silurian, Devonian—for this crunched and shuffled country we were experiencing remarkable consistency in an upward voyage through time. And now in the silken muds of these Devonian seafloors we were seeing the final stages in the long tranquil interval between the Taconic and Acadian revolutions. The rock coarsened abruptly as we drove on westward. There were cobbly conglomerates. They were the first explosive belch from the new Acadian mountains, which came up in the east at a rate ten times as fast as erosion could destroy them and, with a new system of rivers, rapidly shed this downpour of rock. A few miles farther on, another ten or fifteen million years, and we were among roadcuts containing upper Devonian stream channels of a quiet country, a low alluvial plain—point bars, cutbanks, ripple marks in red river sands. We were fifty million years past the Water Gap, and the geology was repeating itself on an epic scale. A new set of coalescing fans had come off the Acadian mountains, and as the great sierra disintegrated its detritus spread westward thick upon the country and into the sea—at least ten thousand feet thick in the east and gradually thinning to the west, this immense new clastic wedge, to be known in geology as the Catskill Delta.

It stands at the surface of a huge piece of country. Erosion working into the high eastern end has cut the shapes of the Catskill Mountains. The rock lies essentially flat there, and is flat all the way to the shores of Lake Erie. It is the uppermost rock of half of New York State. It is the rock of Chenango, the rock of Chautauqua, too. It is the rock of Seneca, Ithaca, Elmira, Oneonta. In Pennsylvania, it is largely buried, or was sliced and kneaded into the deformed mountains, but as the so-called Poconos it stands flat and high. The Poconos actually are part and parcel of the New York Devonian clastic wedge. The Poconos are a tongue of New York State penetrating Pennsylvania.



The Acadian mountains are gone. The wedge remains. The Acadians, in their Devonian prime, must have been a crowd of Kanchenjungas, to judge by their sedimentary remains, which reach almost to Indiana. As the mountains came down, they stood ever deeper in debris. At Denver, the Rocky Mountains are up to their hips in their own waste. The sedimentary wedge that has come off the Rockies is thickest there by the mountain front, and gradually thins to the east. Kansas and Nebraska are like pieces cut from a wheel of cheese—lying on their sides, thick ends to the west. Altitude in itself suggests the volume of material. Kansas and Nebraska are three thousand feet higher in the west than in the east.

---

## AT A PRIVATE SHOWING IN 1982

This loving attention to the details:
faces by Bosch and Bruegel,
the mélange of torture tools,
the carpentry of the stake,
the Catherine wheel,
the bars, spires, gibbets, pikes—
I confess my heart sank
when they brought out the second reel . . .

Anorectic Jeanne d'Arc,
how long it takes her
to burn to death in this picture!
When monks fast, it is called ascetic.
The film beamed on the dining-room wall
of an old brownstone
undergoing gentrification on Capitol Hill,
glass shards and daffodils
on alternate lawns,
harpsichord, bare board table,
cheese, nuts, jug wine,

and striding across the screen,
hauntingly young, unbowed,
not yet absurd, not yet insane,
Antonin Artaud in a bit part:
the "good" priest,
the one who declaims
"You are persecuting a saint!"
but does not offer
to die beside her.

And how is any of this
different today,
except now in color, and talky—
this prurient close
examination of pain,
fanaticism, terror?

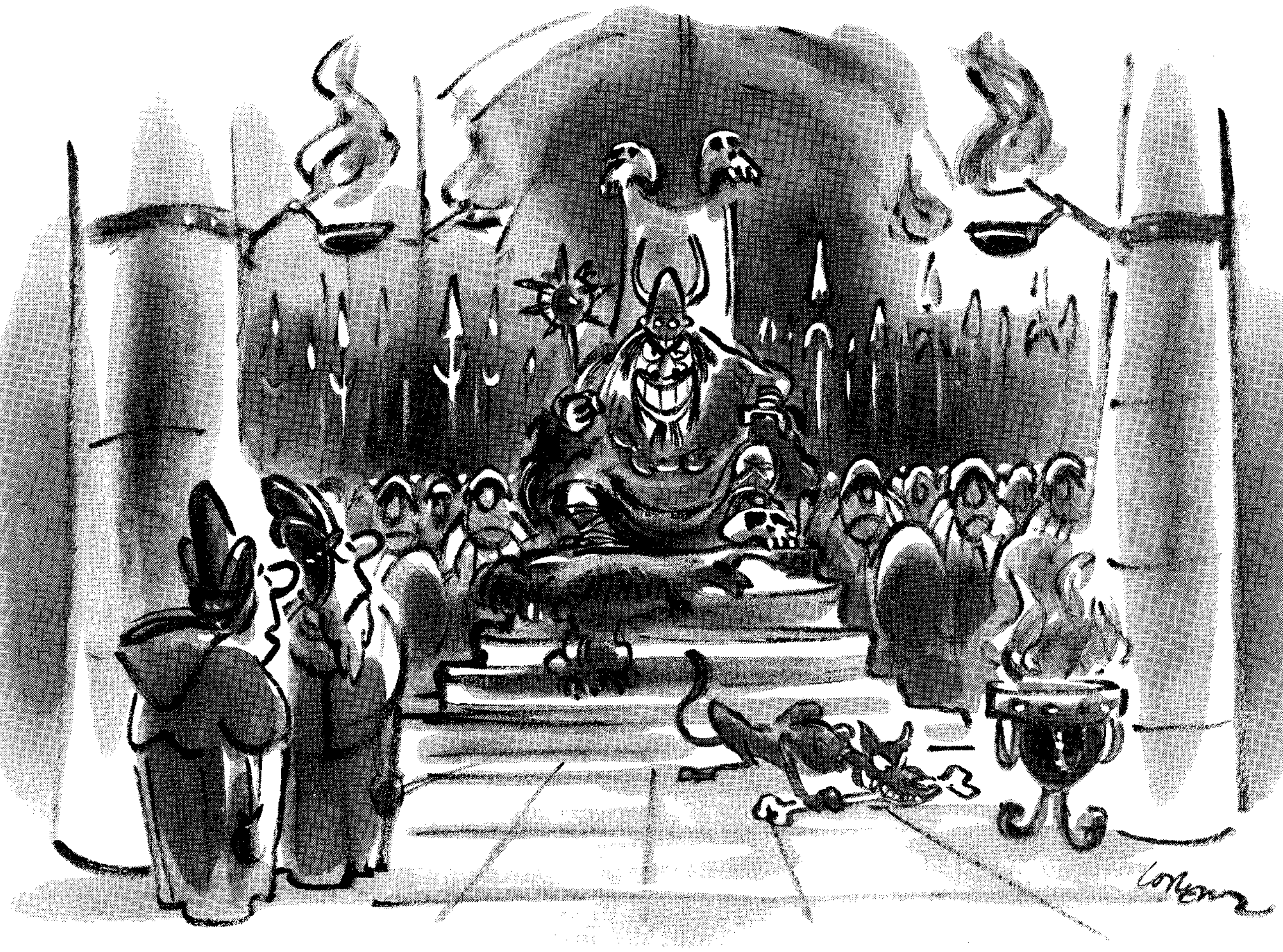
Though the judges dress
like World War I British
soldiers in tin helmets
and Sam Browne belts,
though the music exactly
matches the mouthed words,
though Jeanne's
enormous wounded-doe's eyes
roll up or shut down
in hope, in anguish,
though Renée Falconetti,
who plays this part, was merely
a comic-stage actress
and never shows up on celluloid again,

though Artaud
tonsured for the set
walks the streets of Paris
in costume in 1928
and is mocked by urchins
and is peppered with catcalls,
what does it profit us?

Artaud will die in the madhouse
in terror for his immortal soul,
Falconetti will drop out of sight,
an émigrée in the Argentine,
we few will finish the wine
and skulk out on this spring night
together, unsafe on Capitol Hill.

—Maxine Kumin

• •



*"I, too, was alarmed when he took over, but I think events will inevitably push him back into the political mainstream."*

• •

We were running on the summits of the Poconos—uneven but essentially level topography, the Pocono equivalent of alpine minarets. Where we saw stratified rock in roadcuts, it seemed level enough to stop a bubble. For the most part, it was Catskill sandstone, red as borscht, from latest Devonian and earliest Mississippian time. The summits of the Poconos were not only cragless, they ran on under the scrub oaks as far as the eye could see. There were peat bogs. There was a great deal of standing water. The landscape was bestrewn with hummocky lumps of gravel. "There's no way that streams brought all that gravel up here," Anita said. "Religious farmers say it's evidence of the Great Flood."

If so, the Great Flood was frozen. These were morainal gravels, outwash gravels. Interstate 80 marks almost exactly the Wisconsinan ice sheet's line of maximum advance in the Poconos.

We made a short digression from the interstate to see—in some Devonian siltstone—a tidal flat that was stuffed with razor clams. The surface of the rock had a Fulton Market look. It was a paisley of conglomerate clams. Three hundred and fifty million years old, they resembled exactly their modern counterparts. "Things haven't changed much," Anita said as she got back into the car.

We drove on into Hickory Run State Park, where we walked through heavy woods toward a clear space ahead. We seemed to be approaching a body of water. Its edge resembled a shore, and its seventeen acres were surrounded by conifers, whose jagged silhouettes invoked a northern pond. In place of water, however, the pond consisted of boulders—thousands of big boulders, some of them thirty feet long, nearly all of them red rock weathered dusty rose, and all of them accordant with a horizontal plane, causing them to seem surreally a lake of red boulders. DAD, MOM, HARRY, and GEORGE had been there in 1970 with a can of acrylic spray. JOE VIZZARD came some years later. Dozens of others had daubed the rocks on days ranging backward to 1935, when the park was established. The big red-boulder expanse was difficult to cross, however, and its sorry guestbook was confined to one corner. The boulders were stunningly beautiful—in their lacustrine tranquillity, their lovely color, their spruce-rimmed absence of all but themselves. We walked out some distance, stepping from one to another megaton red potato.

Anita lost her balance and almost went below. "What a klutz," she remarked.

I thought I might be learning a geologic term.

"These are periglacial boulders," she went on. "They're not erratics. They haven't really moved. In the climates we have now, big boulders that are not erratics just don't appear in the woods. Only a remarkable set of

*"Look, lady, if it's trendy you want, Bloomie's is at Fifty-ninth and Lex."*

• •

conditions would produce this scene. You had to start with the right bedrock. You had to have the right angle of dip, the right erosional shape for flushing, the right distance from the glacier. The terminus of the glacier was about half a mile away. The climate was arctic. Imagine the frost heaves after water in summer got into the bedrock and that kind of winter came to explode it. Gravels, sands, and clay were completely flushed away by meltwater, leaving these boulders."

Twenty-five thousand years ago—in the late Pleistocene, or, relatively speaking, the geologic present—arctic frost had broken out the boulders and had begun the weathering that rounded them. The Acadian mountains, wearing away three hundred and fifty million years ago, had provided the material of which the boulders were made. Back on the interstate and continuing across the Pocono Plateau, we ran through more flat-lying red strata of the same approximate age, and Anita said, "Remember the Bloomsburg? This rock is fifty million years later, and it looks like the Bloomsburg, and it was formed on another low, alluviated coastal plain, when the Acadian mountains were dying down. As I've been telling you, geology is predictable once you learn a few facts. Geology repeats itself all through the rock column."

On the geologic time scale, anyone could assign these events to their respective places and sense the rhythms of the cycles—rock cycles, glacial cycles, orogenic cycles: overlapping figures in the rock. Taken all together, though, they seemed to ask somewhat more than they answered, to reveal less than nature kept concealed. The evidence showed that the Acadian mountains had come down, as had the Taconics before them, and each had spread westward new worlds of debris. One could also discern that the violence of the Acadian Orogeny had folded and faulted the sedimentary rock that had formed from the grit of the earlier mountains, and metamorphosed the rock as well—changed the shales into slates, the sandstones into quartzites, the limestones and dolomites into marble. A third revolution would follow—the Alleghenian Orogeny, in Pennsylvanian-Permian time. Another mountain wave would crest, break, and send its swash to westward. It was all very repetitive, to be sure—the great ranges rising, falling, rising, falling, covering and creating landscapes, as if successive commingling waters were to rush up a beach and freeze. But why? How? You see in rock that geology repeats itself, but you do not see what started the process. In the rivers in rock you find pieces of mountains, but you do not find out why the mountains were there.

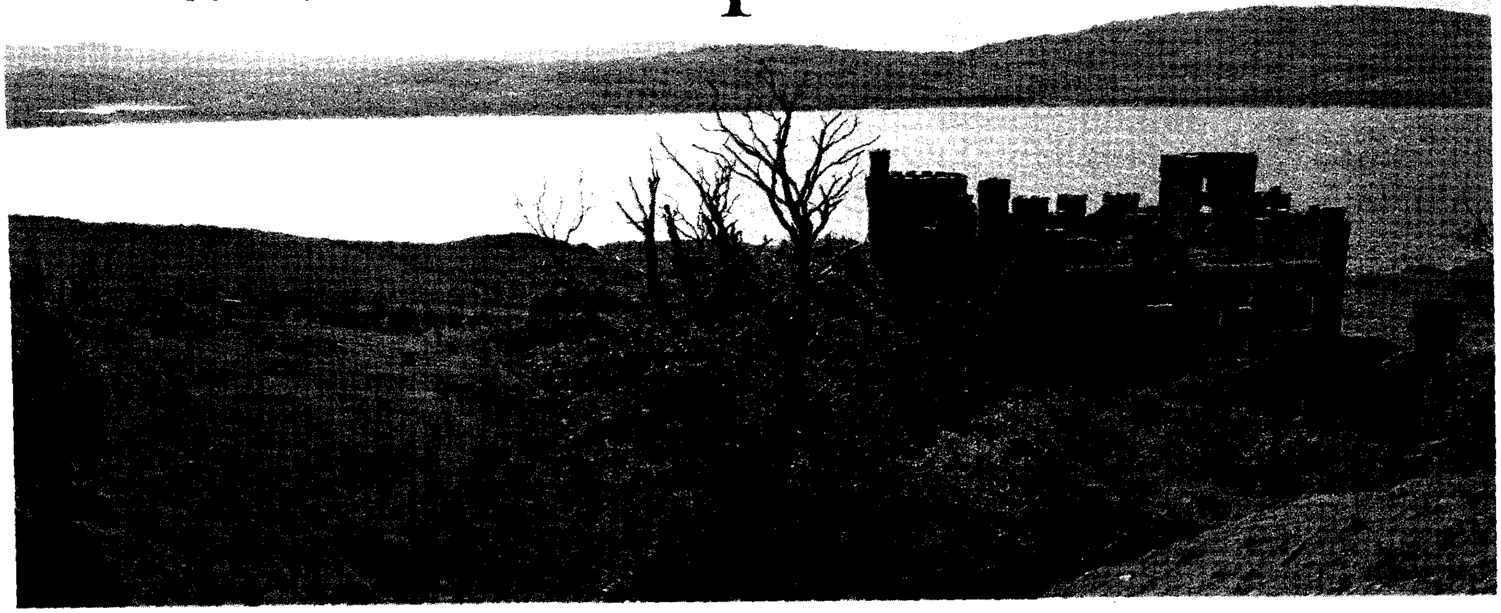
I said to Anita, "What made the mountains rise?"

"The Acadian mountains?"

"All of them—Taconic, Acadian, Alleghenian. What made them come up in the first place?"

It has been Anita's style as a geologist to begin with an outcrop and address herself to history from there—to begin with what she can touch, and then to reason her way back through time as far as she can go. A river conglomerate, as tangible rock, unarguably presents the river. The river

# Enter the J&B "It Whispers" Photo Contest and win a trip to Scotland.

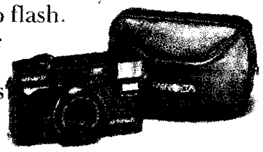


Once again J&B has begun the search for the photograph that whispers J&B best. If you can capture that scene, J&B will cover all expenses for a once in a lifetime trip to Scotland. In addition to the grand prize, there are over 600 other fabulous prizes that could be yours. Read on and find out how to enter.

## Grand Prize

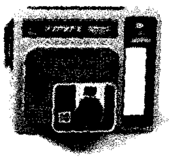
Ten-day, nine-night trip for two to Scotland, including round trip air transportation, hotel accommodations, meals, car rental, visit to J&B distillery, sightseeing plus $1,000 spending money; or $5,000 cash in lieu of the trip.

## 5 First Prizes



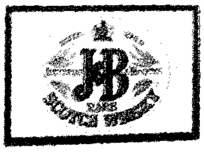
Minolta Hi-Matic AF2-M. Focuses and winds itself automatically. Includes built-in pop-up flash. Shutter release won't work unless batteries are strong and film is completely loaded. Just aim and shoot for perfectly exposed pictures.

## 100 Second Prizes



Kodak's Pleaser II Kodamatic Instant Camera. The handy, easy-to-use camera that lets you take big, bright instant prints that develop right before your eyes. Easy to load, no focus or exposure settings to make. Hand grip provides easy handling and carrying.

## 500 Third Prizes



The J&B Mirror. This distinctive J&B mirror is 22" x 32" in a hardwood frame. Printed in red, black and gold, it is an elegant addition to any home bar/den.

## Special Offer

J&B
Jazz & Beethoven

The first 18,000 entrants will automatically receive a "Jazz and Beethoven" record album.

## How to Enter

Simply clip the coupon from the bottom of the page or see your participating liquor store for an entry blank. Then take a picture of the scene, setting or view that you think whispers J&B, and send it in. Be sure to follow the rules below. Incomplete entries will be invalid.

## Official Rules— No Purchase Necessary

1. To enter, submit a black-and-white or color photograph (2¼" x 2¼" to 8" x 10") of a scene that you feel "whispers." Slides and transparencies are not accepted.
2. Handprint your name, address, and zip code, on the official entry form or a plain piece of paper. Glue or tape it to the back of your photo entry. Do not write on photo, include cardboard backing to protect picture in mail. Include with your entry the answer to the following question: What do the initials "J&B" on a bottle of J&B Rare Scotch stand for? Your entry will not be eligible for judging unless this question is answered. The information needed to answer this question may be found by looking at the label of any bottle of J&B Rare Scotch. You may obtain a free label facsimile by writing to: J&B Label, P.O. Box 3028, Westbury, NY 11591.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: J&B "WHISPERS" CONTEST, P.O. Box 3052, Westbury, NY 11591. Entries must be received by December 31, 1982.
**4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality (0 to 30 points), relevance to the theme (0 to 40 points), composition (0 to 20 points), photographic technique (0 to 10 points). Winners will be selected under the supervision of National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this contest. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Prizes are not transferable or exchangeable. Only one prize to an individual or family.**
5. All entries become the property of The Paddington Corporation with all rights, including the right to edit, publish and use any photo without further consideration of payment to the contestant. No correspondence about entries will be entered into, nor will photos be acknowledged or returned.
6. Before receiving a prize, each entrant must warrant his age, that the photograph was taken by himself, that he is an amateur photographer, and that he has full rights to the photograph and that it has won no previous award or competition.
7. The contest is open to U.S. residents, except employees and their families of The Paddington Corporation, its affiliates, advertising and sales promotion agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, professional photographers and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. Void where prohibited. All federal, state and local regulations apply. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.
**8. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in the state of their residences as of September 1, 1982. For a list of major winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: J&B "WHISPERS" Winners, P.O. Box 3077, Westbury, NY 11591.**

## Official Entry Form

Mail your completed entry & photograph to:

J&B 2nd Annual "It Whispers" Photo Contest, P.O.
Box 3052, Westbury, NY 11591

Name________________________

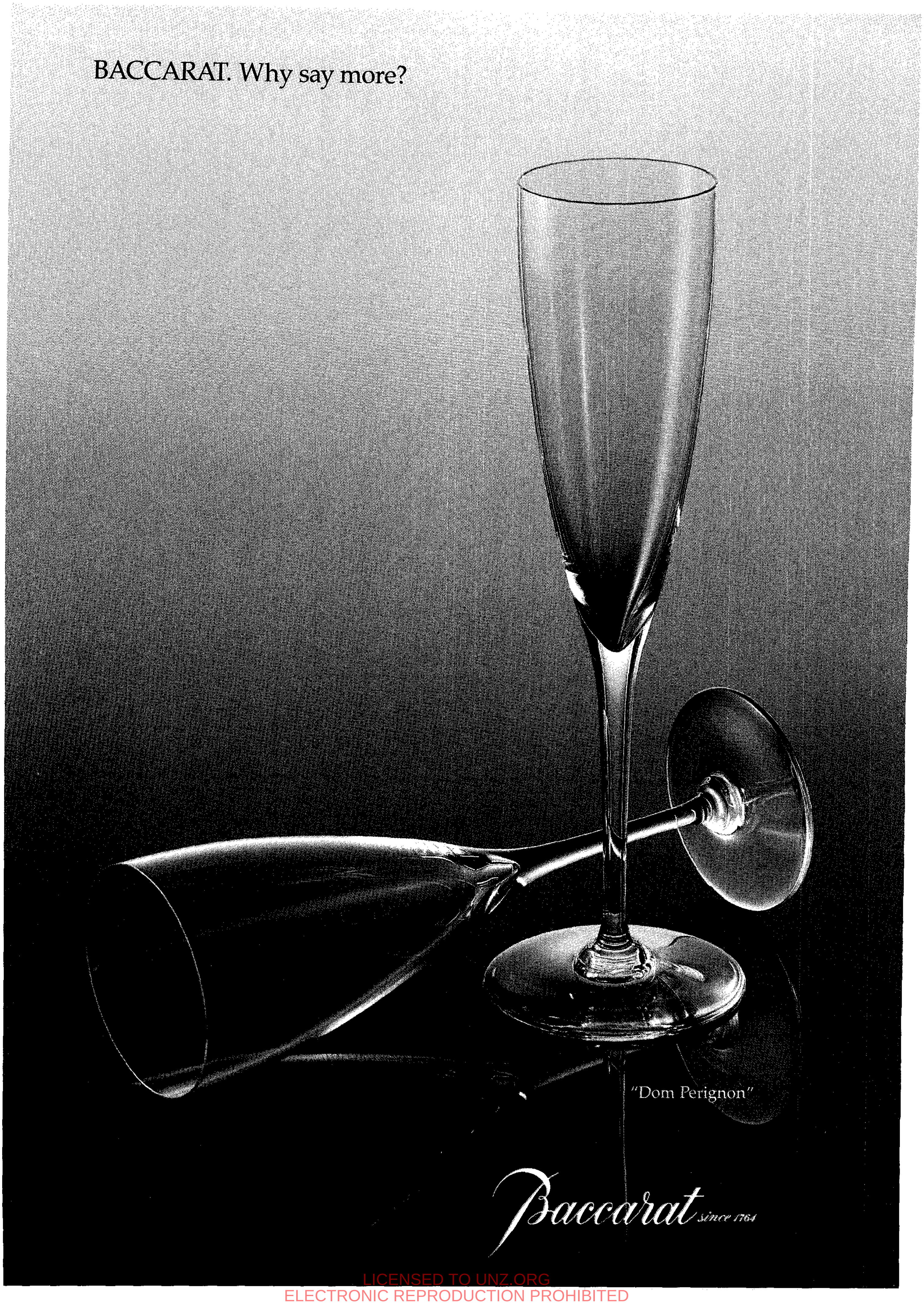
Address________________________

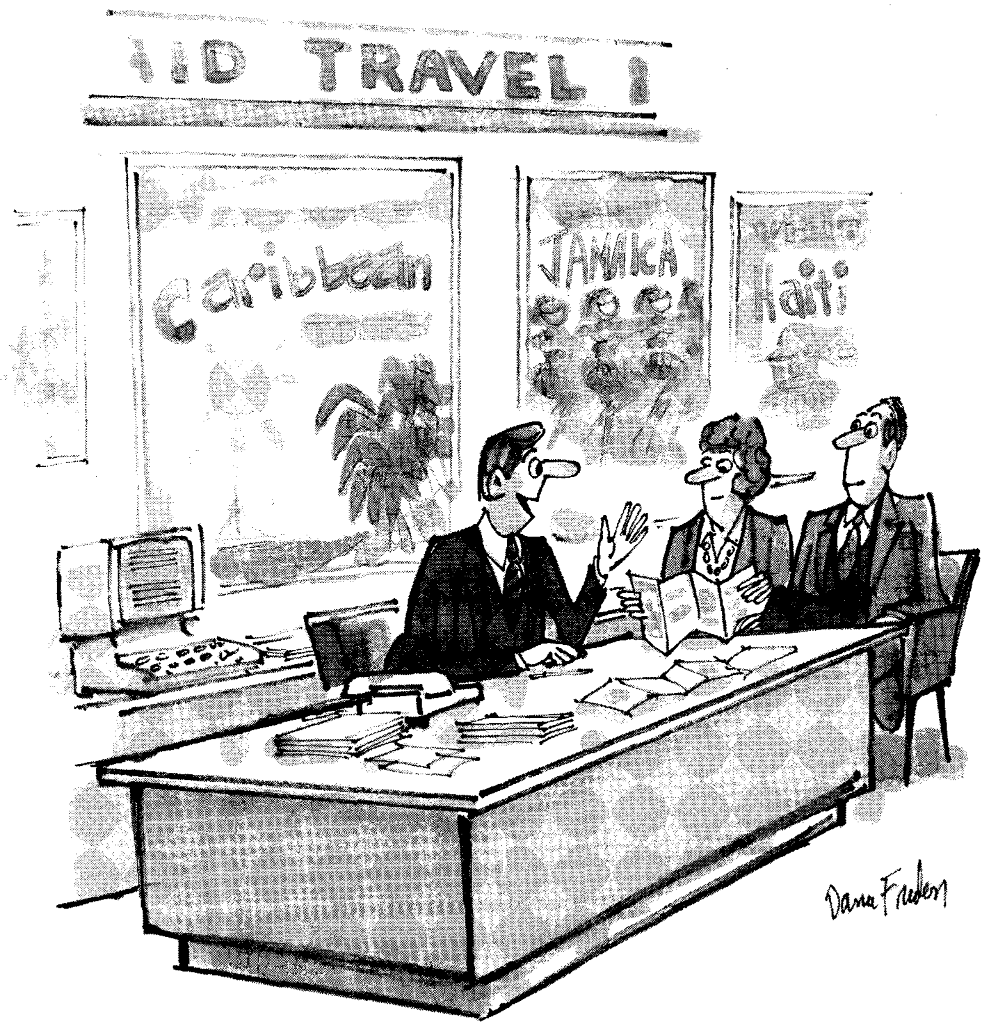
City____________State________Zip______

The initials on the label of a bottle of J&B Rare Scotch stand for: ____________________

Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky,
©1982 The Paddington Corp., NY NKR


BACCARAT. Why say more?
"Dom Perignon"
Baccarat since 1764



*"You'll love it! Sunshine, good food, dancing, and a chance to observe the Caribbean Basin Initiative at first hand."*

• •

speaks of higher ground. The volume of sediment that the river has carried can imply a range of mountains. To find Precambrian jaspers in the beds of younger rivers means that the Precambrian, the so-called basement rock, was lifted to form the mountains. These are sensible inferences drawn cleanly through an absence of alternatives. To go back in this way, retrospectively, from scene to shifting scene, is to go down the rock column, groping toward the beginning of the world. There is firm ground some of the way. Eventually, there comes a point where inference will shade into conjecture. In recesses even more remote, conjecture may usurp the original franchise of God.

By reputation, Anita is a scientist with an exceptionally practical mind, a geologist with few weaknesses, who is at home in igneous and metamorphic petrology no less than in sedimentology. She has been described as an outstanding biostratigrapher, a paleontologist who knows the rocks in the field and can go up to a problem and solve it. In my question to her, I was, I will confess, rousing her a little. I knew what her answer would be. "I don't know what made the mountains come up in the first place," she said. "I have some ideas, but I don't know. The plate-tectonics boys think they know."

When the theory of plate tectonics congealed, in the nineteen-sixties, it had been brought to light and was strongly supported by worldwide seismic data. With the coming of nuclear bombs and limitation treaties and arsenals established by a cast of inimical peoples, importance had been given to monitoring the earth for the tremors of testing. Seismographs in large numbers were salted through the world, and over a decade or so they revealed a great deal more than the range of a few explosions. A global map of earthquakes could be drawn as never before. It showed that earthquakes tend to concentrate in lines that run up the middles of oceans, through some continents, along the edges of other continents—seamlike, around the world. These patterns were seen—in the light of other data—to be the outlines of lithospheric plates: the broken shell of the earth, the twenty-odd pieces of crust-and-mantle averaging sixty miles thick and varying greatly in length and breadth. Apparently, they were moving, moving every which way at differing speeds, awkwardly disconcerting one another—pushing up alps—where they bumped. Coming apart, they very evidently had opened the Atlantic Ocean, about a hundred and eighty million years ago. Where two plates have been moving apart during the past five million years, they have made the Red Sea. Ocean crustal plates seemed to dive into deep ocean trenches and keep on going hundreds of miles down, to melt, with the result that magma would come to the surface as island arcs: Lesser Antilles, Aleutians, New Zealand, Japan. If ocean crust were to dive into a trench beside a continent, it could lift the edge of the continent and stitch it with volcanoes, could make the Andes and its Aconcaguas, the Cascade Range and Mt. Rainier, Mt. Hood, Mt. St. Helens. It was a worldwide theory—revolutionary, undeniably exciting. It brought disparate phenomena into a single story. It explained cohesively the physiognomy of the earth. It linked the seafloor to Fujiyama, Morocco to Maine. It cleared the mystery from long-known facts: the glacial striations in rock of the Sahara, the equator's appearances in Fairbanks and Nome. It was a theory that not only opened oceans but closed them, too. If it tore land apart, it could also suture it, in collisions that perforce built mountains. Italy had hit Europe and made the Alps. Australia had hit New Guinea and made the Pegunungan Maoke. Two continents met to make the Urals. India, at unusual speed, hit Tibet. Eras before that, South America, Africa, and Europe had, as one, hit North America and made the Appalachians. The suture was probably the Brevard Zone, a long, northeast-trending fault zone in the southern Appalachians with very different rock types on either side and no discernible matchup of offset strata. Discontinuous extensions of the Brevard Zone seemed to reach to the Catoctin Mountains and on to Staten Island. Southeastern Staten Island apparently was a piece of the Old

World. Ships that sailed for Europe had arrived when they went under the bridge.

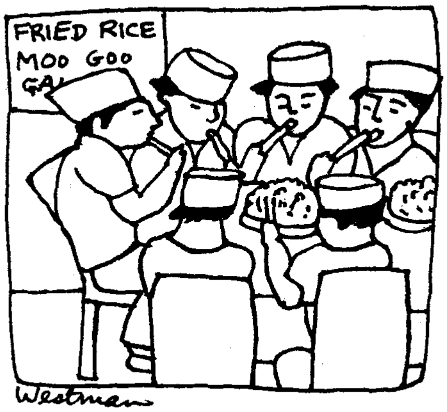
Plate theory was constructed in ten years by people with hard data who were consciously and frankly waxing "geopoetical" as well. Once the essentials of the theory were complete—after the discovery of seafloor spreading had led to an understanding of trench subduction, and after the plates and their motions had finally been outlined and described—the theory took a metaphysical leap into the sancta of the gods, flaunting its bravado in the face of Yahweh. It could make a scientist uncomfortable. Instead of reaching back in time from rock to river to mountains that must have been there—and then on to inference and cautious conjecture in the dark of imperceivable unknowns—this theory by its conception, its nature, and its definition was applying for the job of Prime Mover. The name on the door changed. There was no alternative. The theory was panterrestrial, panoceanic. It was the past and present and future of the world, sixty miles deep. It was every scene that ever was on earth. Either it worked or it didn't. Hoist it was to Heaven on its own petard. "Established" there, it looked not so much backward from the known toward the unknown as forward from the invisible to its product the surface of the earth. Anita was more worried than made hostile by all this. By no means did she reject plate theory out of hand. There were applications of it with which she could not agree. Moreover, it was too fast a vehicle for its keys to be given to children.

"THE plate-tectonics people have certain set patterns that they expect to see," Anita said. "They kind of lock themselves in. If something doesn't fit the theory, they'll find some sort of reason. They'll say that something is missing, or that it was subducted, or that it has not yet been found in the subsurface. They make things fit."

"Do you believe that ocean crust is subducted into trenches, that it melts and then comes up behind the trenches as volcanoes and island arcs?" I asked her.

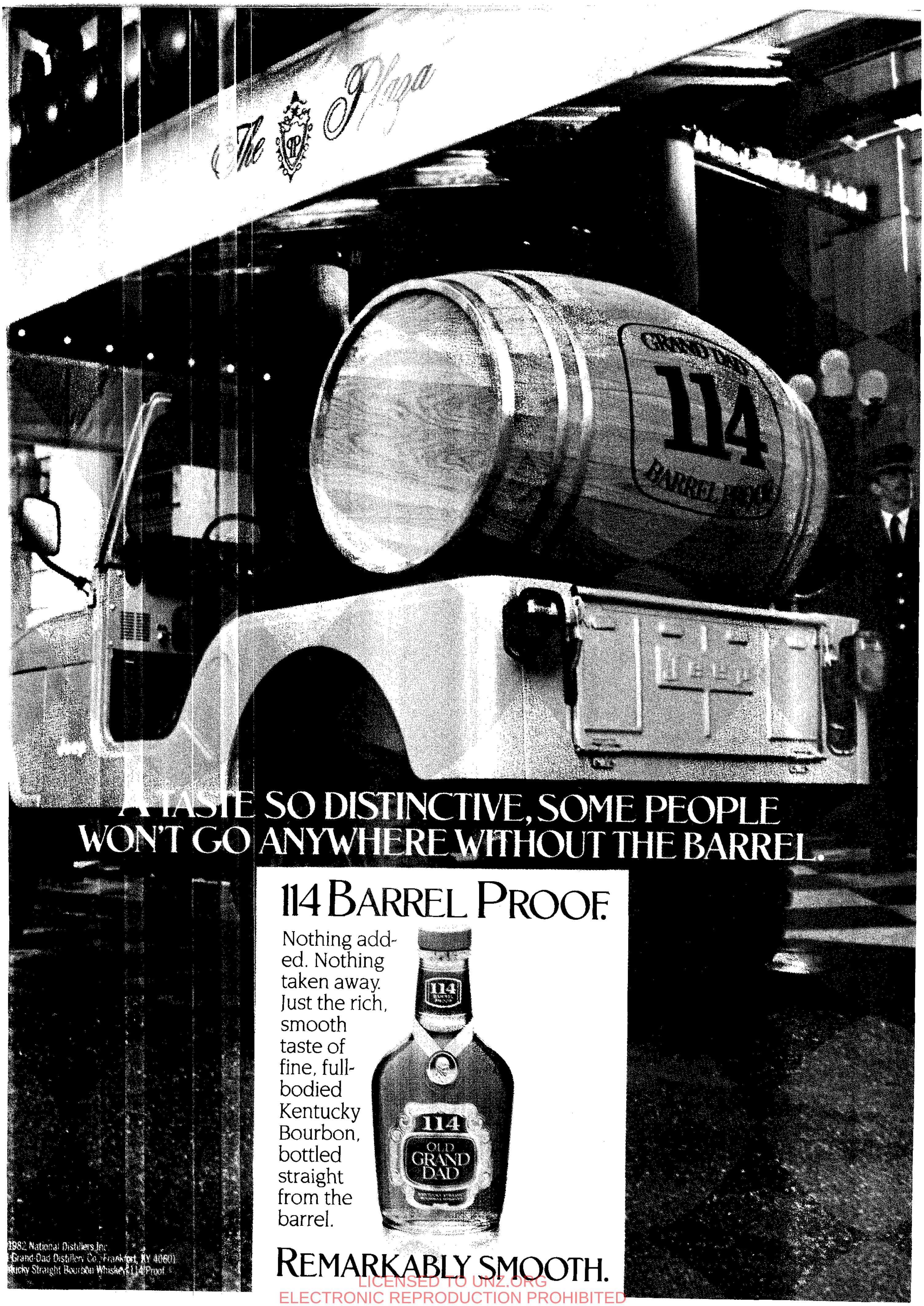
"That is straightforward," she said. "And I have no doubt that one edge of the Pacific Plate is grinding northwest through California. What I object to is plate tectonics taken as absolute gospel. To stuff that I know about, it's been overapplied—without attention to geologic details. It's been misused terribly. It has misrepresented facts. It has oversimplified the world. The Atlantic spreading open I absolutely believe. How long it has been spreading open I don't know. I don't really believe that North America and South America were up against one another. The whole Pacific margin is thrusting from west to east, but there is no continent colliding with it. I don't see that plate tectonics explains all of these things. I think tectonics on continents is different from tectonics in oceans, and what works in oceans is often misapplied on land. As a result, there is less understanding of regional geology. The plate-tectonic model is so generalized and is used so widely that people do not get good regional pictures anymore. People come out of universities with Ph.D.s in plate tectonics and they couldn't identify a sulphide deposit if they fell over it. Plate tectonics is not a practical science. It's a lot of fun and games, but it's not how you find oil. It's a cop-out. It's what you do when you don't want to think."

Before the plate-tectonics revolution, back in the penumbra of what is called the Old Geology, mountains were thought to be driven upward from a deep-seated source known as a geosyncline. It was a profound downwarp of the crust, a long trough below the sea, and sediments fell into it, in U-shaped configuration. East of North America, for example, the muds that would become Martinsburg slates first became rock in a geosyncline. The great trough trended northeast, like the mountains it would produce. How the mountains came up was not absolutely defined. Isostasy was presumed to participate: place enough weight on the earth's mantle and the mantle would kick like a trampoline. In addition, "earth forces" came up under the geosyncline and assisted its ascent to the sky. The earth forces were "not well understood." Like the drying skin of an apple, the uplifted material wrinkled into mountains. The story seemed clear, even if the authorship was somewhat moot, and it was a story of rhythmically successive orogenies, chapter headings in the biography of the earth. Some geologists preferred to liken them to punctuation marks, because mountain-building phases took up so little of all time—as little as one per cent, no more than ten per cent, depending on the geologist who was calculating the time.



Anita said, by way of example, "The Gulf of Mexico is a big geosyncline, if you want. The big birdfoot delta of the Mississippi River is one hell of a sedimentary pile. Drill twenty-two thousand feet down and you're still in the Eocene. The crust will take about forty thousand feet of sediment—that's the elastic limit. Then it regurgitates the sediment, which begins to rebound. The sediment is also heated up, melted. Water, gas, and oil come out of the rock. Sedimentary layers move up with thermal drives as well as with isostasy. Sedimentary layers also move laterally, and are thus thrust sheets. In Cambro-Ordovician time, fifty million years before the Taconic mountains came up, the continent was to the west of us here, the coastline was in central Ohio, and to the east of us, where the Atlantic shelf is now, stood an island arc like Japan. There are volcaniclastic sediments of that age from Newfoundland to Georgia—just about the length of Japan. The present coast of Asia is the Ohio coastline in that story. Picture the sediment that is pouring off the Japanese islands into the Sea of Japan. The Martinsburg slates were shed not from the continent—not from Ohio—but mainly from the east, from the island arc offshore. You pile up forty thousand feet of sediment and it pops. The Martinsburg popped. The Taconic mountains came up. Once the process starts, it keeps itself going. You push up a mountain range, erode it into the west. The material depresses the crust. It is low-density material and it is brought down into the regime of high-density material. When enough has been piled on, the low-density material comes back up. That is how orogenic waves propagate themselves, each mountain mass being cannibalized to produce a new mountain mass to the west. But I still don't know what started the process."

Historical geologists, in the olden


The Plaza
GRAND DAD
114
BARREL PROOF
Jeep
114
BARREL PROOF
114
OLD GRAND DAD

# A TASTE SO DISTINCTIVE, SOME PEOPLE WON'T GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT THE BARREL.

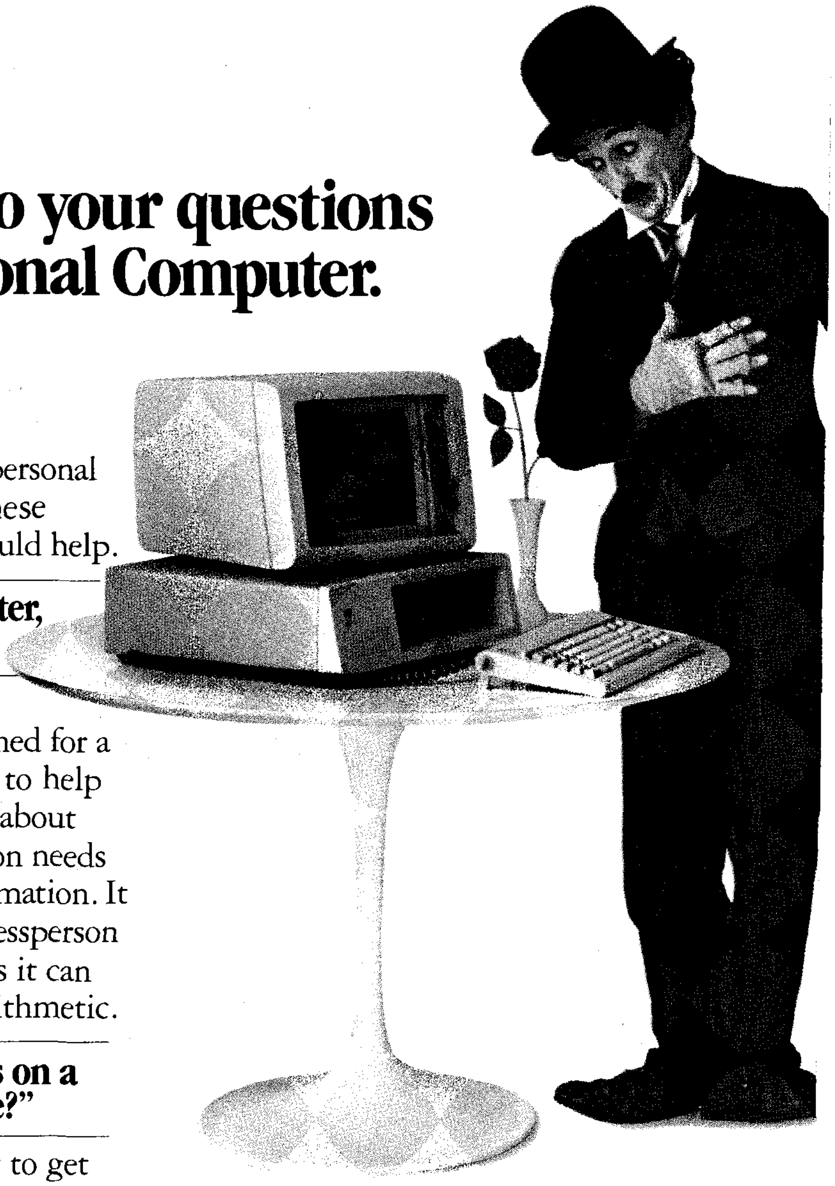
## 114 BARREL PROOF.

Nothing added. Nothing taken away. Just the rich, smooth taste of fine, full-bodied Kentucky Bourbon, bottled straight from the barrel.

**REMARKABLY SMOOTH.**

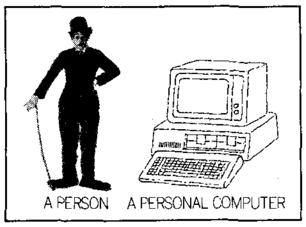
1982 National Distillers Inc
(Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601)
ucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 114 Proof

# Simple answers to your questions about the IBM Personal Computer.



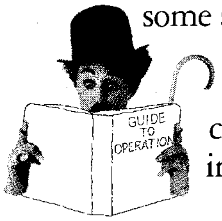
If you're personally interested in personal computers, but want to know more, these definitions, descriptions and details should help.

## "Just what is a personal computer, and how can I use it?"



The IBM Personal Computer is a computer designed for a *person.* It's a tool to help accomplish just about anything a person needs to do with information. It can help a businessperson solve complex problems just as surely as it can help a small child improve his or her arithmetic.

## "Suppose I've never had my hands on a computer. How 'easy' will it be?"



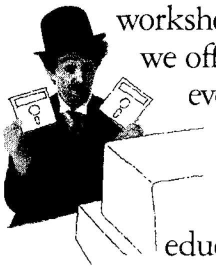
As with any new tool, you'll want to get comfortable with the IBM Personal Computer before putting it to serious use. You'll have some step-by-step reading, but our instructional literature involves you from the start. And the computer is on your side too—interacting with you as you learn. There's no reason why you can't be executing programs and feeling good with the results within your first week. After a month, it should be clear that you've made a good investment, and you'll probably be telling your friends why they should get one.

## "Is the IBM Personal Computer simpler or more advanced than others?"

Both. Our system has many advanced design features (see the chart) but their purpose is to make it simpler to operate and more productive. Our ten function keys are a good example. We add them to save you a lot of time and error. They are *advanced* featur that add to *simplicity* and ease of operation, and that is typical of our total design.

## "What kind of software programs do you have to help me?"

IBM Personal Computer software comes in many varieties, and it's all quality.



For example, if planning is part of your work, we have VisiCalc*— the "electronic worksheet." If you maintain a business, we offer programs that help handle everything from accounting to inventory and payroll record keeping. We also have carefully chosen programs for educational use, intelligent games, a word processing program, plus communications packages that connect you and your computer to outside information services via your telephone and a device called a modem.

## "How expensive and how expandable is it compared to others?"

Because of the extraordinary amount of advanced, built-in features available in the IBM Personal Computer, it can give you more

quality, power and performance for your money. You're also buying extraordinary expandability—beginning with user memory that can be increased up to 32 times. (In the chart at right, one needn't be a technical whiz to add up all the features that make our personal computer a very good buy indeed.)

IBM PERSONAL COMPUTER SPECIFICATIONS

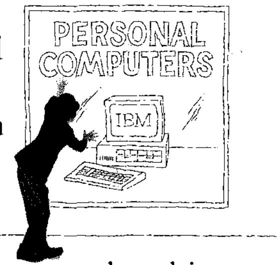
**User Memory**
16K-512K bytes*
**Microprocessor**
16-bit, 8088*
**Auxiliary Memory**
2 optional internal diskette drives, 5¼", 160K bytes or 320K bytes per diskette
**Keyboard**
83 keys, 6 ft. cord attaches to system unit*
10 function keys*
10-key numeric pad
Tactile feedback*
**Diagnostics**
Power-on self testing
Parity checking*

**Display Screen**
High-resolution*
80 characters x 25 lines
Upper and lower case
Green phosphor screen*
**Operating Systems**
DOS, UCSD p-System, CP/M-86†
**Languages**
BASIC, Pascal, FORTRAN, MACRO Assembler, COBOL
**Printer**
Bidirectional*
80 characters/second
12 character styles, up to 132 characters/line*
9 x 9 character matrix*

**Permanent Memory**
(ROM) 40K bytes*
**Color/Graphics**
*Text mode:*
16 colors*
256 characters and symbols in ROM*
*Graphics mode:*
4-color resolution: 320h x 200v*
Black & white resolution: 640h x 200v*
Simultaneous graphics & text capability*
**Communications**
RS-232-C interface
Asynchronous (start/stop) protocol
Up to 9600 bits per second

*ADVANCED FEATURES FOR PERSONAL COMPUTERS

## "If I want a demonstration, where do I go and who will show it to me?"



Go to any authorized IBM Personal Computer dealer. The salespeople there have received special training and you should find them all quite helpful.

Ask your dealer to run the software programs that interest you most, and get your hands on the system yourself. Then you'll begin to see what this tool for modern times can do for *you.*

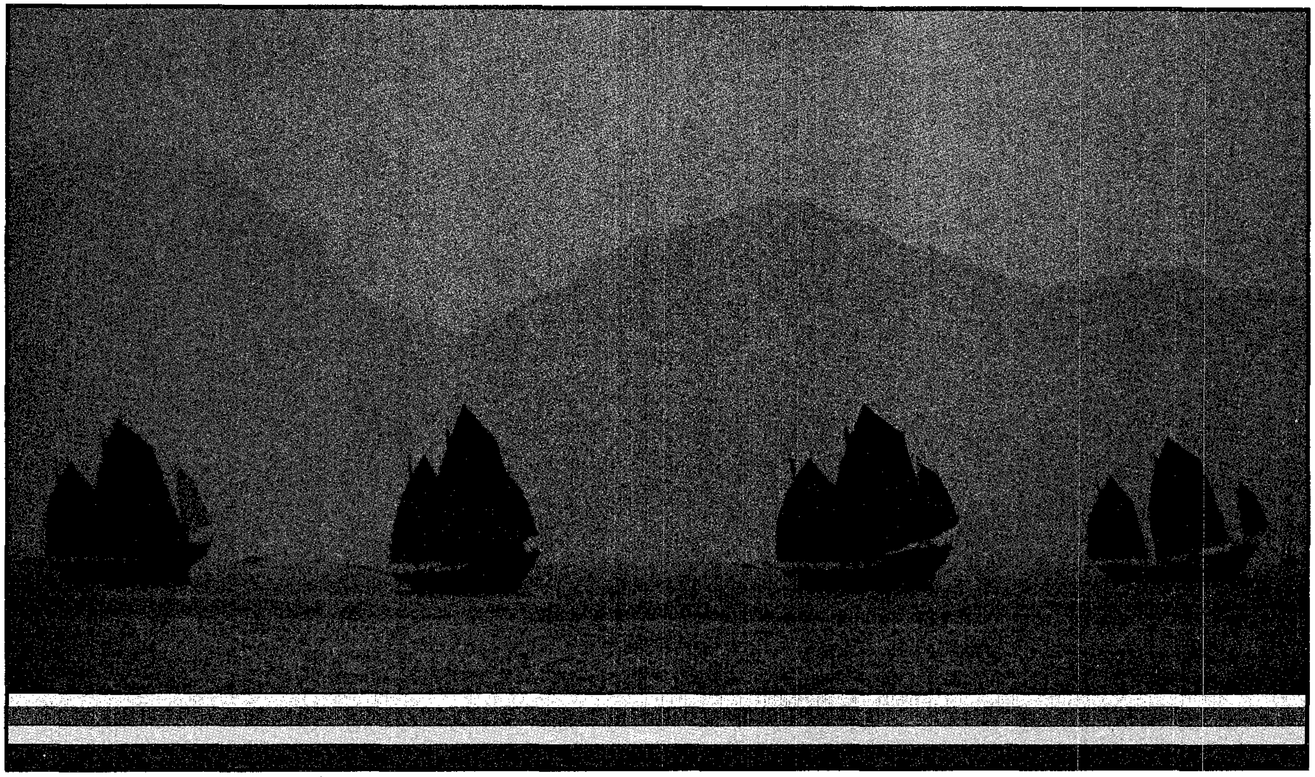
For a store near you (or for information from IBM about quantity purchases) call 800-447-4700. In Illinois, 800-322-4400. In Alaska or Hawaii, 800-447-0890.

IBM®

# The IBM Personal Computer
# A tool for modern times

UCSD p-System is a trademark of the Regents of the University of California. CP/M-86 is a trademark of Digital Research, Inc. *VisiCalc is a trademark of VisiCorp

# Even if you don't know the country, you can always look to Bank of America to know the currency.



Bank of America NT&SA Member FDIC © Bank of America NT&SA 1982

With a banking network of over 90 nations, and market-making capabilities in major marketplaces, Bank of America gives you foreign exchange expertise in more locations than almost any other bank.

You get aggressive foreign exchange rates on major currencies in exchange markets around the world.

You receive tactical and strategic market analysis from our skilled teams of Financial Markets Advisors in major financial centers. You get up-to-date reports on market activity. Advice on managing your exposure. And quotes and consultation not only on foreign exchange, but on a wide range of financial products and services available in your market.

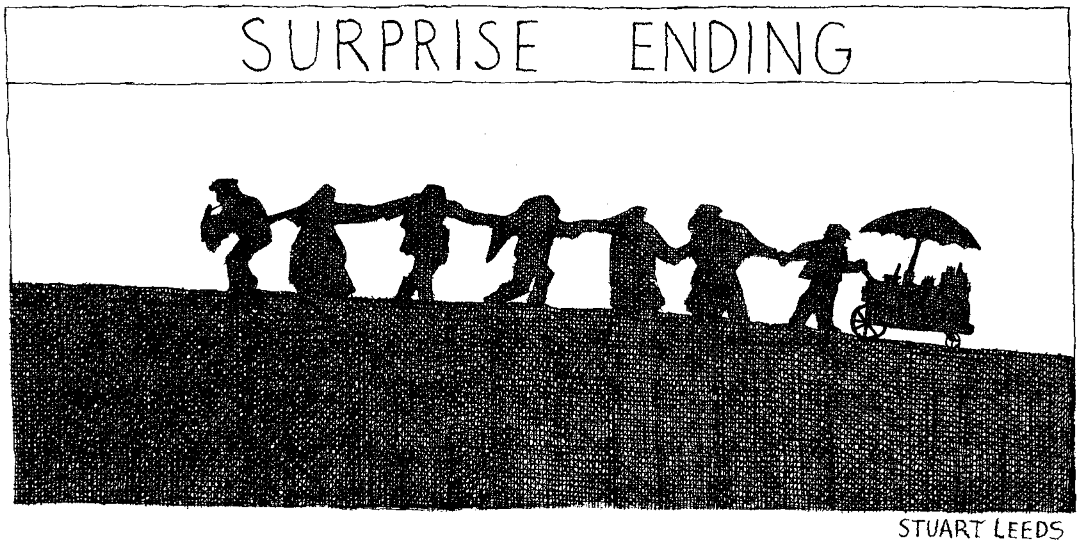
Plus, you can have our foreign exchange workshops presented worldwide for your treasurer and other financial officers.

For more information, contact the Branch Manager at your nearest Bank of America office.

Look to Bank of America for foreign exchange services. You can count on us around the world.

**Look to the Leader.™**

**BANK OF AMERICA ®**



days, pieced together that narrative. Economic geologists, in their pragmatic way, cared less. In describing the minable Martinsburg—the blue-gray true unfading slate—C. H. Behre, Jr., wrote in 1933, "Sedimentary rocks are often compressed from the sides through what may be loosely described as shrinking of the crust of the earth; how this shrinking is brought about is, for the present purpose, beside the point. It has the well-recognized effect, however, that layers or bedding planes are wrinkled or thrown into 'folds.' "

By the nineteen-sixties, what Behre had loosely described was widely believed to be the impact of one continent colliding with another, as Iapetus, the proto-Atlantic ocean, was closed and the suture of the two continents became the spine of the Appalachians. The successive pulses of orogeny—Taconic, Acadian, Alleghenian—were attributed to the irregular shapes of shelves and coastlines of the continents. Where they bulged, the action would have an early date, and especially where some cape, point, or peninsula had a similar feature coming from the opposite side. Such headlands, in advance contact, were said to have produced the Taconic Orogeny. Great bays, eventually coming against one another, set off the Acadian Orogeny. The Alleghenian Orogeny was the final crunching scrum, completing the collision. The apparent suture was a line running through Brevard, North Carolina, more or less connecting Atlanta, Asheville, and Roanoke, not to mention Africa and America.

The Martinsburg seafloor and the underlying carbonate rocks had unquestionably been broken into thrust sheets and shuffled like cards. Uplifted with their Precambrian basement, they had, in perfect harmony with the Old Geology, become mountains that shed their sediments—shed their clastic wedges—and buried the Martinsburg deep enough to turn it into slate, buried the carbonates deep enough to turn them into marble. Thus, plate tectonics fit. Plate tectonics may have restyled the orogeny and dilapidated the geosyncline, but it fit the classical evidence.

There were, to be sure, certain anomalies, which suggested further study. If the Brevard Zone was the suture, how come it was so short? It was evident for a hundred miles, dubious for a few hundred more, and nonexistent after that. If the Taconic, Acadian, and Alleghenian Orogenies were subdivisional impacts of a single intercontinental collision, how come they took so long? In plate-tectonic theory, plates move at differing speeds, the average being two inches a year. The successive orogenic pulses that resulted in what we know as the Appalachian Mountains occurred across a period of about two hundred and fifty million years. In two hundred and fifty million years, at two inches a year, you can move landmasses a third of the way around the world. Geologists ordinarily require vast stretches of time to account for their theories. In this case, they have too much time. They have two continents in the act of collision for two hundred and fifty million years.

In 1972, scarcely four years after the lithospheric plates had first been identified and the theory that described them had become news in the world, Anita and two co-authors published a set of papers offering signal evidence of plate tectonics in action, apparent proof that Sweden, or something like it, had once been in Pennsylvania. It was an inference drawn from conodont paleontology. The papers were widely cited for their support of plate-tectonic theory, and are cited still. North of Reading, in the Great Valley of the Appalachians, Anita had found early Ordovician conodonts of a type previously unknown in North America but virtually identical with early Ordovician conodonts from the rock of Scandinavia. All over North America were early Ordovician conodonts from tropical and subtropical seas. Their counterparts in Scandinavia were from cooler water, and so were these strangers Anita found in Pennsylvania. She found them in what is known as an exotic block, embedded in a far-travelled thrust sheet. They happened to be within a third of a mile of warm-water American conodonts in rock of about the same age which had moved hardly at all. The Scandinavian conodonts had apparently come to Pennsylvania with the closing of the proto-Atlantic ocean and been dropped ashore off the leading edge of the arriving plate. "Even I said, 'Oh, this piece peeled off the oncoming European-African plate and got dumped in here along with the clastics,' " Anita said, telling the story. "Everybody cited those papers. To this day they are called 'marvellous, landmark papers.' I could eat my heart out. The papers have been used as prime back-up proofs of plate-tectonic applications in the northern Appalachians. Even now, a lot of the people who use the plate-tectonic model for interpreting the Appalachians are completely unaware that those papers were based on a paleontological misinterpretation."

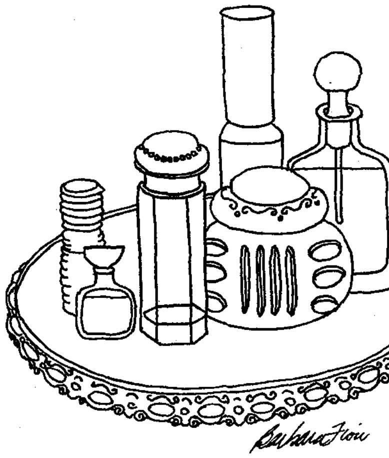
Working in Nevada three years later, Anita had found Scandinavian-style conodonts of middle Ordovician age. Her husband, Leonard Harris, savored the discovery not for its embarrassment to his wife, needless to say, but for its air-brake effect on the theory of plate tectonics. "Now, how could that be?" he would ask. "How did this happen? Europe can't hit you in Nevada." From the Toiyabe Range she had taken the cool-water fossils, and moving east to other mountains—from basin to range—she had come to middle Ordovician carbonates that contained a mixture of conodonts of both the cool-water and the warm-water varieties, the American and the Scandinavian styles. Farther east, in limestone of the same age in Utah, she had found only warm-water conodonts. She realized now the absoluteness of her error. Utah had been pretty much the western extremity of the vast Bahama-like carbonate platform that covered North America under shallow Ordovician seas. In western Utah, the continental shelf had begun to angle down toward the floor of the Pacific, and in central Nevada the continent had ended in deep cool water. The conodont types differed as a result of water temperatures, not as a result of their geographic origins. Shallow or deep, conodonts of northern Europe were the same, because the water was cool at all depths. But here in America, with the equator *running* through the ocean where San Francisco would someday be, Ordovician water temperatures varied according to depth. Those apparently Scandinavian fossils were forming in deep cool water, the American ones in warm shallows.

Moving east from the Toiyabe Range and into Utah, Anita had gone from outcrop to outcrop through the Ordovician world, from ocean deeps to the rising shelf into waist-deep limestone seas. She could see now that the thrusting involved in the eastern orogenies had shoved the cool-water conodonts and their matrix rock from the deep edge of the continental rise into what would be Pennsylvania. They had travelled, to be sure—but they had more likely come from Asbury Park than from Stockholm. In the thrusting and telescoping of the strata, the transition rocks of the proto-Atlantic's eastern slope had been deeply buried. In them, almost surely, would be a mixture of cool-water and warm-water conodont types. To the east of the Toiyabe Range, there had been less telescoping, and the full sequence was traceable—from the cool deep continental edge up the slope to the warm far-reaching platform. "The change had nothing to do with moving plates," Anita concluded. "Nothing to do with plate tectonics. I blew it. It was an environmental change, an environmental sequence."

More recently, working in Alaska, she had seen the sequence again, this time in tightly banded concentration, for the "American" conodonts were from reefs around Ordovician volcanic islands with steeply plunging sides and the "Scandinavian" conodonts were from cold deeps nearby.

Swerving to avoid a pothole, Anita said, "The plate-tectonics boys look at faunal lists and they go hysterical moving continents around. It's not the paleontologists doing it. It's mostly the geologists, misusing the paleontology. Think what geologists would make of the present East Coast of the United States if they did not understand oceanography and the resulting distribution of modern biota. Put yourself forty or fifty million years from now trying to reconstruct the East Coast of the United States by looking at the remains in the rock. God help you, you would probably have Maine connected to Labrador, and Cape Hatteras to southern Florida. You'd have a piece of Great Britain there, too, because you see the same fauna. Well, did you ever hear of ocean currents? Did you ever hear of the Gulf Stream? The Labrador Current? The Gulf Stream brings fauna north. The Labrador Current brings fauna south. I think that a lot of the faunal anomalies you see in the ancient record, and which are explained by invoking plate tectonics, can be explained by ocean currents bringing fauna into places they shouldn't be. In the early days of plate tectonics, a lot of us, including me, jumped on the bandwagon in order to explain the distribution anomalies we were seeing not only in the eastern Appalachians but in North America as a whole. When we better understood the paleoecologic controls on the animals some of us were working on, there was no reason to invoke plate tectonics."

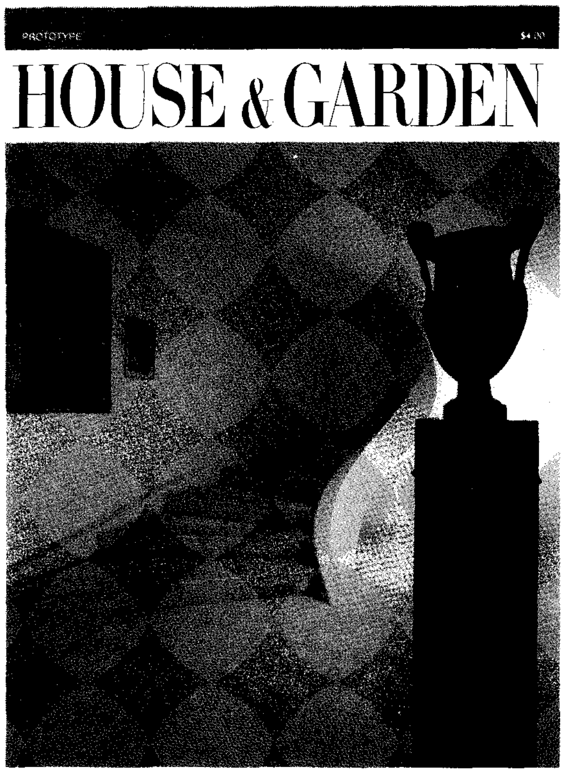
The experience was cautionary, to say the least. It did not close her mind to plate tectonics, but it opened a line of suspicion and made her skeptical of the theory's insistent universality. Her discomfort varies with distance from the mobile ocean floors. She likes to describe herself as a "protester." The protest is not so much against the theory itself as against excesses of its application—up on the dry land. "A number of these people took very interesting ideas that apply to ocean floors and tried to apply them to everything," she remarked. "They tried to extrapolate plate tectonics through all geologic time. I don't know that that holds. My husband has blown some of their ideas apart."



Leonard Harris, sometimes known as Appalachian Harris, was very much a protester too. Tragically, he died two months ago, a relatively early victim of cancer and related trouble. He was a genial and soft-spoken, almost laconic man with a lean figure that had walked long distances without the help of trails. He liked to build ideas on studied rock, and was not easily charmed by megapictures global in their sweep. He referred to the long deep time before the Appalachian orogenies as "the good old days." With regard to plate tectonics, he looked upon himself as a missionary of contrary opinion—not flat and rigid but selective, where he had knowledge to contribute. His wife has compared him to Martin Luther, nailing theses to the door of the castle church.

For some years he assisted oil companies in the training of geologists and geophysicists in southern-Appalachian geology, and in return the companies made available to him their proprietary data from seismic investigations of the Appalachian crust. Over the past couple of years, these data have been supplemented by the seismic thumpings of the U.S.G.S. and COCORP—the Consortium for Continental Reflection Profiling—whose big trucks go out with devices that literally shake the earth while vibration sensors record wave patterns reflected off the rock deep below. The technique is like computed axial tomography—the medical CAT scan. The patterns reveal structure. They reveal folds, faults, laminations, magmatic bodies both active and cooled. They report the top of the mantle. They also reveal density, and hence the types of rock. Moving cross-country, the machines make subterranean profiles known as seismic lines. Seismic shots from exploding

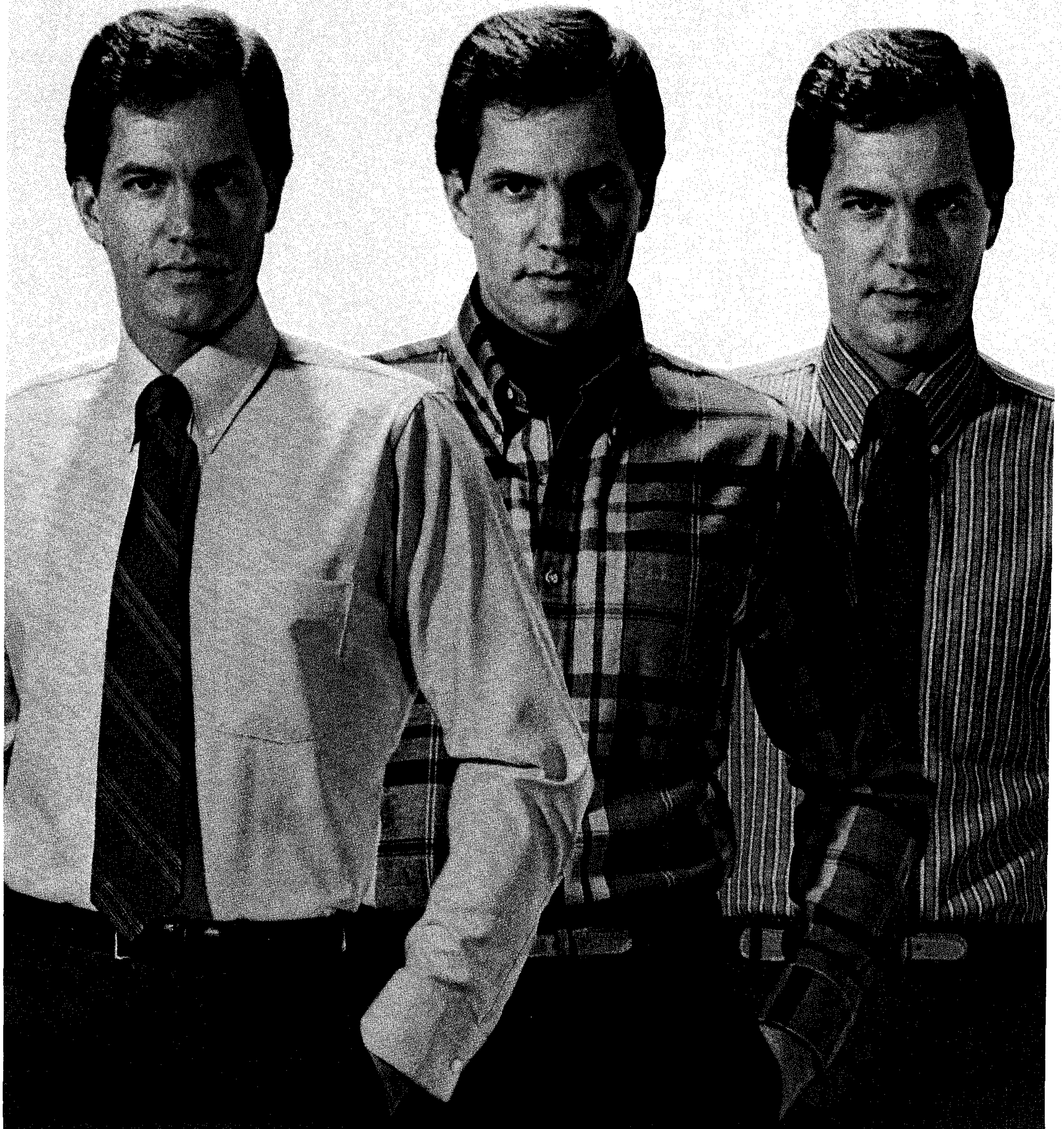
# HOUSE & GARDEN®



Reflecting and influencing our way of life for 81 years, House & Garden continues its successful evolution by changing its face and format with the January, 1983 issue. A new logo, cover design and expanded editorial content will inform and entertain today's growing numbers of discriminating readers. The new House & Garden. Welcome to its pages.

THE CONDE NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
350 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017
© 1982 by the Condé Nast Publications Inc.

# If you're a die-hard traditionalist, Arrow is the answer.



Arrow
from Cluett

Classic in style. Classic in fit. Button-downs. Good quality. Lots of cotton. Arrow's Dover dress shirts and a wonderful collection of casual shirts all with the classic feeling you want.

**Worn by half the men in America and reaching for the rest.**

The Arrow Company, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036 dynamite have been used for years in the search for oil. Alaska is criss-crossed with all but indelible "seismic" disruptions of tundra. The reserves of Prudhoe Bay were discovered in this manner. Dynamite in the populous East could irritate the public, so COCORP and the U.S.G.S. have adopted a behemoth called Vibroseis to shiver the timbers of the earth. One of the first discoveries the vibrations reported was that the Brevard Zone is relatively shallow and the crust below it is American rock that does not in any vague way reflect a continent-to-continent suture. Africa was nowhere in the picture. The Brevard Zone proved to be the tobogganlike front end of a large and essentially horizontal thrust sheet.

Plate-tectonic theorists accommodated this news by moving the suture fifty miles east. The new edge of Africa was under Kings Mountain. Seismic shots took the stitches out of Kings Mountain. "When we got the data for the Brevard"—as Leonard Harris liked to tell the story—"they pushed the suture to Kings Mountain, and when we got data for that they said the suture must be under the coastal plain, and now that we are getting data for the coastal plain they say it must be in the continental shelf. Well, we've got data out there, too." Up and down the Appalachians, wherever such data were collected thrust sheets were seen to have moved in a northwesterly direction, and much of the thrusting had never been suspected before. Conventional thought had been that the old rock of the Green Mountains, the Berkshires, the New Jersey Highlands, the Catoctin Mountains, and the northern Blue Ridge was in place, firmly rooted—autochthonous, as geologists are wont to say. It may have been crushed and pounded in the various orogenies, and metamorphosed, too, but it was nonetheless thought to be securely glued where it first had formed as rock. The belt was supposed to have been the fixed starting block from which, somehow, thrusting had proceeded northwest. The idea had come up through the Old Geology and been incorporated into the substance of plate tectonics. Then, in 1979, Vibroseis rumbled into the country and showed that from Quebec to the Blue Ridge the entire belt was deracinated. The Great Smokies and the Skyline Drive, Camp David and the Reading Prong, the Berkshires and the Green Mountains—all of it had moved, at least a few tens of miles and as much as a hundred and seventy-five miles, northwest.

Using the new data, Leonard meticulously drew a palinspastic reconstruction of North American rock, showing it as it had appeared before it was shoved and deformed. He chose a cross-section that had been shot more or less from Knoxville to Charleston and out to sea. The reconstruction showed that the rock of the Valley and Ridge—the folded-and-faulted, deformed Appalachians—had been squeezed so much that its breadth had been reduced about sixty miles. The supposedly rooted Blue Ridge had been moved inland from what is now the coast. Rock of the present Piedmont had come from three hundred miles out in the present sea. This left Africa out in the cold and plate-tectonic theory in no small need of a substitute for what had been—and in many classrooms would continue to be—the world's most "classical" example of a continent-to-continent suture.

With patience geological, the believers restyled their belief, apparently according to the criterion "If at first it doesn't fit, fit, fit again." There was suggestive help from the West. A great deal of land out there had not been there when the carbonate rocks sloped away to ocean-crustal deeps in Ordovician time. California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia had appeared where there was no continental structure of any kind. Up and down the western margin, in fact, there was an unaccounted-for swath of land averaging four hundred miles wide. There was also the whole of Alaska. How did all that country come to be where it is? What compressed the western mountains? If Europe were on the international date line, these questions would have a ready answer, but inconveniently it was not. No one was enthusiastic enough to suggest a hit-and-run visit from China. Where, then, since Ordovician time, had the North American continent acquired nine hundred million acres of land?

There was an answer in the concept of microplates, also known as exotic terrains. New Guineas, New Zealands, New Caledonias, Madagascars, Kodiaks, Mindanaos, Fijis, Solomons, and Taiwans had come over the sea to collect like driftwood against the North American craton. The first such terrain identified was Wrangellia, named for the stratovolcanic Wrangells, some of the Fujis of Alaska. Dozens of other exotic terrains have since been named—Sonomia, Stikinia, the Smartville Block. If a piece of country is possibly exotic and possibly not—if it is so enigmatic that no one can say whether it has come from near or far—it is known as suspect terrain. I came home not long ago from a visit to the country north of the Tanana River, in eastern interior Alaska, where streams that resemble gin come down from mountains and into the glacial Yukon. A geologist in New Jersey welcomed me home with an article from the British journal *Nature* which described the Alaskan region of the upper Yukon. "The terrane is probably composite," said *Nature*, "with nappes of upper Palaeozoic oceanic assemblages thrust across a quartzo-feldspathic and silicic volcanic-rich protolith of probable Precambrian to known Palaeozoic age and of unknown continental affinity." I was appalled to discover that that was where I had been, and mildly disturbed to learn that terrain long familiar to me had now become suspect.

(Geologists write "terrain" when they mean topography and "terrane" when they are referring to a piece of country many miles deep. I am not a geologist and I refuse to coöperate.)

Taiwan, at this writing, is evidently on its way to the Chinese mainland. Taiwan is the vanguard of a lithospheric microplate and consists of pieces of island arc preceded by an accretionary wedge of materials coming off the China Plate and materials shedding forward from the island's rising mountains. As the plate edges buckle before it, the island has plowed up so much stuff that it has filled in all the space between the accretionary wedge and the volcanic arc, and thus its components make an integral island. It is in motion northwest. For the mainland government in Peking to be wooing the Taiwanese to join the People's Republic of China is the ulti-

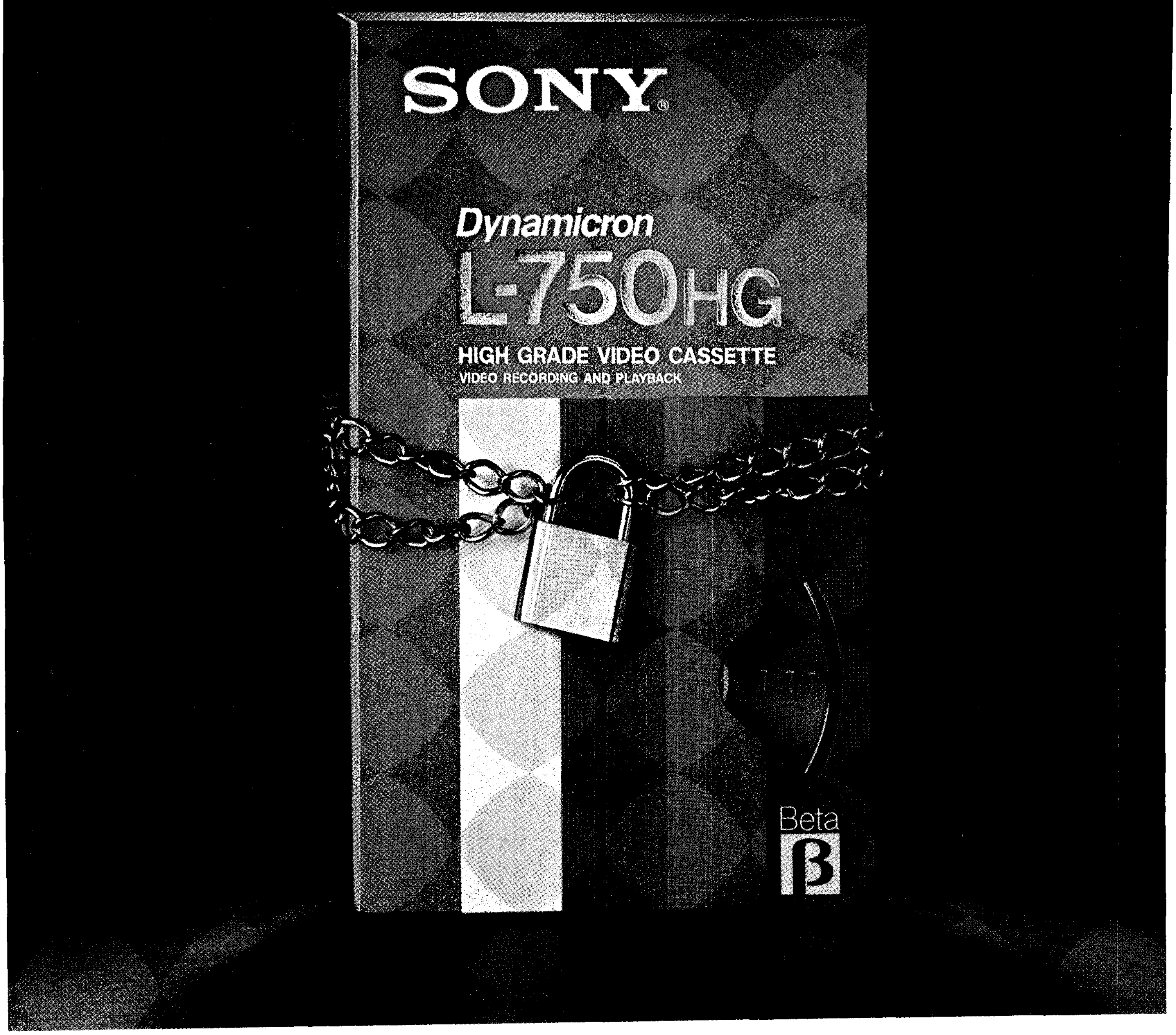
YOUR BODY. OUR SHEETS. AHHH.

CottonCale.®
The definitive luxury sheet.
Pure cotton. No-iron.
Mmmmmm.

UTICA®
FROM STEVENS

cotton

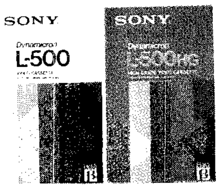
# SONY INTRODUCES A VIDEOTAPE THAT'S ALMOST TOO GOOD TO USE.


SONY
Dynamicron
L-750HG
HIGH GRADE VIDEO CASSETTE
VIDEO RECORDING AND PLAYBACK
Beta

New Dynamicron High Grade is a bit like the family silver: it's meant for truly special occasions.

You see, *regular* Dynamicron, the best-selling Beta tape, is perfect for most recording needs. But there are times when you may need something even better. Like when you're making a home movie of a special occasion and want a master tape to make duplicates. Or when picture and sound quality are critical. Or if you want (and can afford) to always use the very best.

Sony Dynamicron High Grade has even better picture and better audio quality than our superb regular Dynamicron. It's got higher picture resolution at each recording speed. So you can tape at the Beta III speed and get a picture that's the same quality as recording regular Dynamicron on Beta II. It begins with a better picture, and it stays that way longer.


SONY
Dynamicron
L-500
SONY
Dynamicron
L-500HG

So when you need a superior Beta tape, get Sony Dynamicron. And when you need a *superior* superior Beta tape, get new Sony Dynamicron High Grade. It's a fine distinction.

**SONY**
**Dynamicron**™

© 1982 Sony Tape Sales Co., a Div. of Sony Corp. of America. Sony and Dynamicron are trademarks of Sony Corp.

mate inscrutable irony. Not only will Taiwan inexorably become one with Red China. It will hit into China like a fist in a belly. It will knock up big mountains from Hong Kong to Shanghai. It is only a question of time.

As an exotic terrain on the verge of collision with a continent, Taiwan is a model not only for the building of the American West but for the application of microplate-tectonic theory to the eastern orogenies and the closing of the proto-Atlantic. In this respect, a plane fare to Taiwan has been described as “a ticket to the Ordovician,” a time when something or other, beyond question, produced the Taconic Orogeny, and if it was not the slamming-in of a continent against North America, then possibly it was the arrival of an exotic island like Taiwan. The analogy becomes wider. South of Taiwan are Luzon, Mindanao, Borneo, Celebes, New Guinea, Java, and hundreds of dozens of smaller islands from the Malay Peninsula to the Bismarck Archipelago. Coming up below them is Australia, palpably moving north, headed for collision with China, with a confusion of microplates lying between. According to microplate theory, as Europe, Africa, and South America closed in upon North America through Paleozoic time, there rode before them an ocean full of Javas, New Guineas, Borneos, Luzons, Taiwans, and maybe hundreds of dozens of smaller islands. The Avalon Peninsula of Newfoundland appears to have been a part of such an island, and the Carolina Slate Belt, and a piece of Rhode Island east of Providence, and Greater Boston. A schedule of arrivals of incoming exotic terrains will account—as a simple continent-to-continent collision cannot do—for the long spreads of time between one and another of the Appalachian mountain-building pulses. As someone once compacted it for me, “you sweep the New Zealands and Madagascars out of the ocean and then you close it with the Allegheniam Orogeny.” Disagreeing interpreters see terrains of highly varied dimension. Nominated as the terrestrial remains of one exotic block is the whole of New England from Williamstown eastward, arriving in the Ordovician to lift the Taconic mountains.

Exotic terrains and their effects represent only one of the responses of plate-tectonic theorists to the embarrassment caused by the failure of Exhibit A among intercontinental collisions to exhibit a suture. Another response has been the notion that when two continents collide there is every possibility that one will split the other, like an axe blade entering cedar; if so, you would find the invaded country rock both above and below the invader. The concept is known as flake tectonics. Its message to Vibroseis is to stop shaking and go home. With a little erosion and flake tectonics, you can have the native rock reaching far under the rock from across the sea. Even so, the bunching of exotic terrains seems to solve more problems than flake tectonics does. Exotic terrains not only explain the intervals of time involved in the Taconic, Acadian, Alleghenian Orogenies, they suggest as well why Taconic deformation occurred in the northern but not the southern Appalachians. Shortening collisional boundaries, they restore some dignity to the Brevard suture.

Anita turned on the windshield wipers and wiped an April shower. Beside the interstate, the Pocono Devonian roadcuts were of much the same age and character as ones we had seen before. We passed them by. “Better not to do geology in the rain,” Anita said. “It’s unfair to the rocks.” With regard to the possibility of exotic terrains having added themselves to eastern North America, she said, “If you stretch out the overthrusts in the Appalachians, they show that—before the mountain-building began—the continent was much larger than it is now, not smaller.”

I remembered Leonard Harris—one day at their home in Laurel, Maryland—saying, “The Brevard Zone is the sort of fault you would see in any thrust belt. With the plate-tectonic model, anybody can write a history of an area without having been there. These people have no way to evaluate what they’re doing. They just make up stories.”

“Plate-tectonic interpretations often start where data stop,” Anita had said. “These people will just *float* microplates around. If the West is made of microplates, where the hell was the landmass that produced the pieces?”

“They want to be science-fiction writers,” Leonard said. “That’s what they want to do. They really look at it in a science-fiction mode. I have never been able to do that. If you don’t know what caused something, you don’t know; and that’s the way it is.”

“Yeah, but it’s a much more romantic way to look at things,” she said. “And it certainly does turn students on.”

“People love it.”

“It allows them to play all kinds of games without the necessity and painstaking dogwork of gathering facts. It allows them to write papers without killing themselves getting data.”

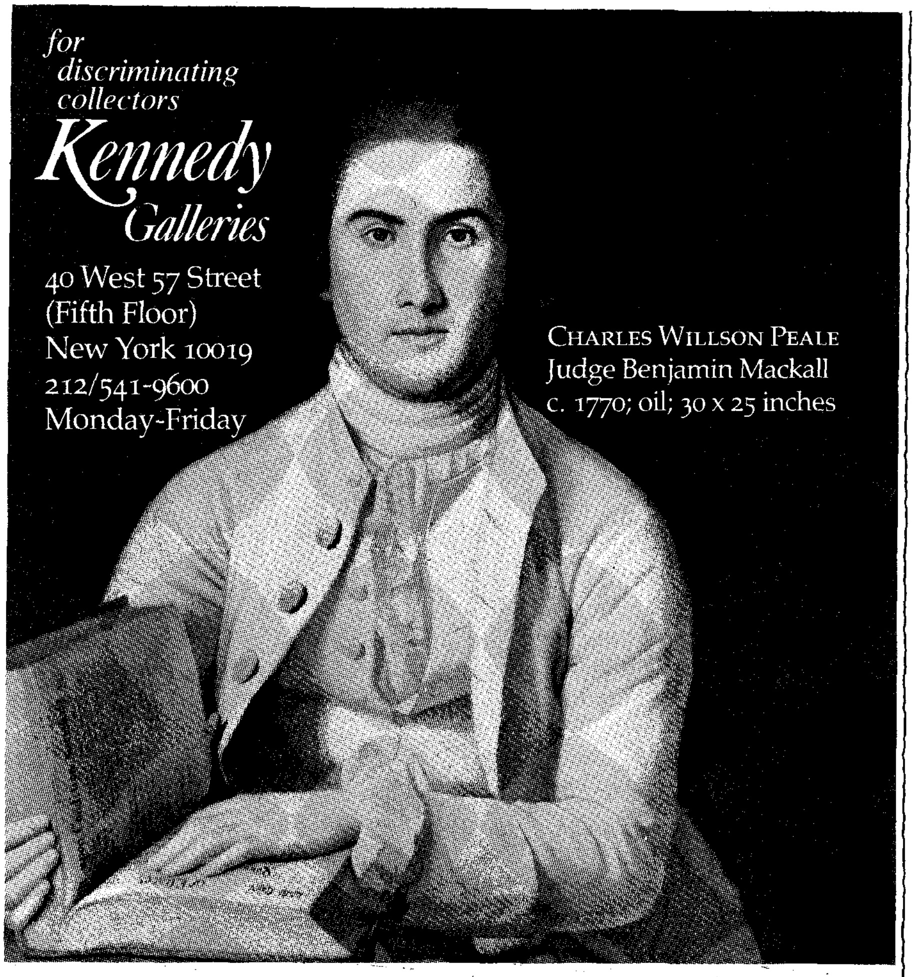
“People want the science-fiction story. It’s easier to believe that pieces of the world move than it is to see a sand grain move. The principal problem about interpreting the Appalachians is that there have been no available subsurface data in the Blue Ridge and Piedmont. All interpretations, up until 1979, were based on what people thought was a rooted system. Their ideas were based on offshore data, where they had 3-D—you know, seismic data, magnetic data—and these data were more or less applied onshore. The concepts were developed from the ocean to the land. Now that we are beginning to get subsurface data on land, we are testing their concepts. A lot of what people have been saying is not hanging together. Some of what they have said *has* hung together.”

I said to them, “One would gather from the seismic lines that for a continent-to-continent collision you’d have to go pretty far east to find the suture.”

“I don’t think you can go far east enough,” Anita said. “The oceanic basin is out there.”

“When you start working on the shore and you look offshore, you’ve got an immediate problem,” Leonard said. “They tell us that the oldest ocean crust that has ever been found is Jurassic—a hundred and fifty million years old. Onshore, we have everything that’s ever been built—from the Precambrian on up. We have a continuum. We have something that has been preserved much longer than a hundred and fifty million years. We have rock that is three-point-eight billion years old. So we have a problem relating. If all the ocean crust is Jurassic, or younger, there’s a lot happening here onshore that is never preserved out there. It’s difficult to compare the two.”

Anita said, “I believe in plate tec-



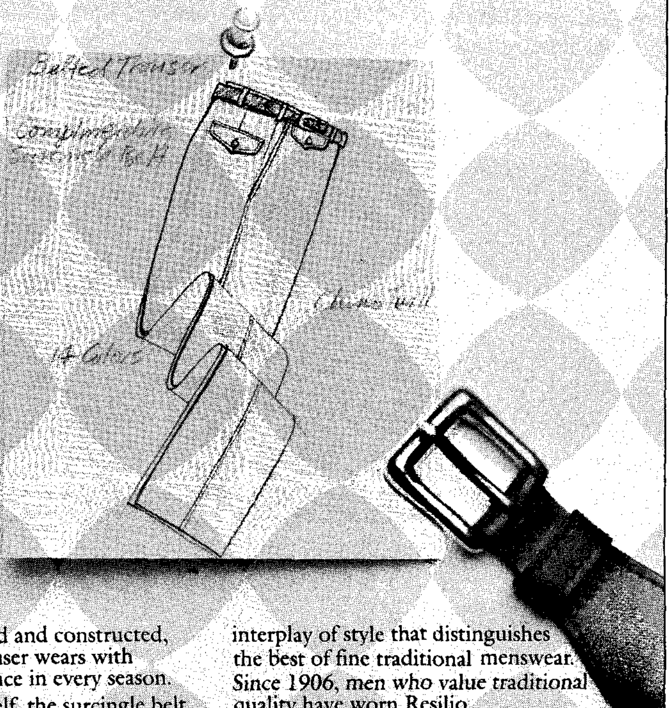
*for discriminating collectors*

Kennedy Galleries

40 West 57 Street
(Fifth Floor)
New York 10019
212/541-9600
Monday-Friday

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE
Judge Benjamin Mackall
c. 1770; oil; 30 x 25 inches

Resilio. Since 1906.



Flawlessly conceived and constructed, Resilio's belted trouser wears with comfortable assurance in every season. Like the trouser itself, the surcingle belt of 100% cotton with genuine leather tabs and brass hardware—defines the subtle interplay of style that distinguishes the best of fine traditional menswear. *Since 1906, men who value traditional quality have worn Resilio.* Available only at the finest stores. Write for location nearest you.

Resilio Sportswear 966 South White Street New Orleans, Louisiana 70125

tonics—just not in the way they're perpetrating it for places like the East Coast. It shouldn't be used as the immediate answer to every problem. That's what I object to. Now that their suture zones have disappeared, people are going to microplates."

"They seem to be saying that you don't have to see any order," Leonard said. "Because it's all chaos, and if it's chaos why worry about it?"

"What we try to do is pull the thrust plates apart and make them into some sort of recognizable geologic model," Anita said.

Leonard said, "You pull something apart to see what it might have been, not what you think it was in advance. It might have been a shelf, a basin. You work at it, and see what it was."

"The plate-tectonics boys make no attempt to do this, because they see no reason to," Anita said. "There are too many pieces missing. Each existing piece is an entity unto itself. Everything is random pieces."

"Most people have never had an opportunity to work with thrust-faulted areas. We've lived with them all our lives. If we go along a fault system far enough, we can actually see the next thrust plate. Maybe I'll have to go a hundred miles until I find out what it really looked like. You do that by making a model. You pull the thrusts apart and see what the country originally looked like. But until you've done that, and been faced with that problem, it's natural to say, 'God, these are so different. They could be microcontinents.' You can reconstruct a large flat piece out to the east as an original depositional basin. You can see volcanic terrain that was partly onshore, partly offshore. You can look at that as a basin, too, just sitting there, a continuous thing. You see the same thing from Georgia north. The Appalachian belts are almost continuous basins, showing different kinds of depositional patterns. They're not exotic pieces."

"Not at all."

"Science is not a detached, impersonal thing. People will be influenced as much by someone who is a spellbinder as by someone with a good, logical story. It is spellbinding to say that these belts are exotic and were built through time by micro or macro pieces aggregated to the continent. But the fact that you've got seismic lines without any apparent suture lines makes you wonder what really happened. Where are those Devonian and Taconic sutures? Are they just not

# Breathe free.

So far, we've created 2[illegible] types of comfortable, economical masks that help people breathe free of contaminated air. They filter out dusts, pollens, germs and toxic fumes.

3M developed these lightweight, disposable masks over 20 years ago at the request of one company with a bad-air problem.

By listening to people's needs, we've developed many innovative health care products. For example, we've made a replacement lens for the eye and an x-ray film that cuts radiation exposure by 50%.

In all, 3M has pioneered over 700 health care products, from replacement joints to drugless pain control.

And it all began by listening.

**3M hears you...**

For your free 3M Health Care Brochure,
write: Department 017209/3M,
P.O. Box 4039, St. Paul, MN 55104.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City____________State_____Zip______

Or call toll-free: **1-800-323-1718,** Operator 361. (Illinois residents call 1-800-942-8881.)

**3M**

**GTV 6/2.5 Coupé**

Long after your friends have traded in the cars they settled for, you'll still be re-discovering the joys of owning a GTV 6. Because there's a lot to love about the GTV 6. When Road & Track tested it against the Datsun 280ZX Turbo and Porsche 924 Turbo, the GTV 6 won handily. Later, they called it, "the best Sports GT for the '80's."

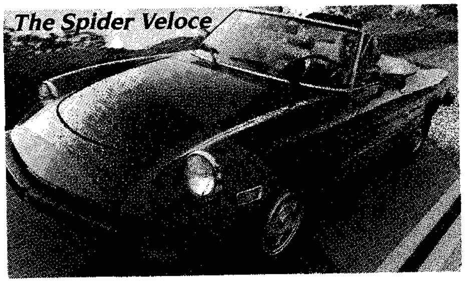
The engine "is a joy, revving and pulling smoothly through its range ...", a muscular 2.5 litre V6 with Bosch L-Jetronic fuel injection for punch. Also, as you would expect from a car in the classical GT mold, the GTV 6 has over-sized 4-wheel disc brakes for when more power isn't the answer. The suspension is independent up front and the rare deDion design in the rear. Taken as a total, the GTV 6 system is unique, and provides handling qualities well-known for impressing drivers the first time out.

Which leaves its looks. There are no two ways about it, the GTV 6 is a stopper, no pun intended. The interior is the renowned Alfa Romeo blend of sensibility and sensuality.

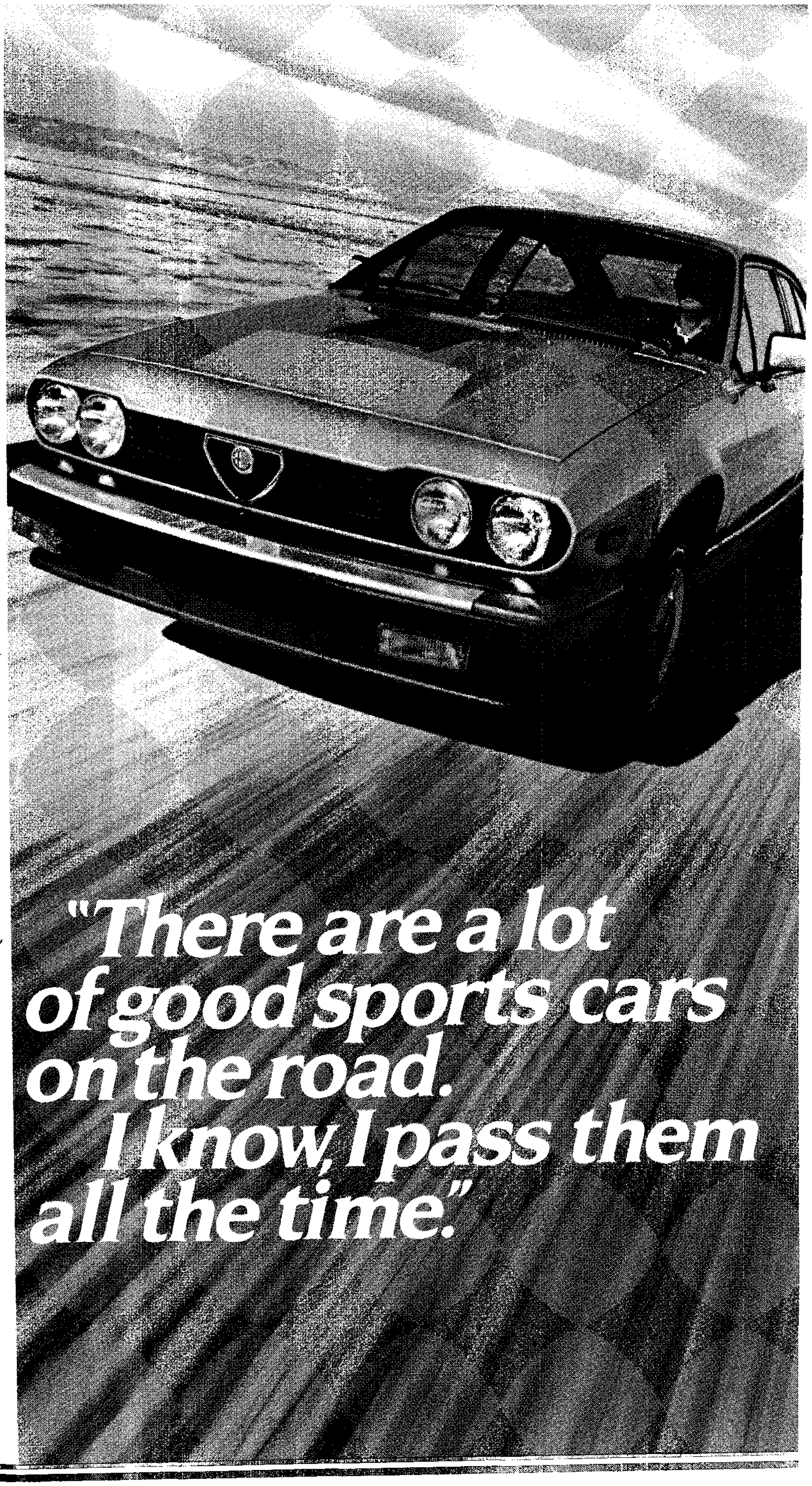
Road & Track summed up the GTV 6 thusly, "No twist, no wiggle, no rattles, no bad habits. Real quality."

But a car of this quality cannot be stamped out like others that have compromised themselves into a less than GT class. If you become one of the few thousand drivers who get to own one, every road will remind you that the GTV 6 is genuine automotive art.

Particularly when you pass all the other cars that aren't.



*The Spider Veloce*



Manufacturer's suggested retail price at P.O.E. for the GTV-6 is $17,455 and for the Spider Veloce is $14,990. Actual prices may vary according to local dealers. Destination charges, state and local taxes, dealer preparation, if any, optional equipment and license fees are extra.

Alfa Romeo

**Engineered to Excite**

© ALFA ROMEO, INC., 1982

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being recognized? Or are they in fact thrust plates?"

I THOUGHT also of field trips in the company of geologists trying to puzzle out the details of plate-tectonic theory. Metamorphic details. Geophysical details. The dialogue is not without crescendos. They debate in a language exotic in itself, and shuffle like a blackjack deck the stratigraphic units of the world. In Vermont, say, walking the hard-packed dirt roads among Black Angus meadows and roll-mop hay, over plank bridges—"LEGAL LOAD LIMIT 24,000 POUNDS"—and down through the black spruce to Cambrian outcrops jutting up as ledges in fast, clear streams, they argue.

"You've got the right first approximation, but you've got to go ahead and prove that it's the correct approximation."

"We're talking about developing fabrics."

"It's pretty clear now that fabrics don't develop that way."

"For an anisotropic crystal, I don't think you can say what you just said. You've got to put in another sentence there to justify using that approximation."

"I don't see what you're saying. Anisotropic or not, that's the definition of being stressed."

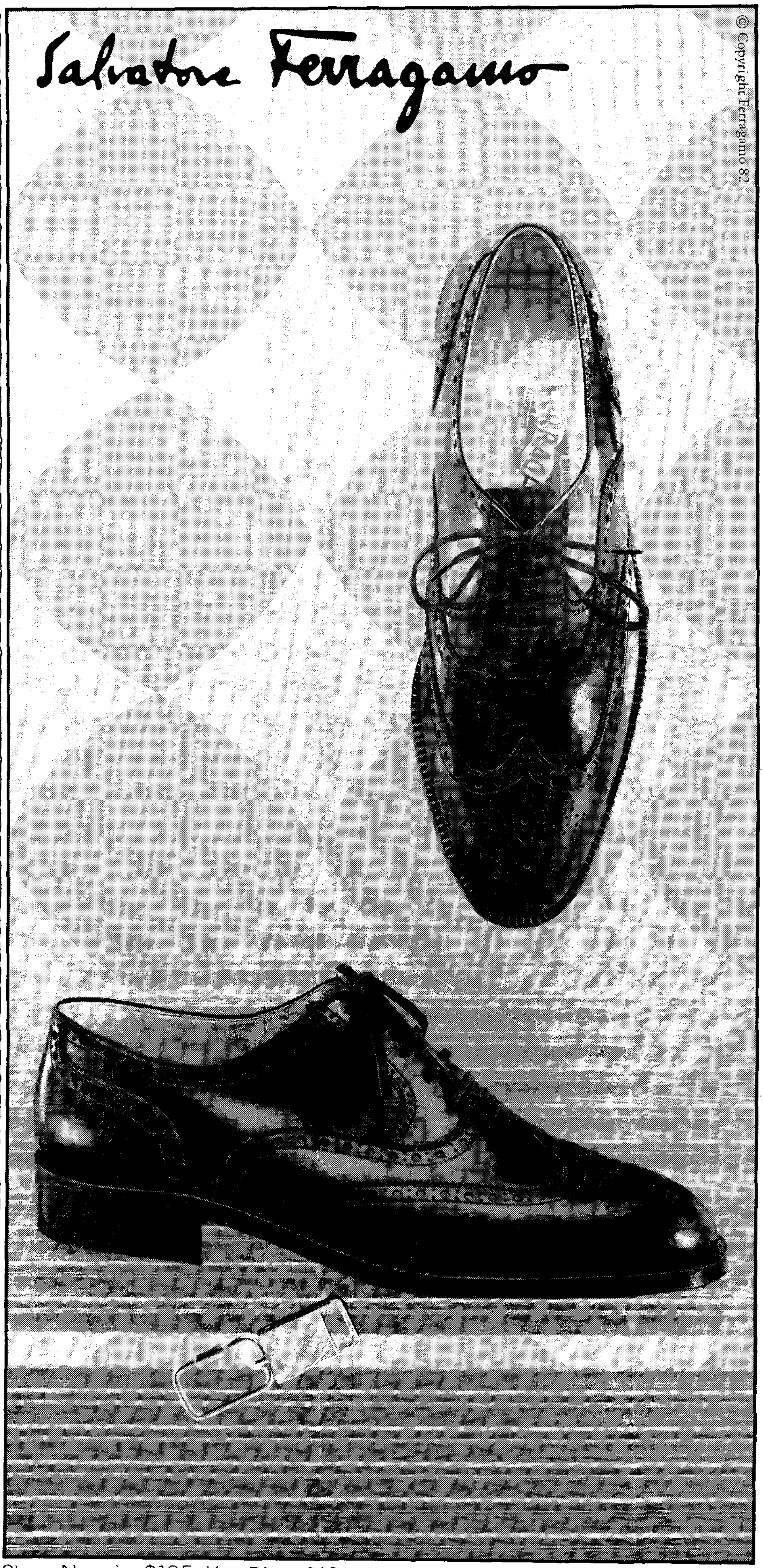
"When you say the thermodynamic stability of the phase that's growing is sigma 1, sigma 2, sigma 3, divided by 3, it's proof for an isotropic crystal. For garnets growing, that's fine. For mica, that's not fine."

The hills roundabout are decidedly footloose and no one knows how far they have moved. The rock they are made of has flopped over in recumbent folds and is older than the rock it rests on. In the Old Geology, these hills were described as large pieces of the high Taconic mountains, which had slid downhill by gravity and come to rest in the westward seas. Now they are seen variously as remnants of thrust sheets or as a possible exotic terrain.

"You can perhaps picture for yourself that the allochthon was at one time more extensive. It was coming this way through a sea of black mud, and here is the record of it. This is where it touches North America—at least that's a possibility."

"But there are no remnants of the western side of the ocean."

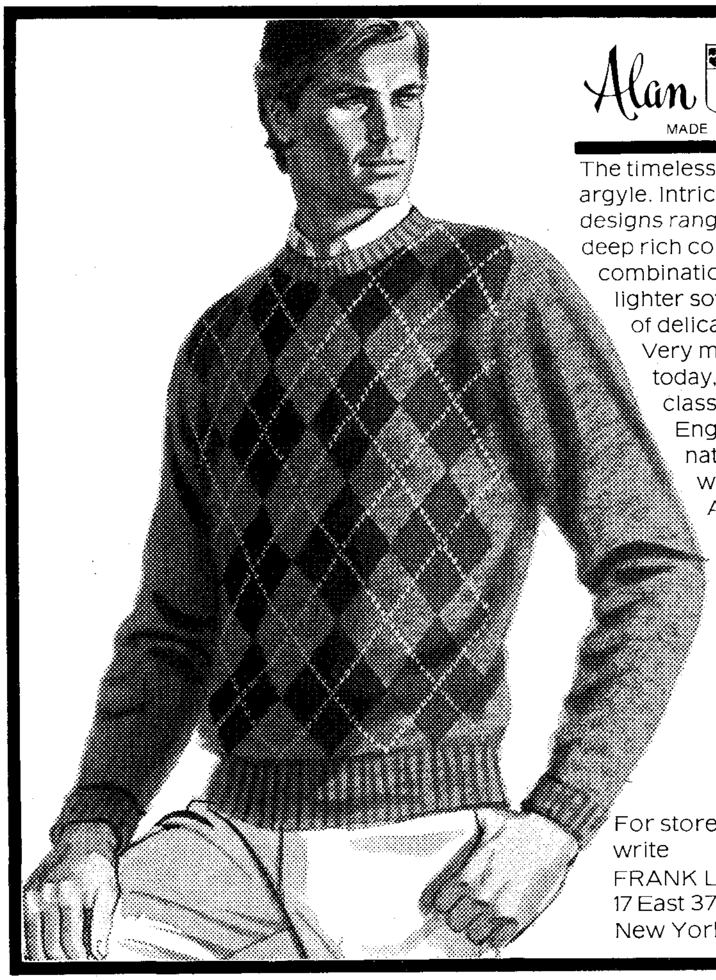
"Evidence would be in the rest of the conglomerate, little bits of lime-


Salvatore Ferragamo

© Copyright Ferragamo 82

Shoe: Nunzio, $195 Key Ring: $18

FERRAGAMO 717 Fifth Avenue, New York. 212-759-3822



Alan Paine
MADE IN ENGLAND

The timeless intarsia argyle. Intricate diamond designs ranging from deep rich color combinations to the lighter softer shades of delicate pastels. Very much in fashion today, this elegant classic is made in England from natural Shetland wool fibers. About $66.

For store names write
FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC.
17 East 37th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10016

The Park Lane introduces a noteworthy weekend.

Let's put together an unforgettable Park Lane weekend. Starting now! Make it $50 a night, per person, double occupancy, and provide continental breakfast Saturday and Sunday. Also plan for "Kaffee Europa" in the Park Room Saturday, from 3 till 5..... No, make it 2$^{30}$ till 5...with Viennese coffee and imported teas. And don't stint on the pastries! LMH.

HELMSLEY HOTELS

Leona M. Helmsley, President

$50 per person, per night, double occupancy, 3 days, 2 nights. Taxes and gratuities excluded. By prior reservation only. Call Toll-free: **800/221-4982**. In New York, **212/888-1624**. Or call your travel agent. TELEX: **640-543**.

The Park Lane
A Helmsley Hotel,
36 Central Park South, NY, NY 10019

stone debris. Evidence would be in the seismic line."

"But that evidence could be . . . You could imbricate the stuff that's coming off North America."

"Yes. Yes, you can."

"So I don't think that's definitive."

"I'm not saying it is. I'm just saying here's another possibility. And I'm going to stick to that for the time being, as well as the Chain Lakes ophiolite."

It doesn't matter that you don't understand them. Even they are not sure if they are making sense. Their purpose is trying to. Everyone has crowded in. The science selects these people—with their jeans and boots and scuffed leather field cases and hats of railroad engineers. To them, just being out here is in no small measure what it's all about. "The three key things in this science are travel, travel, and travel," one says. "Geology is legitimized tourism." When geologists convene at an outcrop, they see their own specialties first, and sometimes last, in the rock. People listen closely for techniques applicable to areas they work in elsewhere. If someone is a specialist in little bubbles that affect cleavage planes, others will turn to the specialist for comment when cleavage is of interest in the rock. The conversation runs in links from specialty to specialty, from minutia to minutia—attempting to establish new agreement, to identify problems not under current research. From time to time, details compose. The picture vastly widens.

"Aren't we in North America?"

"You are in North America. Yes."

"And you are in Europe."

"That's one possibility. Yes."

"You are standing across the ocean."

"No. I'm not standing across the ocean. I'm transplanted here. Is the Atlantic between me and you? No."

"You are allochthonous."

"You're damned right I am."

"You are rootless."

"Not to mention recumbent."

"Only after hours."

"There may be another suture."

"There may be another suture, but this is the only one we've got."

"No, no, you've got another one, which goes up through Quebec."

"No, that's not in place. The Canadian seismic line proves it. You will remember also that Laval—way back, 1965—came out with late Ordovician fossils in the Sherbrooke anomalies. Where else do you find a continuous sedimentation from the middle Ordo-

# WHY THE VALUE OF A GOLD PATEK PHILIPPE GOES UP

PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

There are, throughout the world, thousands of Patek Philippe timepieces still ticking silently (and accurately) in tribute to the hands that made them over a century ago.

Occasionally one is offered at auction by one of the world's distinguished salons. Like any other work of art by the acknowledged master, a Patek Philippe appreciates in value.

This would go without saying for the museum-worthy Pateks that belonged to scores of legendary 19th century figures–from Tolstoy to Tchaikovsky, from Wagner to Queen Victoria. Any antique Patek Philippe is a collector's item, simply because it is a Patek Philippe, a unique example of workmanship at its highest level.

But what of a Patek Philippe that was bought 10 years ago? Can it be a collector's item today? The price one paid for it reflected its value as the finest available timepiece of its kind–and as a work of art that was destined to increase in value, because the scarcity of such quality is growing at a disheartening rate.

Everything about a gold Patek Philippe that can be gold is gold–18 kt gold–right down to the winding crown, the strap buckle, even the spring bars that hold the strap to the watch. In automatic Pateks, for greater technical efficiency, the rotor is 18 kt gold (22 kt in one model). But gold has never represented more than 25% of the cost of a Patek Philippe watch. The real cost is in the time and patience and tradition and absolute dedication to flawlessness that make it a Patek Philippe.

Time: It takes eight to nine months to complete a single Patek. And once the watch is finally assembled and working perfectly, it is taken apart again to be further refined. Patience: Every element is microscopically hand-finished to a tolerance of no more than *one one-hundredth of a millimeter.* Every wheel, gear, pinion and cog is polished by hand until it is virtually frictionless. Tradition: Just as most Patek Philippes are handed down from one generation to the next, so are the tools that Patek watchmakers use to perfect them–heirlooms that have become as precious as they are indispensable. Flawlessness: After testing and regulating and refining to as near absolute perfection as human hands and minds can achieve, each Patek is lubricated so delicately that it takes less than a cupful of oil for an entire year's production. A fact you may appreciate most in the silkiness you feel as you wind a Patek.

This year's production at Patek Philippe will reach a grand total of approximately 11,000. Which is terribly few compared with the numbers of appreciative people with the means to own one.

But not so few when you consider that most of them will be ticking silently (and accurately) a century from now. And when you take into account that Patek Philippe has been at this, undeviatingly, since 1839.

*The Patek Philippe pictured here is our Automatic Golden Ellipse. For interesting booklets about Patek Philippe and a brochure of other styles, please send $2 to Patek Philippe, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, Suite 629-NY, New York, NY 10020.*

# EVEN WHEN THE PRICE OF GOLD GOES DOWN.

CRISTAL LALIQUE®

GRAND DUC

DAVID ORGELL
Beverly Hills

THE CRYSTAL SUITE
Chicago

NESSA GAULOIS
Miami

For descriptive brochure and name of nearest dealer, send 1 $ to Lalique, Dep't N.Y.G.D., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 1001

vician up to the Silurian—from Rangeley Lake up to New Brunswick in one belt? The Sherbrooke thing, restored, would come from where it ought to come from. So I'm suggesting either that two continents collided, and you have one basin there, receiving continuous sedimentation, or . . ."

"You may have a double arc."

"You might have a double arc."

"There's another solution."

"Sure, but I'm saying let's take the simplest configuration."

"Why not just have one arc with basins on both sides of it?"

"No. No. You have the Bronson Hill anticlinorium, and then you have the Ascot Reef."

"You have a volcanic arc on the stable side of the subduction zone, an expected arc above the downgoing slab."

"You have a short-lived slab going down below the Ascot Reef and the one of longer duration that's on the other side. I would somehow think that there has to be something in these rocks, in the limestones, that you'd be able to hopefully connect to that platform."

"The only thing I can say is . . ."

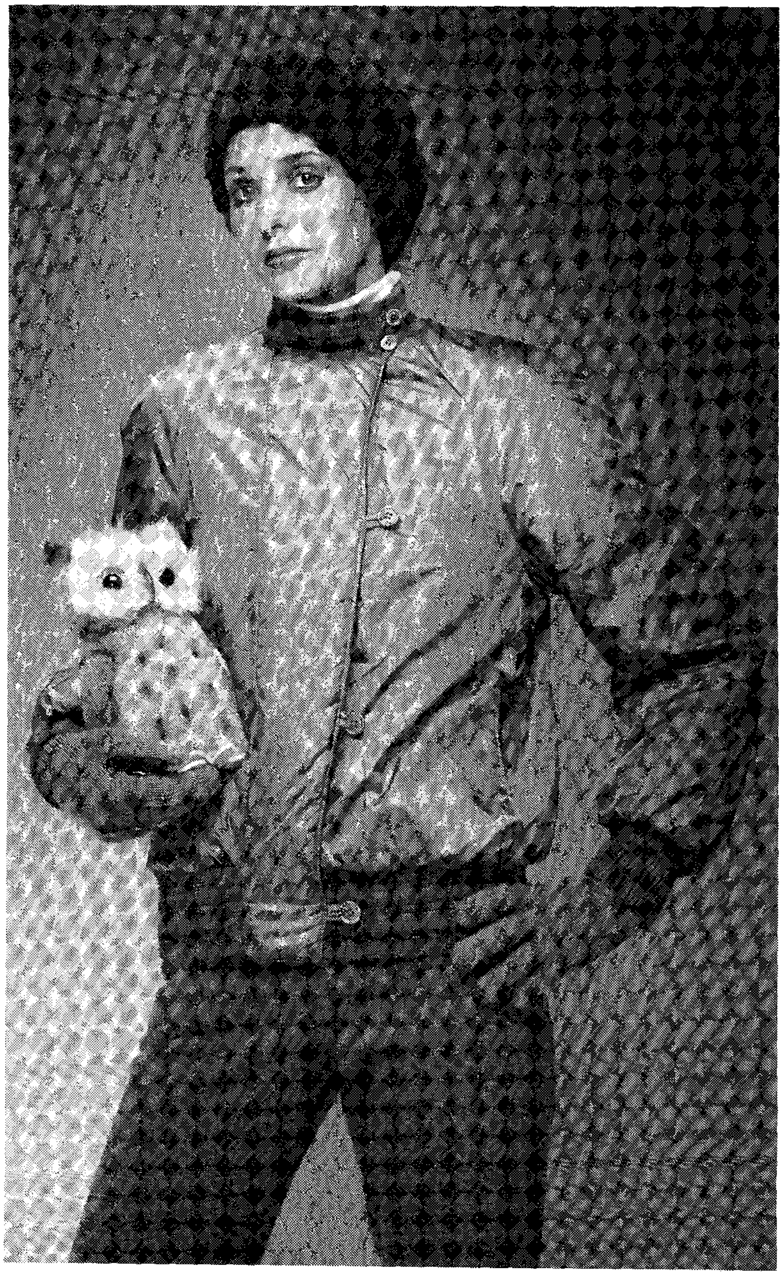
"What about the blue quartz?"

"What about the blue quartz? The stratigraphy of the Taconic rock matches unit for unit with Cambrian rocks of Avalon, and the fossils look alike. That's all I can tell you. Nowhere else do we find this sort of thing except Wales."

A structural geologist with a foot on each continent looks up and aside from this contentious scene. "While geologists argue, the rocks just sit there," he remarks. "And sometimes they seem to smile."

THE car hit an erosional vacuity that almost threw it off the road. Geology versus the State of Pennsylvania. Geology wins. In Eastern weather, the life expectancy of an interstate is twenty years. Mile after mile, I-80 had been heaved, split, dissolved, and cratered. A fair amount of limestone is incorporated in the road surface in Pennsylvania. Limestone is soluble in distilled water, let alone in acid rain. "Acid rains eat the surface, then water goes in and freezes, thaws, freezes again, and fractures the hell out of the road," Anita said, easing down toward minimum speed. "That, of course, is exactly how water works on bedrock. But an interstate can't be compared to bedrock. An interstate has

Get Wise To Warmth

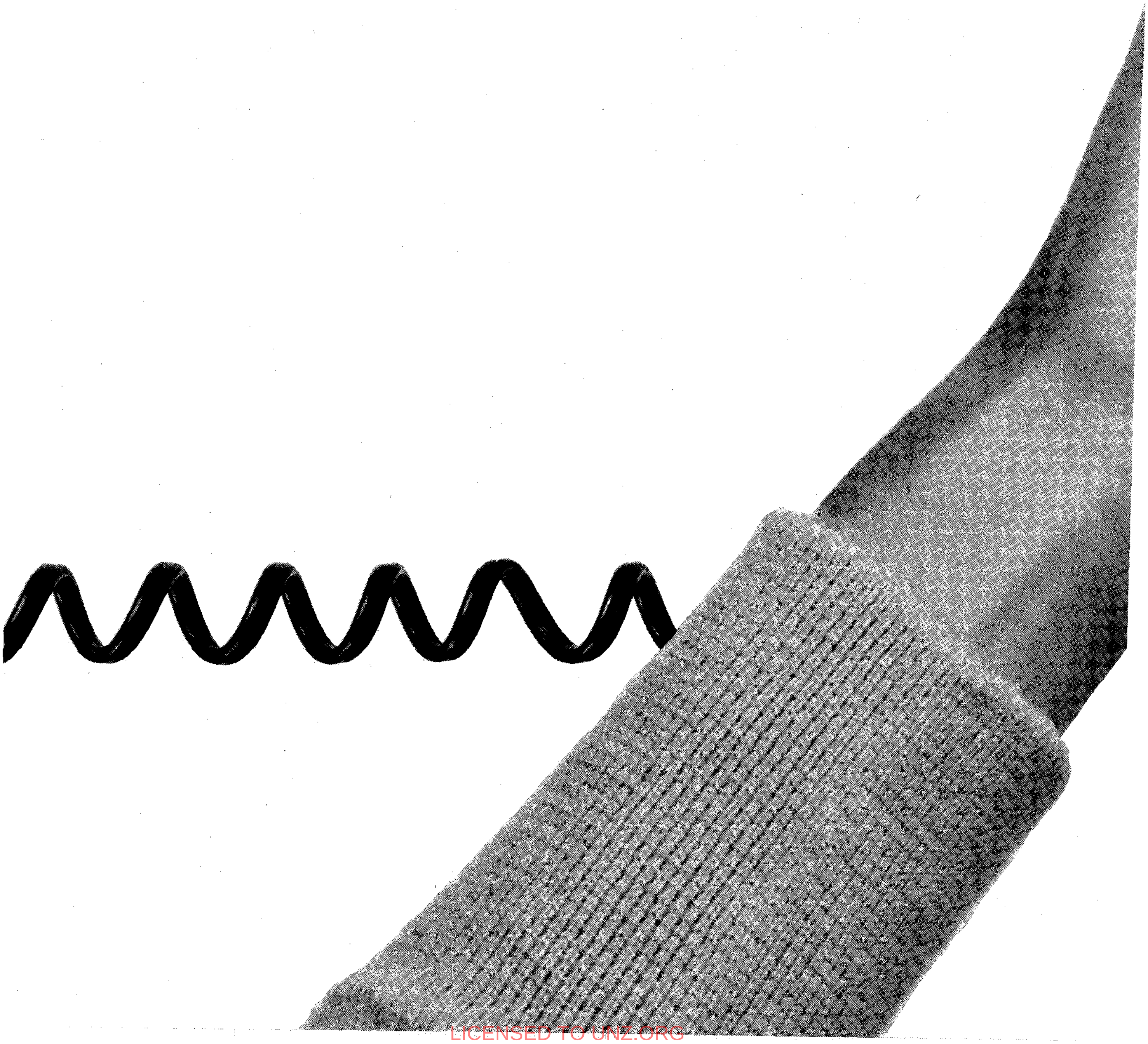

Animal by Steiff

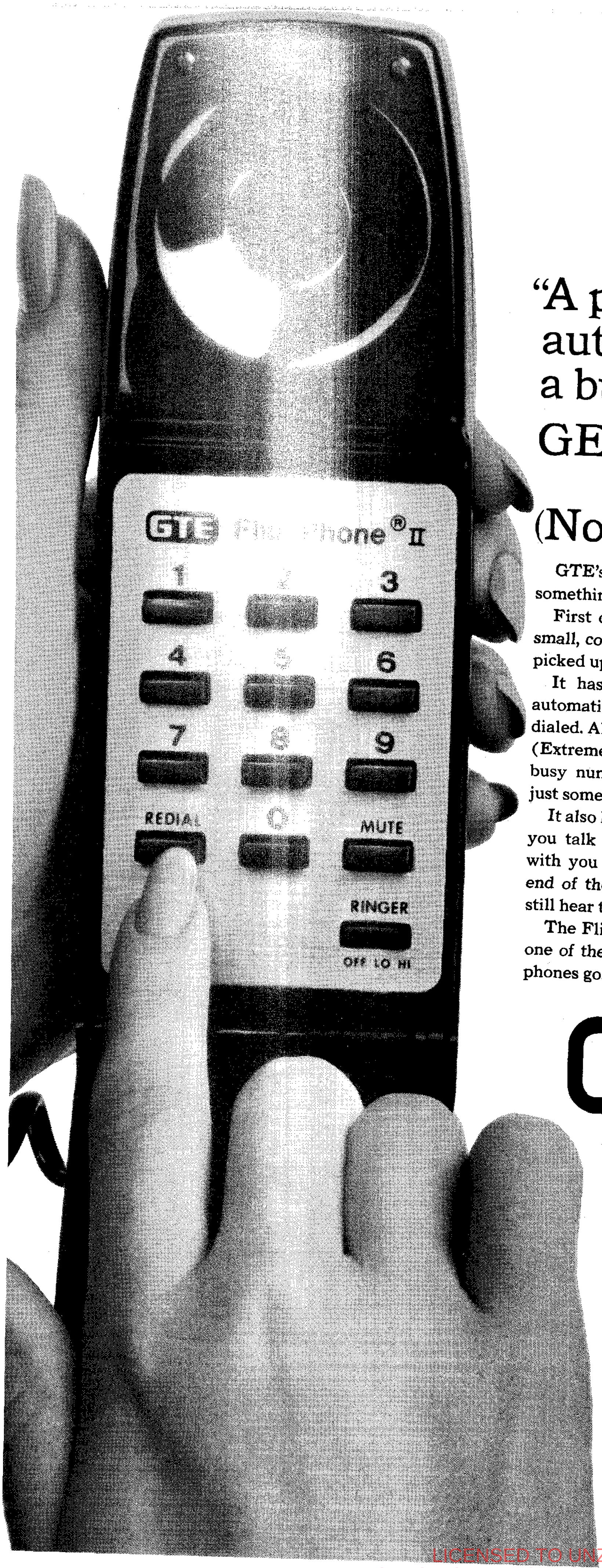
You're free to fly in this bomber jacket by Totes. Comfort, warmth and slim good looks compliment you in this reversible jacket styled with Sontique* slim insulation by Du Pont.
Colors: Clay/Wood Rose, Blue Haze/Light Taupe, Red/Golden Glow.
Sizes S (6/8), M (10/12), L (14/16)
About $90 at fine stores everywhere.

Look for this tag: SONTIQUE

*Certification mark for battings of Dacron* 66 made under Du Pont quality standards.

One Stamford Forum, Stamford, Conn. 06904





# "A phone that automatically redials a busy number? GEE!"

## (No, GTE!)

GTE's unique Flip-Phone® II is like something out of a spy movie.

First of all, the entire unit is just one, small, compact piece that flips open when picked up. (Thus, its name.)

It has the extraordinary capacity to automatically redial the last number you dialed. All you do is simply press a button. (Extremely handy for redialing things like busy numbers, people who aren't in, or just someone you want to call back.)

It also has a one-button feature that lets you talk to someone who's in the room with you without the party on the other end of the line hearing (though you can still hear them).

The Flip-Phone® II telephone is really one of the most advanced as far as home phones go. What's more, it's fun.

**GTE**

For the fur connoisseur

From our
CONNOISSEUR
COLLECTION™

Baron & Hennessy

333 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10001
(212) 695-7991/695-0226

Call or write for our brochure.

no soil protecting it. And it's mostly carbonate. It's not very resistant stuff."

We were sixty miles into Pennsylvania and had descended from the Pocono Plateau, generally running backward through time and down through the detritus of two great ranges of mountains. Now the country was familiar—valley, ridge, valley, ridge. We were again in the deformed Appalachians. While the Delaware Water Gap had been a part of the main trunk of the foldbelt, this was an offshoot that curled around the western Poconos—a broad cul-de-sac whose long ropy ridges ended like fingers, gesturing in the direction of New York State. It was rhythmic terrain, predictable and beautiful, the quartzite ridges and carbonate valleys of the folded-and-faulted mountains, trending southwest, while the interstate negotiated with them for its passage toward Chicago. Looked at in continental scale on a physiographic map or a geologic map—on almost any map that doesn't obscure the country with exaggerated human improvements—the sinuosity of the deformed Appalachians is as consistent as the bendings of a moving serpent. In Alabama, the mountains come up from under the Gulf Coastal Plain and bend right into Georgia and then left into Tennessee and right into North Carolina and left in the Virginias and right in Pennsylvania and left in New Jersey and New York and right in Quebec and New Brunswick and left in Newfoundland. Some people believe that in this Appalachian sinuosity we are seeing the coastline of the Precambrian continent—North America in the good old days, when the Taconic Orogeny was off in the future and these big, scalloped bends were the bays of Iapetan seas. Signify what they may, their repetitive formality through two thousand miles does not suggest the random impacts of exotic terrains, nor, for that matter, does it suggest the ragged margins of crashing continents. The Great Valley, as the most prominent axial feature of the Appalachians, also seems inconvenient to the narrative of colliding lands, because the soft black slates and shales and the dissolving carbonates that make up the valley from end to end were all moved a great many miles northwest, and if random New Zealands and the odd Madagascar were shoving at different times in different places, one would expect the formations to be considerably offset. One would imagine that miscellaneously disturbed rock—folded, faulted, shuffled, thrusted, disarranged—would be much too chaotically bulldozed to emerge through erosion as an integral, elongate, and geometrically formal valley. Similar thoughts come to mind with regard to the Precambrian highlands in their sinuous journey from the Great Smokies to the Green Mountains, and the Piedmont as well: the consistent, curving, parallel stripes of the Appalachian ensemble.

Anita, for the moment, was more interested in tangible limestone than in how it had been shoved and deformed. Eight miles west of Bloomsburg, she saw a limestone outcrop that looked good enough to sample. It was a quarter of a mile off the interstate, and we walked to it. She dropped some acid on it. Vigorously, the outcrop foamed. "It's upper Silurian limestone," she said. "I shouldn't be able to tell you that without running the conodonts, but I know."

"What if you're wrong?"

"Then I'm wrong, aren't I? They pay me to do the best I can. Geologists are detectives. You work with what you have."

She swung full force with her sledgehammer. The stone did not crack. "This profession is very physical," she complained, and belted the outcrop again.

Her knees sometimes turn black-and-blue when she carries samples down from mountains. She once handed a suitcase to a Greyhound bus driver who said, "What have you got in here, baby—rocks?" She was content to have them ride in the baggage compartment. A geologist I know in California would be unnerved by that. When he travels home from far parts of the world, he buys two airline seats—one for himself and one for his rocks.

We passed Limestoneville. We crossed Limestone Run and the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and now the road was running in a deep crease, a V with sides of about twelve hundred vertical feet: White Deer Ridge and Nittany Mountain—quartzites of early Silurian age, shed west from the Taconic Orogeny. There were quartzite boulders all through the steep woods but a notable absence of outcrops, of roadcuts, of exposures of any kind. In fact, with the exception

© 1982 Merona Sport

If only you could live your whole life in Merona Sport

available at fine stores or write Merona Sport 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10112

Merona
SPORT

PRIVACY
BEGINS
AT HOME

Personal privacy.

Everyone wants it. Everyone believes in it. And with so much personal information being stored in computers and other files, it has been of continuing concern to us at IBM.

So, a number of years ago we began to examine how personal information was being handled in our own house. Actually, our record was pretty good. But it wasn't good enough.

We discovered that we were collecting some information about people which didn't really relate to their jobs. And we concluded that one excellent way to protect people was to collect less information about them. So, we purged our files of non-essential data. And we stopped asking job applicants things such as age, where a spouse worked, credit references, etc.

We ask only what we need to know to run IBM, and only people who need to know it can see it. Information that's stored in computers is further protected by electronic safeguards built into the system.

What we've done so far isn't the answer for everyone.

But it begins to deal with the question. IBM®

*For a free copy of a new brochure on IBM's employee privacy practices, call 1-800-228-2028, Ext. 2015. (In Nebraska: 1-800-642-8300, Ext. 2015.)*

of the limestones she had collected, we were not seeing much rock to write home about, and Anita was becoming impatient. "No wonder I never did geology in this part of Pennsylvania," she said. "There are no exposures—just colluvium lying in the woods." Multiple ridges were squeezed in close here. Characteristically, the interstate would yield to the country, to the southwestward sweep of the corrugated mountains, as it ran in a valley under a flanking ridge, biding its time for a gap. One would soon appear—not a national landmark with a history of landscape painters and love-struck Indians, but a water gap, nonetheless—sliced clean through the ridge. Like a fullback finding a hole in the line, the road would cut right and go through. On the far side, it would break into the clear again, veering southwestward in another valley, gradually moving over toward the next long ridge. There would be another gap. Small streams had cut countless gaps. All within twenty miles of one another, for example, were Bear Gap in Buffalo Mountain, Green Gap in Nittany Mountain, Fryingpan Gap in Naked Mountain, Fourth Gap in White Deer Ridge, Third Gap, Second Gap, First Gap, Schwenks Gap, Spruce Gap, Stony Gap, Lyman Gap, Black Gap, McMurrin Gap, Frederick Gap, Bull Run Gap, and Glen Cabin Gap—among others.

In Precambrian, Cambrian, and much of Ordovician time, rivers ran southeastward off the American continent into the Iapetan ocean. Then the continental shelf bent low, and the Martinsburg muds poured into the depression from the east. Whether they were coming from Africa, Europe, or some accretionary, displaced, hapless Taiwan is completely unestablished, but what is not unestablished is the evidence preserved in the sediment—sand waves, ripple marks, crossbedded point bars—showing currents that flowed west and northwest. In later rock, such evidence is everywhere, showing eastern American rivers flowing toward what is now the middle of the continent all through the rest of Paleozoic time. As each successive orogeny produced another uplift in the east, fresh rivers would pour from it, building their depositional wedges, their minor and major deltas, but running always in a westerly direction. The last orogeny was pretty much spent about two hundred and fifty million years ago, in the middle Permian. For

THE
SELFRIDGE
HOTEL

"The best London hotel I have stayed at. Central location, beautiful, quiet rooms, and efficient but unrushed service."

*Executive Travel and Leisure Magazine 1982.*

You will notice the difference as soon as you enter the front door.

A wonderful hotel of beauty, providing relaxation and good food – you will experience something special. Superbly decorated public rooms, a touch of luxury and a gracious style which the rest of the world has forgotten.

Like an oasis in the West End with Mayfair, Oxford Street and the American Embassy only steps away. With an elegance and an atmosphere in which you rightly believe that you are the most important person in the world. You'll find the service attentive, courteous and obliging.

What's more, you couldn't be made more welcome if you carry the American Express Card. It says more for you than even money can and ensures you the kind of respect and attention you are accustomed to – in Britain as in America. Don't leave home without it.

The Selfridge Hotel, Orchard Street,
London W1H 0JS.

*For further information and reservations call your Travel Agent or Thistle Hotels: N.Y. (212) 689 0217. elsewhere 800 847 4358.*

Thistle Hotels, one of Britain's largest hotel groups, offer 42 quality hotels in prime locations throughout the United Kingdom.

**Thistle Hotels**
We put you first

AMERICAN EXPRESS

DON'T SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY
DRIZZLE

Traffic stopper: the "cop" coat from the design team of Jane Charney and Carol Cohen. Of light, matte fabric imported from Pennel et Flippo with pure wool button-out lining and authentic galoshe buckles. Black/red or white/loden, sizes 4 to 16, about $275. Available at Bergdorf Goodman and fine stores everywhere. Drizzle, Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C. 10018.

some tens of millions of years after that, the mountains were reduced by weather in a tectonically quiet world. Then, in early Mesozoic time, "earth forces" began to pull the terrain apart. According to present theory, the actual split, deep enough to admit seawater, came at some point in the Jurassic. The Atlantic began to open. On the American side of the break, extremely short steep rivers flowed into the new sea, but for the most part the drainages of what is now the eastern seaboard continued to flow west. By Cretaceous time, the currents had reversed, assuming the present direction of the Penobscot, the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, the James.

Rivers come and go. They are younger by far than the rock on which they run. They wander all over their valleys and sometimes jump out. They reverse themselves and occasionally disappear—their behavior differentiated by textures in the solid earth below. The tightly folded Appalachians are something like the ribs of a washboard. The direction of the structure lies across the direction of scrubbing. In the Paleozoic era, when the tectonic washboard was made and repeatedly lifted from the east, falling rainwater, gathering in streams, found its way westward across the ribs.

With the coming of the Atlantic—the Mesozoic split—the principal drainages of the American East at first continued to flow toward the Midwest. A part of the plate-tectonic story is that a great deal of heat accompanies tectonic rifting and the heat lifts the two sides of the rift like trapdoors facing each other. The shores of the Red Sea look like that. On both sides are mountains, nine, ten, twelve thousand feet high. Extremely short steep rivers fall into the Red Sea. Principal drainages—the intermittent rivers of Arabia—run eastward almost from the east shore many hundreds of miles, and from near the west shore Egyptian rivers run west to the Nile. The world's mid-ocean ridges—the spreading centers of plate tectonics—are configured like the rift of the Red Sea. Typically, the two sides are of gentle pitch, and gradually rise six thousand feet higher than the flanking abyssal plains. Groovelike down the ridgelines run submarine rift valleys. Into the rift valleys of eastern Africa pour extremely short steep rivers, while long ones, like the Congo, rise close to the rift but flow away westward a thousand miles to the sea. It was the discovery and confirmation of spreading centers that opened the story of plate tectonics—and this is still the aspect of the theory that provokes the least debate. Eastern America, in Jurassic time, gradually subsided. The present explanation would be that as the ocean grew wider and the heat of the spreading center became more distant, the region cooled like a collapsing soufflé, while the weight of water and accumulating sediments also pressed down on the continental shelf. In any case, the broad package of land that had tilted northwestward for approximately three hundred million years now seesawed and began again to tilt the other way.

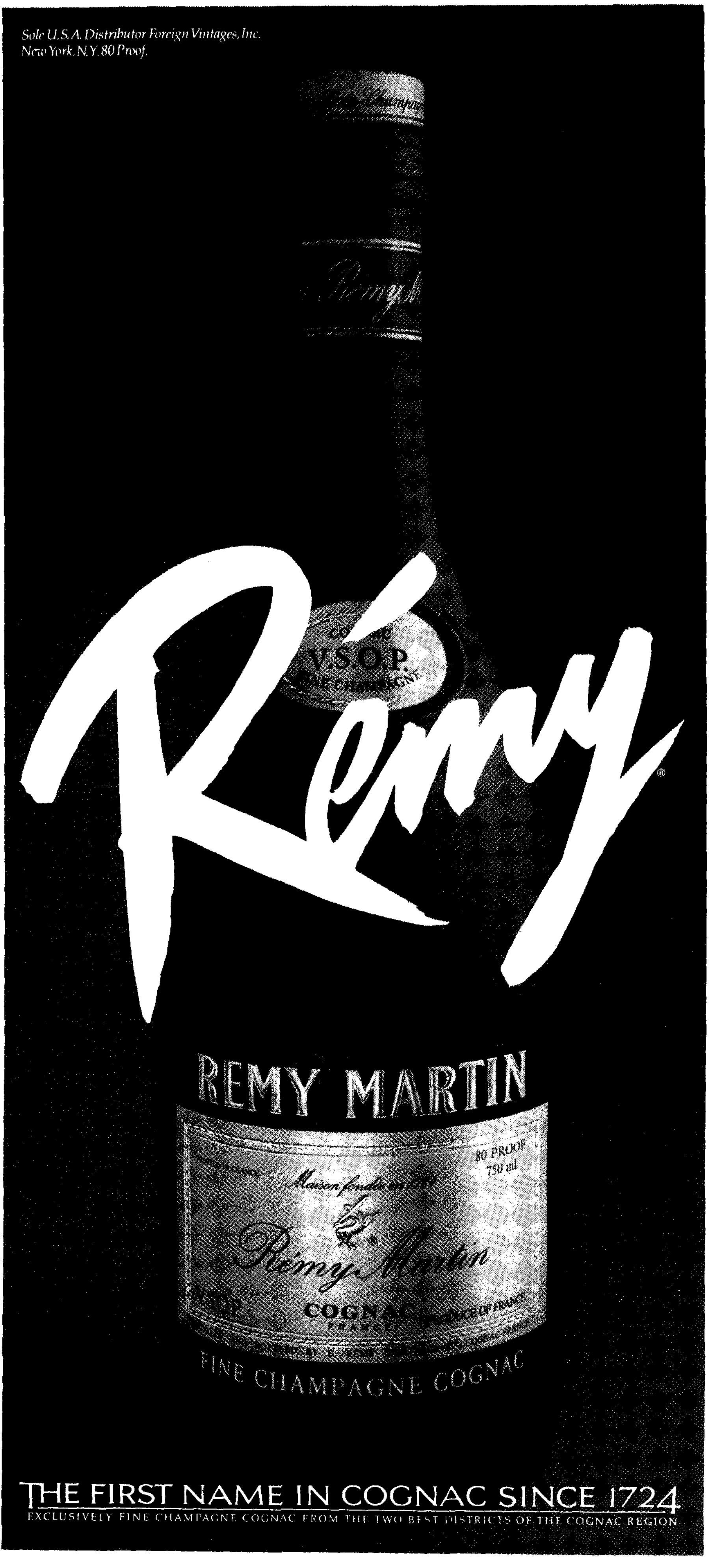
98¢
YOUR CHOICE

Rivers turned around, pooled temporarily against the ribs of the washboard, and ran over them, seeking weaknesses in the rock. Anew, the running water began to etch out the country. It was a process analogous to photo-engraving, wherein acid differentially eats pictures into treated sheets of metal. The new and reversed eastern rivers differentially eroded the Appalachian structures. Where they got into the shales and the carbonates, they dug deep and wide. Where they found quartzite and other metamorphic rock, they encountered tough resistance. Sometimes, working down into the country, they came to the arching quonset roofs of anticlines, and slicing their way through quartzite found limestones within. It was like slicing into the foil around a potato and finding the soft interior. The water would remove the top of the arch, dig a valley far down inside, and leave quartzite stubs to either side as ridges flanking the carbonate valley. Streams erode headward. That is, they dig back into the valleys they make, eating up the hillsides back into the mountainsides, digging out their grooves up toward the nearest divide. On the other side is another stream, doing the same. Working into the mountain, the two streams struggle toward each other until the divide between them breaks down and they become confluent. One yields to the other—gives up its direction of flow and goes the opposite way, captured. In this manner, some thousands of streams—consequent streams, pirate streams, beheaded streams, defeated streams—formed and re-formed, shifting valleys, making hundreds of water gaps with the general and simple objective of finding in the newly tilted landscape the shortest possible journey to the sea. A gap abandoned by its streams is called a wind gap. In the regional context, the water gap of the Delaware River is a little less phenomenal than it once appeared to be.

Until ten or fifteen years ago, the picture in vogue of the early Cenozoic American East was of a vast peneplain, a flat world of scant relief, with oxbowed meandering rivers heading almost nowhere. The assault of water on the ancestral mountains was thought to have worn down the whole topography close to sea level. The peneplain then rose up, according to the hypothesis, and rivers dissected it, flushing out the soft rock and leaving hard rock high, in the form of remarkably level ridges—as flat as the peneplain, of which they were thought to be remnants. Where the rivers of the peneplain had flowed across the tops of buried ridges, they cut down through them as the ridges came up—making gaps. That was the history as it was taught for three-quarters of a century. It was known as the hypothesis of the Schooley Peneplain, after Schooley Mountain, in New Jersey, which looks like an aircraft carrier. The Schooley Peneplain is out of vogue. It is an emeritus idea. It has been replaced by a story out of steady-state physics having to do with the relationship of level ridgelines to certain degrees of slope. A graduate student once remarked to me that old hypotheses never really die. He said they're like dormant volcanoes.

UNDER the carbonate valleys and quilted farms, the rock was buried from view. The beauty of the fields against steep-rising forests, the shimmer of April green, was not doing much for Anita. She was in need of a lithic fix. Her fingers tapped the wheel. She reminded me of a whitewater fanatic on a meandering stretch of flat river. "No wonder I never did geology in this part of Pennsylvania," she said again. It had been a long time between rocks. "I'd really like to go to Iran someday," she went on, desperately. "The Zagros Mountains are another classic fold-and-thrust belt. The thing about the Zagros is that there's no vegetation. You can see everything. They're a hundred per cent outcrop."

She had scarce uttered the words when the road jumped to the right and through a nameless gap and past a

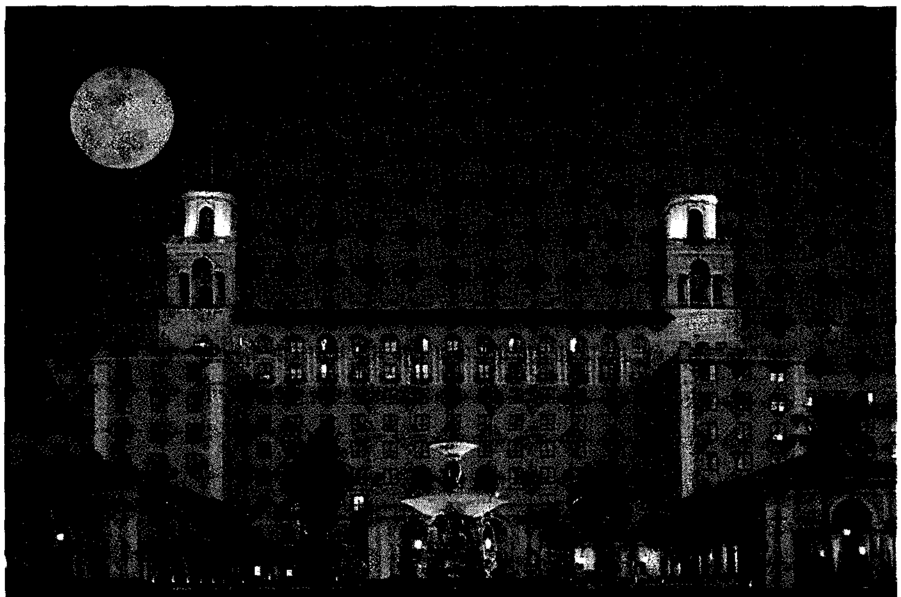

Sole U.S.A. Distributor Foreign Vintages, Inc.
New York, N.Y. 80 Proof.
Rémy®
V.S.O.P.
REMY MARTIN
80 PROOF
750 ml
Maison fondée en 1724
Rémy Martin
COGNAC
FRANCE
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
THE FIRST NAME IN COGNAC SINCE 1724
EXCLUSIVELY FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC FROM THE TWO BEST DISTRICTS OF THE COGNAC REGION

roadcut twenty metres high—Bald Eagle quartzite—and then more and higher roadcuts of Juniata sandstone in red laminations dipping steeply to the west. "I take it back. This is one hell of a series, let me tell you," Anita said. More rock followed, rock in the median, rock right and left, and we ran on to scout it, to take it in whole. The road was descending now through gorges of red rock—the results of precision blasting, of instant geomorphology. Their depth increased. They shadowed the road. And in their final bend was the revealed interior of a mountain, geographically known as Big Mountain. There had been a natural gap, but it had not been large enough, and dynamite had contributed three hundred thousand years of erosion. The entire mountain had been cut through—not just a toe or a spur. "Holy Toledo! Look at that son of a bitch!" Anita cried out. "It's a hell of an exposure, a hell of a cut." More than two hundred and fifty feet high and as red as wine, it proved to be the largest, most spectacular man-made exposure of rock on Interstate 80 between New York and San Francisco. It was an accomplishment that might impress the Chinese geological survey. "When you're doing geology, look for the unexpected," Anita instructed me, forgetting the Zagros Mountains.

We stopped on the shoulder in the shadow of the rock. "Holy Toledo, look at that son of a bitch," Anita repeated, with her head thrown back. "Mamma mia!" The bedding was aslant in long upsweeping lines, of which a few were green. Almost due south of Lock Haven and thirty-one miles west of the Susquehanna River, it was Juniata sandstone, brought down off the Taconic uplift and spread to the west by the same system of rivers that transported the rock of the Delaware Water Gap. "This would be a beautiful place to measure the thickness of the section," Anita said. "It's completely exposed. It's consistent. There are no faults. The thin green bands are where deposition was too rapid for oxidation to take place." Evidence of geologists was everywhere. They had painted numbers and letters on the rock. They had removed countless paleomagnetic plugs. "Without these roadcuts, all they can do is drill holes in the ground or find natural streamcuts, which are few and far between," Anita said. The bedding, seen close, was not monotonously even, as rock would be that

We've only just beGund.
Gotta Getta GUND

Their name is Honey Bear.
*And you can getta Gund at all fine department, toy, gift and infants' stores.*
Or write Gund, Inc., Dept. N-9, 44 National Rd., Edison, New Jersey 08817.



The romance never wanes.

Always the same splendid style, at The Breakers on the ocean in Palm Beach, winner of the Mobil 5-Star and the AAA 5-Diamond awards.

We've a passion for perfection, with service and ambience worlds apart from ordinary. Return to The Breakers. Great moments like these never lose their luster.

The Breakers
Palm Beach, Florida 33480
For reservations call collect (305) 655-6611.

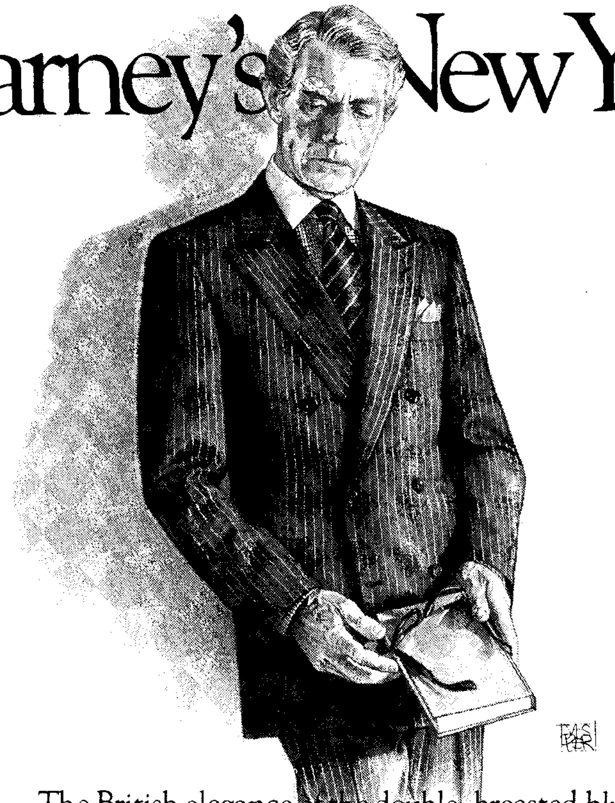
formed in still water. Instead, it was full of the migrating channels, feathery crossbedding, natural levees, and overbank deposits of its thoroughly commemorated river. There were little maroon mud flakes like raisins. They were plucked off flats in a storm.

We went back a few miles and slowly reviewed the rock. When again we approached the huge roadcut, Anita said, "In Illinois, this would be a state park."

THE bedding planes of the Holy Toledo cut, as I would ever after refer to those enormous walls of red stone, were dipping to the east. Over the past few miles, the rock of the country had been folded ninety degrees. To the immediate west, therefore, we would be going down in time and predictably would descend in space to a Cambro-Ordovician carbonate valley, which is what happened, as the road fell away bending left and down into Nittany Valley, where ribs of dolomite protruded here and there among rich-looking pastures turning green, gentle stream courses, white farms. "Penn State sits on Nittany dolomite," Anita said. "It's twenty miles down this valley."

Some remnant Cambrian sandstone formed a blister in the valley. The interstate drifted around it in a westerly way and toward the foot of still another endless mountain—Bald Eagle, the last ridge of the deformed Appalachians. After the Cambrian sandstone, the Ordovician dolomite, there was Silurian quartzite in the gap that broke through the mountain. Its strata dipped steeply west. The rock had bent again, and again we were moving upward through history. Now, though, the dip of the strata would reverse no more. In a dozen miles of ever younger rock, we climbed through the Paleozoic era almost from beginning to end. We went up through time at least three hundred million years and up through the country more than a thousand vertical feet, the last ten miles uphill all the way, from Bald Eagle Creek to Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania—the longest steady grade on I-80 east of Utah—while light, wind-driven snow began to fall.

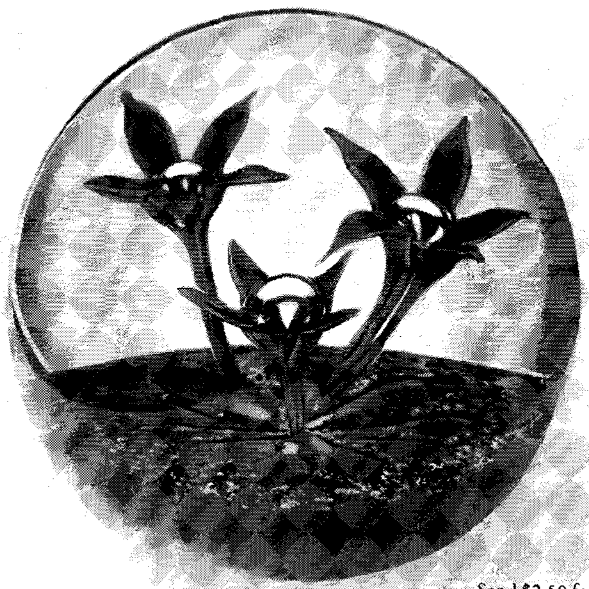
We had come to the end of the physiographic province of the folded-and-faulted mountains, and the long ascent recapitulated Paleozoic history from the clean sands of the pretectonic sea to the dense twilight of Carboniferous swamps. We came up


Barney's New York

The British elegance of the double-breasted blue stripe suit. Exclusive. $345. English Room. 2nd Floor.

The Complete Daks Collection

Seventh Avenue and Seventeenth Street, New York. Open 9:30 am to 9:30 pm. Free parking.


Tristar - A Colin Terris Design

Send $2.50 for color folio showing complete selection.

Caithness
Fine Paperweights from Scotland
225 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010

Available at Brielle Galleries, Brielle, NJ 08730 • Marshall Field, Chicago, IL

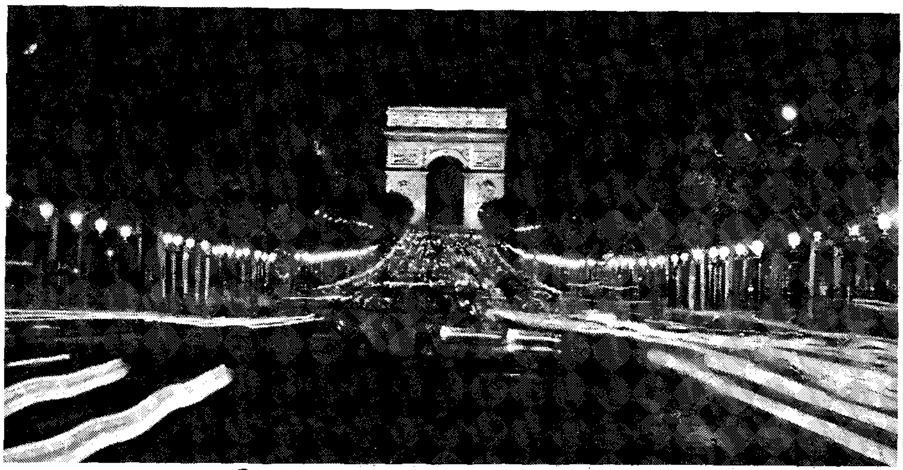
through the debris of three cordilleras, through repetitive sandstones and paper shales—Silurian paper shales, Devonian paper shales, Mississippian paper shales—crumbling on their shelves like acid-paper books in libraries. The shales were so incompetent that they would long since have avalanched and buried the highway had they not been benched—terraced in the manner of Machu Picchu. In other roadcuts, Catskill Delta sandstones, beet-red and competent, were sheer. We had gone through enough hard ridges and soft valleys for me not just to sense but to see the Paleozoic pageant repeatedly played in the rock. For all the great deformity and complexity, the mountains now gone had left patterns behind. The land rising and falling, the sea receding and transgressing, the ancestral rivers losing power through time had not just obliterated much of what went before but had always imposed new scenes, and while I, for one, could not hold so many hundreds of pictures well related in my mind I felt assured beyond doubt that we were moving through more than chaos.

The strata at the foot of the ten-mile hill had been nearly vertical. Gradually, through the long climb, they levelled out. They leaned backward, relaxed, one degree every two million years, until in the end they were flat—at which moment the interstate left the deformed Appalachians and itself became level on the Allegheny Plateau.

The rock was now Pennsylvanian—massive river sandstones of Pennsylvanian time. Flat, decklike, it was comparatively undisturbed. It had been shed, to be sure, from eastern mountains, but had not been much affected by their compressive drive. Crazed streams had disassembled the plateau, leaving half-eaten wedding cakes, failed pyramids, oddly polygonal hair-covered hills. Pittsburgh was built upon such geometries, its streets and roads faithful to the schizophrenic streams, its hills separating its people into socio-racial ethno-religious piles—up this one the snobs, up that the Jews, up this the tired, up that the poor.

A hundred miles northeast of Pittsburgh in the flurrying snow there were numerous roadcuts now, and in them were upward-fining sequences of sandstones, siltstones, shales—Allegheny black shales—underlying more levels of sandstone, siltstone, and shale. "If you were a prospector for coal, you'd go bananas when you saw these black

L'Hotel Meridien. Paris.



More of the Good Life in France.

Minutes from the Champs Elysées, near the Arc de Triomphe and the Défense Business Center, and not far from the Air France terminal, is the luxurious Hotel Meridien. With our fine rooms and meeting facilities (with built-in translation systems), the Hotel Meridien in Paris is the perfect place to stay for business or pleasure. We have two bars for you to meet in, four fine restaurants for you to dine in, and a disco for you to dance in. Next time you're in Paris, do as the French do. Meet at the Hotel Meridien. Call us at 800-223-9918 (USA), 800-442-5917 (NY State), or 212-265-4494 (NYC). And get more of the Good Life next time you're in France.

MERIDIEN
LES HOTELS D'AIR FRANCE

By appointment to
HRH The Duke of Edinburgh
Manufacturers of Toilet Requisites
Penhaligon's Limited. London

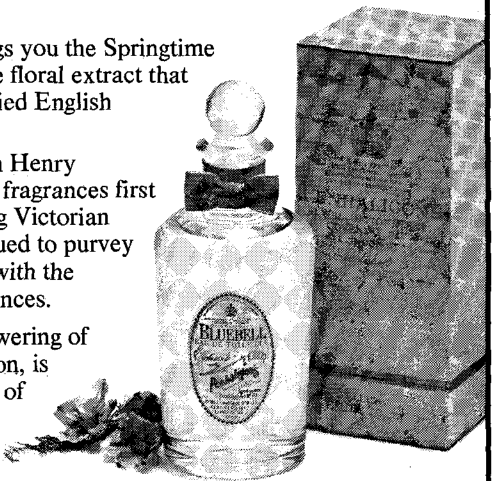
PENHALIGON'S
Perfumers Established 1870

**Ah, to be in England now that Bluebell's here.**

Penhaligon's of London brings you the Springtime fragrance of Bluebell, a delicate floral extract that echoes the freshness of the storied English countryside.

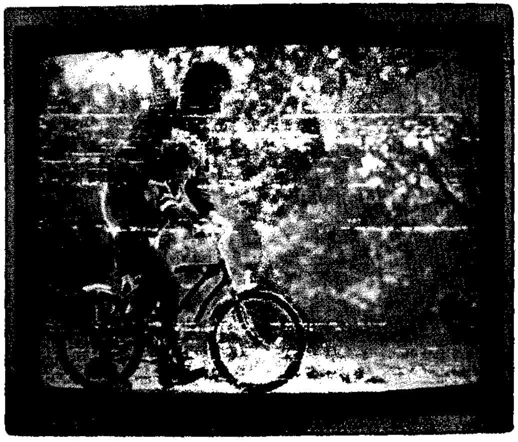
Since the days when William Henry Penhaligon's charming English fragrances first won the hearts of discriminating Victorian ladies, Penhaligon's has continued to purvey unique fragrances, formulated with the rarest and costliest natural essences.

Bluebell, a contemporary flowering of Penhaligon's creative imagination, is available in two luxurious sizes of Eau de Toilette for today's discriminating women.

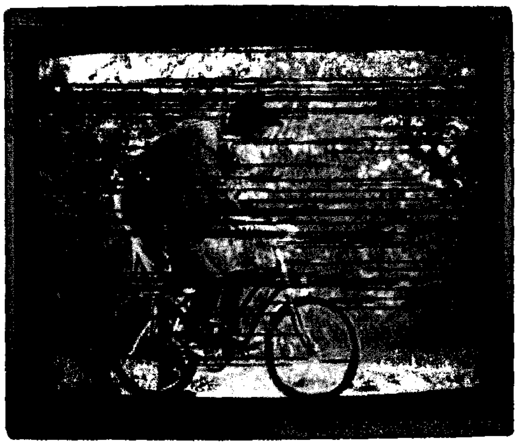


To: Alfin Fragrances, Inc., 85 Oak St., Norwood, N.J. 07648
Please send me Bluebell Eau de Toilette ☐ 3.4 oz. $45. ☐ 6.7 oz. $65.
Add $2.00 for shipping and handling. New Jersey residents, add sales tax.
Allow six weeks for delivery.
☐ Money Order ☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Acct. #__________ Exp. Date__________
Signature__________ Address__________
Name__________ City/State__________ Zip__________

Drop-Outs



Particle Shedding



Color Distortion

Noise

# BE PREPARED TO GIVE UP A LOT WHEN YOU SWITCH TO MAXELL HGX VIDEO TAPE.

If you're using ordinary video tape, you're probably getting a lot of extras you won't get with Maxell HGX. Like drop-outs, particle shedding, color distortion and noise—problems that can easily develop in tape that's imperfectly manufactured.

To create HGX high grade we use finer, sharper Epitaxial oxide particles and a unique binder system. The resulting tape not only produces a better picture, it's a lot more durable.

In fact, our binder system has given HGX a drop-out rate that's significantly lower than that of any ordinary video tape. It has also virtually eliminated particle shedding—that's when oxide particles come off your tape and clog the heads of your machine. And because our oxide particles are so densely packed, Maxell HGX has superior high frequency response and a higher signal-to-noise ratio. Which means you don't have to live with color distortion or watch your picture through a screen full of snow caused by video noise.

So next time you buy video tape, try Maxell HGX. And give up a lot of things that never should have been part of your picture in the first place.

maxell
Epitaxial
VIDEOCASSETTE
500
HGX
β
maxell
Epitaxial
VIDEOCASSETTE
120
HGX
VHS

**maxell**
IT'S WORTH IT.

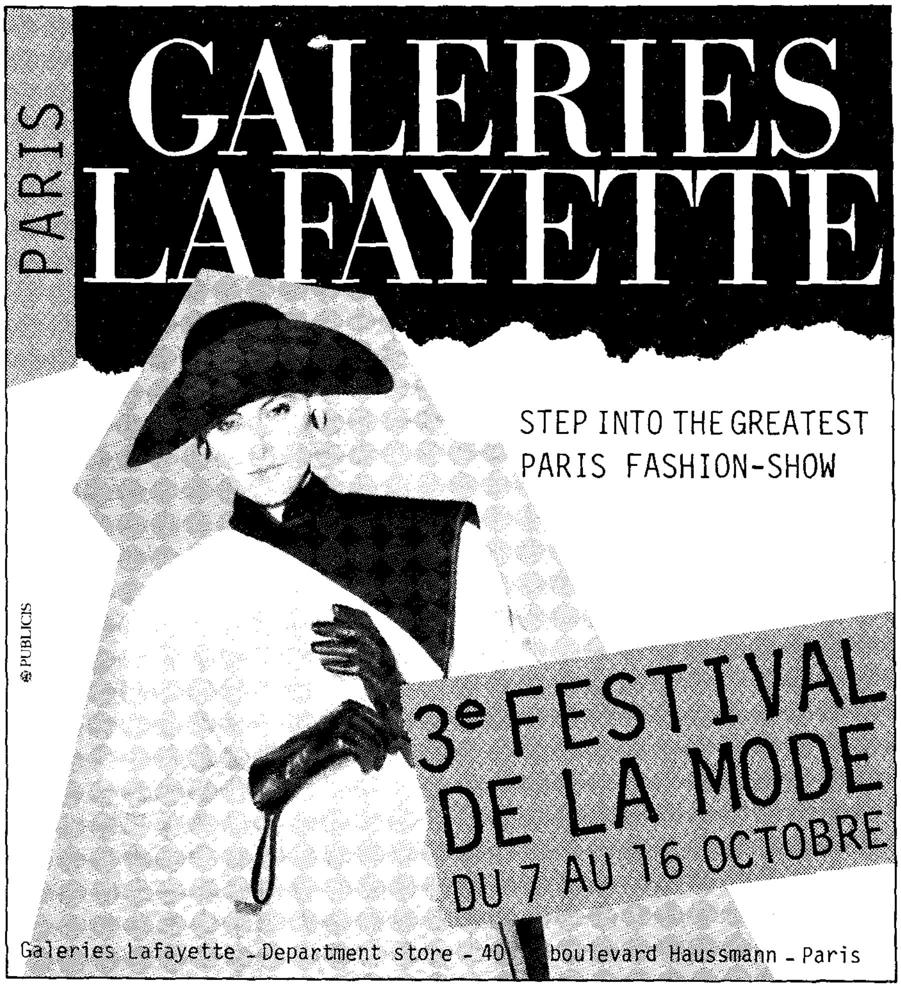
Maxell Corporation, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074

PHOTOGRAPHED AT GEORGE H. MORRIS HUNTERDON INCORPORATED
DYED, SPUN, HANDWOVEN AND FINISHED IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES OF SCOTLAND
Harris Tweed
HANDWOVEN
100% PURE
SCOTTISH WOOL
TAILORED IN THE U.S.A.
THE QUALITY OF YOUR CLOTHES SHOULD BE EQUAL TO THE QUALITY OF YOUR LIFE.
CRICKETEER®
1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. 10104. A Subsidiary of Phillips-Van Heusen Corp.

shales," Anita said. "There ought to be coal in these roadcuts. This is Pennsylvania in the Pennsylvanian—the home office of the rock."

Pennsylvania in the Pennsylvanian was jungle—a few degrees from the equator, like southern Indonesia and Guadalcanal. Freshwater swamp forests stood beside the nervously changing coastline of a saltwater bay, just as Sumatran swamps now stand beside the Straits of Malacca, and Bornean everglades beside the Java Sea. In Pennsylvanian time, glacial cycles elsewhere in the world were causing sea level to oscillate with geologic rapidity. The swamps pursued the shoreline as the sea went down. Marine limestone buried the swamps as the sea returned. In just one of these cycles, the shoreline would move as much as five hundred miles—the sea transgressing and regressing through most of Pennsylvania and Ohio. There were so many such cycles at close intervals in Pennsylvanian time that Pennsylvanian rock sequences are often striped like regimental ties—the signature of glaciers half the world away. They existed three hundred million years ago, and glacial patterns of that kind have not been repeated until now, when the measure of our own brief visit to the earth is being recorded as a paper-thin stripe in Pleistocene time.

On both sides of the interstate, above the silhouettes of screening trees, we saw the tops of draglines—the necks and heads of industrial giraffes. They and predecessor machines had been working for fifty years, altering the topography, stripping the coal beds of Pennsylvania—in all, a mineral deposit worth a great deal more than the diamond mines of Kimberley and the goldfields of the Klondike. Coal was in the roadcuts now and would continue to be for many tens of miles—in layers that were not the dull deep gray of the Allegheny shale but truly black and shining. Layered light and dark, the roadcuts looked like Hungarian tortes. Reading up from the bottom, there was sandstone, siltstone, shale, coal, sandstone, siltstone, shale, coal. We would see limestones farther on, capping the coal where sea had covered the swamps. The present sequence was built behind a coastline—as is happening now, for example, in the bayous of the Mississippi Delta—by rivers meandering to and fro, covering with sand the matted vegetation. "These roadcuts are a textbook on the making



PARIS
GALERIES LAFAYETTE
STEP INTO THE GREATEST PARIS FASHION-SHOW
3e FESTIVAL DE LA MODE
DU 7 AU 16 OCTOBRE
Galeries Lafayette - Department store - 40 boulevard Haussmann - Paris
© PUBLICIS

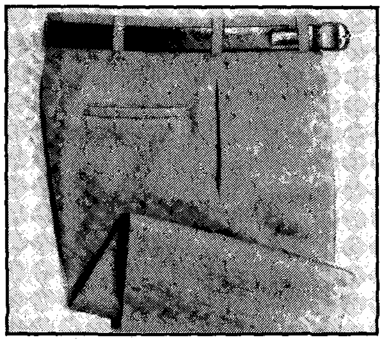
Imported From France, 80 Proof.
It's expensive.
And elusive.
And worth the hunt.
If you are fortunate enough to track down and capture the rare bottle of Delamain Pale and Dry Grande Champagne Cognac, you will discover that Delamain, like virtue, is its own reward.
Delamain
For your guide "The Four Star Restaurants of Paris," write to Delamain Cognac, Julius Wile Sons & Co., 1 Hollow Lane, Lake Success, N.Y. 11042.

**SUPERBLY AFFORDABLE: GOLF & TENNIS AT THE CLOISTER.®**

Play unlimited golf on 54 championship holes on spectacular Retreat Plantation. And great tennis. Your very affordable 5-star Cloister package also includes accommodations, all meals, beach club, 5-mile beach, nightly dancing, even service charges. Per person double per night (minimum 3 nights) $89 to Mar. 15 ($80 Nov. 28-Feb. 14 except Yule), & up. Cart or caddy required, extra. Call free direct 800-841-3223, Georgia 800-342-6874.

Cloister Hotel,
Sea Island, GA
31561.
Sea Island

Cable Car Clothiers
**ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.**
*San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939*



**Washable Dacron & Wool Flannel Trousers $40**

For classic good looks and convenience, we suggest our washable Dacron and wool trousers. Versatile enough to wear with either a tie and jacket for dress, or with a favourite sport-shirt in your leisure hours. Full cut with belt loops. Grey, navy, camel or brown. Sizes 29 to 44. Specify inseam. ☐ *Send catalogue.*

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt. Kirk, Ltd. A1J272
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Trs. (83108A): Size____ Insm.____ Col.____
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #____________ Expir.______
$2. ship., hdlg.: Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name____________________
Address__________________
__________________ Zip______

of coal," Anita said. Buried and compressed, vegetal debris first becomes peat—a mélange of spores, seed coats, wood, bark, leaves, and roots which looks like chewing tobacco and burns about as well. Peat bears much the same relation to coal that snow does to glacier ice. As snow is ever more buried and compacted, it recrystallizes and becomes ice—on the average ten times as dense as the original snow. As peat is buried, compacted, subjected to geothermal heat, it gradually gives up much of its oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and concentrates its content of carbon. The American Geological Institute's "Glossary of Geology" defines coal as "a readily combustible rock." By weight, any rock that is half carbonaceous material is coal. Its density is roughly ten times the density of peat. In the United States, there is enough peat to keep Ireland warm for a thousand years. The United States uses almost none of it, because the United States also happens to have a great deal more coal than any other country in the world, with the exception of the Soviet Union, which has a like amount. Peat that remains near the surface will never become coal. Buried three-quarters of a mile, it becomes bituminous. With a microscope, you can see wood and bark, leaves and roots, seed coats and spores in bituminous coal—and even identify the plants they came from. Buried deeper and folded severely under pressure, it becomes anthracite. Anthracite is roughly ninety-five per cent carbon and is so hard that it fractures conchoidally, like an arrowhead. Anthracite is iridescent, and burns with a clear blue flame. Coal is a record of tectonics. In late Pennsylvanian time, when the third set of mountains came up in the east and shed still another wedge of debris, kneading it into what had gone before, the great pressure, deep burial, and severe folding produced the anthracites of eastern Pennsylvania, the pod-shaped coalfields of the folded-and-faulted mountains, which erosion and isostasy have lifted from the depths. Anthracite seams are often upside down or standing on end. Here in the Allegheny Plateau, burial was reasonably deep but tectonic pressures were minor, and the result is a lesser grade of coal.

We stopped and tried to collect some but had difficulty finding a sample that would not break up in the hand. "This is very flaky, high-ash coal," Anita said. "People take it anyway. They come out to these roadcuts with buckets and take it home to burn."

We moved on through miles of coal-streaked roadcuts, and topographically to somewhat higher ground, where the coal seams were thicker. "As you go westward and up-section, you get more coal, because the rivers, growing older, became more sluggish," Anita said. "The floodplains became broader. There was more ponded water. There was more area for vegetation to grow and accumulate—like the lower Mississippi Valley today." About five miles east of Clearfield, we stopped at a long, high throughcut full of coal. Draglines were working on both sides of the road. We chipped out some samples with rock hammers. The samples had integrity. "This is a hell of a coal," Anita remarked. "Good commercial coal. To make it, there would have been about three thousand feet of Pennsylvanian stuff on top of it, which has been removed by erosion. Three thousand feet is the amount of overburden that will produce coal of this rank."

Stirred within by all these free B.t.u.s (twelve thousand per pound), I flailed at the cut with my rock hammer and filled a bag with good commercial coal, to take home and burn in my stove. Anita commented that coal dust was blacking my face.

I wiped at it with a bandanna, and asked her, "Did I get it all?"

She said, "Good enough for government work." And we headed up the road.

WHEN the final great pulse of mountain-building folded eastern Pennsylvania, the deep burial and tectonic crush may have done wonders for the coal seams there, but all the oil in the country rock was burned black and destroyed. Conodonts were blackened, too. As Anita's many samplings would prove, conodonts become lighter in color and hue in a westward trend across the state—from black to cordovan to dusky orange to brightening levels of yellow. Running west of Du Bois and Clarion now, and less than fifty miles from Ohio, we were out of the browns and well into the gold. If the quality of coal improves eastward, the theoretical quality of petroleum goes the other way. We took a right off the interstate. Soon we were cruising on Petroleum Street, in downtown Oil City.

We continued north. In the fifteen miles between Oil City and Titusville

1983 FORD ESCORT WAGON ESCORT

# THE BEST SELLING WAGON IN AMERICA.

**A good thing gets even better.**

For two years running, Escort Wagon has outsold every wagon in America. Foreign or domestic.* It also has 58.4 cubic feet of cargo volume with the rear seat down. But since there's always room for improvement, we've added over 90 new improvements, ranging from a new luxury sound insulation package to a new fuel-conscious shift indicator light.

**A wagon for braggin'.**

Escort is the only American-made wagon with both front-wheel drive and four-wheel independent suspension.** And Escort's unique CVH engine also gives you efficiency worth bragging about.

43 EST HWY ㉙ EPA EST MPG

Based on Ford tests. Actual EPA ratings not available at press time. Estimates projected for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings lower. See your Ford Dealer for actual EPA ratings.

Whether you buy or lease, see the '83 Escort Wagon at your Ford Dealer. And remember, get it together—buckle up.

*Based on R.L. Polk & Co. registrations for October, 1980, thru May, 1982. **Excluding other Ford Motor Company products.

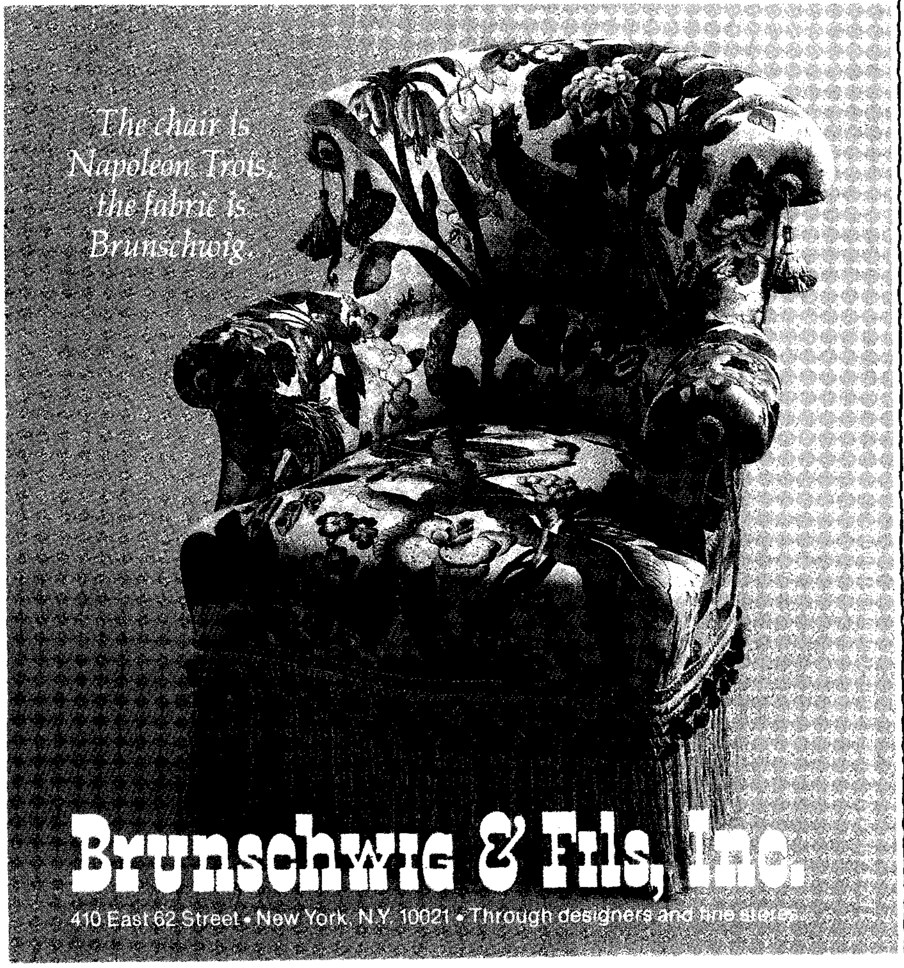
HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD...LATELY? Ford

FORD DIVISION

Number One Nob Hill
THE MARK HOPKINS

IN SAN FRANCISCO, THE MOST DEMANDING TRAVELLERS STAY WITH INTER·CONTINENTAL.

THE Mark Hopkins
AN INTER•CONTINENTAL HOTEL
Number One Nob Hill.
Reservations: 800-327-0200. (In Florida: 800-432-2673.)


The chair is Napoleon Trois, the fabric is Brunschwig.
Brunschwig & Fils, Inc.
410 East 62 Street • New York, N.Y. 10021 • Through designers and fine stores.

lay the Napa Valley of early American oil. It was a V-shaped, intimate valley, five hundred feet from rim to river, and along its floor were oil refineries so small they were almost cute. They did not suggest the starry lighted skeletal cities of Exxon's Bayway Refinery or Sunoco's Marcus Hook. They suggested Christian Brothers, the Beringer Winery, the Beaulieu Vineyard. One refinery followed another. Wolf's Head, Pennzoil. They stood beside Oil Creek, which was so named in the eighteenth century because petroleum dripped out of its banks and into the water. Indians had found it, three centuries before, to judge by the age of trees that were growing in pits they had dug to collect the oil in pools. The Senecas rubbed their skins with it. They may have used it for light and heat. The use of petroleum is old in the world. Workmen laid asphalt three thousand years before Jesus Christ. The first energy crisis involving petroleum was in 1875 B.C. The first oil spills were natural, and were not so large that they could not be cleaned up by bacteria that feed on oil. In 1853, in California, a lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers reported that "the channel between Santa Barbara and the islands is sometimes covered with a film of mineral oil, giving to the surface the beautiful prismatic hues that are produced when oil is poured on water." Always, it was found in seeps. Even until a few years after the Second World War, all Iranian oil fields were associated with surface seeps. The first well in Texas—1865—was drilled near a seep. A well in Ontario had been drilled six years earlier, and in the same summer the first commercial oil well in the United States was drilled in Pennsylvania by Colonel Edwin Drake—less than a hundred steps from Oil Creek.

Colonel Drake had no record of military service. He was a sick railroad conductor—forty years old but debilitated, too fragile to remain upright in the lurching aisles of the New York & New Haven. To the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company of Connecticut, which had bought farmland and timberland along Oil Creek, he had committed his life savings. Drake was not a geologist. He did not know that petroleum is primarily the remains of marine algae that pile up dead on the floors of shallow seas in situations that prevent oxidation. He did not know that the algal corpses slowly stew for millions of years at temperatures just high enough to crack them into crude.

He did not know that oil forms in one kind of rock and moves into another—forms in, say, the lagoonal muds of epicontinental seas, and moves later into the sandstones that were once the barrier beaches between the lagoons and the open sea. He did not know that Oil Creek had cut down through Pennsylvanian and Mississippian formations and on into a Devonian coast. Drake knew none of this in 1859, and neither did the science of geology. What Drake did know was that there was negotiability in the stuff that was dripping into Oil Creek. It was even used as medicine. Fleets of red wagons had been all over eastern America selling seepage as a health-enhancing drink. "Kier's Genuine Petroleum! Or Rock Oil! A natural remedy . . . possessing wonderful curative powers in diseases of the Chest, Windpipe and Lungs, also for the care of Diarrhea, Cholera, Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Asthma, Bronchitis, Scrofula, or King's Evil; Burns and Scalds, Neuralgia, Tetter, Ringworm, obstinate eruptions of the skin, Blotches and Pimples on the face, biles, deafness, chronic sore eyes, erysipelas . . ." Drake had, in addition, the encouragement of a Yale professor of chemistry who ran a bottle of the seepage through his lab and said, "It appears to me . . . that your company have in their possession a raw material from which, by simple and not expensive process, they may manufacture very valuable products. It is worthy of note that my experiments prove that nearly the *whole* of the raw product may be manufactured without waste." And what Drake had, above all, was the inspiration to go after the substance in its reservoir rock, not to be content to blot it up from the streambanks but to drill for it, never mind that he was making a fool of himself in the eyes of the local rubes. He would punch their tickets later. At sixty-nine and a half feet, he completed his discovery well.

There was an oil rush to Oil Creek, and frontier conditions in shantytowns, and forests of derricks on denuded hills. There was a town called Red Hot, Pennsylvania. There was Petroleum Centre. Pithole City. Babylon. In three months, the population of Pithole City went from nobody to fifteen thousand. River flatboats carried the oil to market. Their holds were divided into compartments, much as the holds of supertankers are divided now. Millers in the valley were paid royalties to release water on cue

James Kenrob
BY DALTON
We recommend
Woolite
cold water wash

Send for Tiffany's Catalogues

Tiffany's fall Selections Catalogue, 60 full-color pages of gift ideas, features collections of jewelry, sterling, china, crystal, watches, and much more by Tiffany's designers. $1.00

Tiffany's Christmas Card Catalogue features exclusive holiday cards in limited editions. Free.

Dear Tiffany:

☐ Please send me your Selections Catalogue. I enclose $1.00

☐ Please send me your free Christmas Card Catalogue

Name

Address

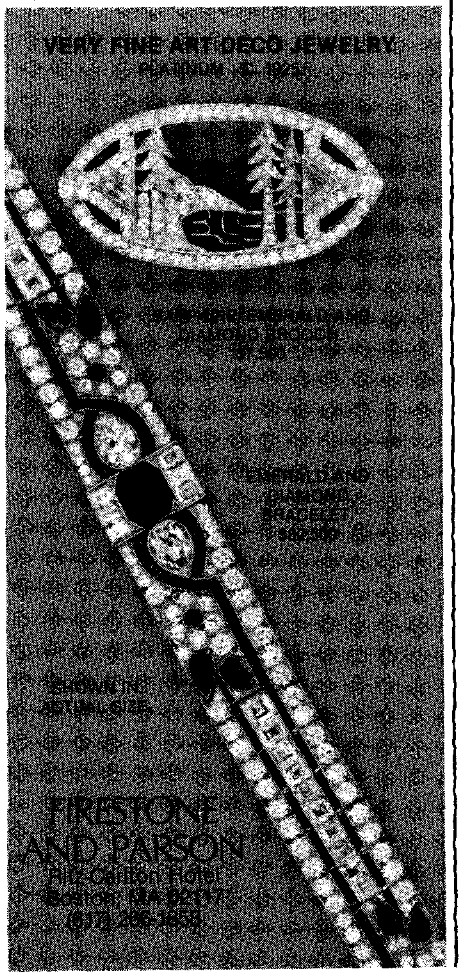
City State Zip

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET · ZIP: 10022

*Wonderful on a chilly night in Denmark... a mug of glogg... warm red wine spiced with cinnamon and raisins. And wonderful on a chilly night anywhere... a fabulous fur from the cozy shop of Birger Christensen.*

**BIRGER CHRISTENSEN**
*38 Østergade-Copenhagen-Denmark*

*By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court*



from millponds, raising the level of the creek to float the flatboats downstream. They sometimes broke and spilled.

The Dramatic Oil Company was established in the valley by John Wilkes Booth, who ruined his well trying to make it more productive. With failure, he departed, in the fall of 1864, to look for other things to do.

I am indebted for many of these facts to Ernest C. Miller, of the West Penn Oil Company, who collected them for the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission.

By 1871, oil was being pumped from the ground in nine countries, but ninety-one per cent of world production still came from Pennsylvania. When it was distilled into its components—paraffin, kerosene, and so forth—the gasoline, which in those days had no commercial value, was poured off into the ground.

Petroleum is rare because it represents an extremely low percentage of the life that has lived on earth. In rock, the ratio of all organic carbon to petroleum carbon is eleven thousand to one. For petroleum carbon to turn into oil and be preserved, many conditions have to align, the most important of which is the thermal history of the source rock—the temperature through time as recorded by, among other things, the colors of conodonts. "The petroleum in this valley makes some of the best lubricating oil in the world," Anita said. "It is a very low-specific-gravity oil and needs little refining, because it has been refined to near-perfection by natural earth processes. It has been at low temperatures—around a hundred degrees Celsius—for maybe two hundred million years. You can practically take it out of the ground and put it in your car."

FOR a hundred and fifty miles, we had been traversing country that was free of glacial drift. Nowhere to be seen were the tills and erratics, the drumlins and kames left behind by Wisconsinan ice. Like a lifted hem, the line of maximum advance had been up in New York State somewhere, but now, in westernmost Pennsylvania, the glacial front had billowed south, and where Interstate 80 meets the 80th meridian we again crossed the terminal moraine. Sign of the ice was everywhere—the alien boulders in the woods, the directional scratches on the country rock, the unsorted gravels, cobbles, and sands. The signature of glaciation is as bold as John Hancock's and as consistently recognizable wherever ice has moved across the solid earth. In the presence of the evidence, one has no difficulty imagining the arctic ambience, the high blue-white ice lobes thickening to the north, the white surface wide as the continent and swept by uninterrupted gales, the view in sunlight blinding, relieved only by isolated mountain summits, ice moving around them in the way that water slides past boulders in a stream.

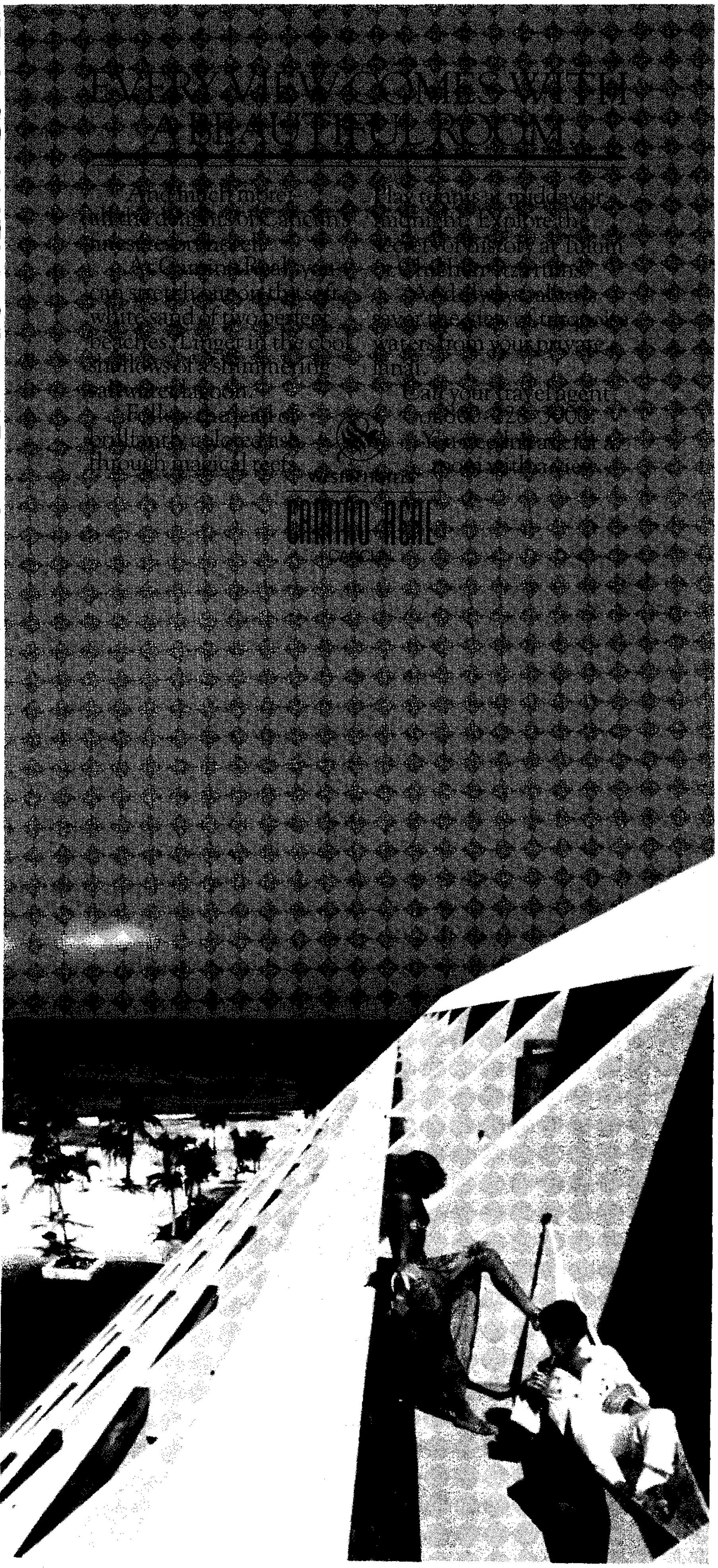
Welcome to Ohio. A sign in the median said "STAY AWAKE! STAY ALIVE!" Ohio is not rich in roadcuts. It is a little less poor, however, than Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, and before long we were running through burrowed marine shales and walls of lithified river sand. It was rippled Carboniferous sandstone. We were still in rock of that age, but gradually and imperceptibly we had been losing altitude since we climbed the Allegheny front. The eastern rim of the plateau had been more than two thousand feet high, and by now we were down to half that, as we moved farther away from the ancestral mountains and their wedge of sediment thinned.

We had come into the continent's province of supreme tectonic calm, the Stable Interior Craton, where a thin veneer of sediment lies flat upon the stolid fundament, where the geology—even by geological standards—is *exceptionally slow*. "This is the most conservative part of the U.S.," Anita said. "I've often thought about it. The wildest, craziest people are in the most tectonically active places."

And yet the craton stirs. There is no part of the face of the earth that vertically and laterally does not move. The bedding planes in Midwestern rock, which appear to be absolutely level, do in fact dip. They will descend across a great many miles and then rise, arching over the far rim of a vast and shallow bowl, and then subtly dip again to form a similar bowl: the Cincinnati Arch, the Michigan Basin, the Kankakee Arch, the Illinois Basin. Anita called the arches "basement highs." She said Hudson Bay is a continental basin, slowly filling up. The basins of the Midwest are filled to the brim with level ground. They are products of the creaking motions of the craton, in response perhaps to plays of force from deep within the mantle—a process that, in the general phrase, is "not well understood." They represent a degree of tectonic activity about as lively as the setting in of rigor mortis. This has not always been the regional story. There are roots of long-gone mountains deep in the rock of the stable craton, but it has not had an orogeny in a thousand million years. "What has the Midwest been doing since then? It's been sitting around doing nothing," Anita said. "It has just sat here ho-humming." Shallow seas may have quietly arrived and departed, and coal beds formed in the ground, but in all that time there has been no occurrence that can begin to rival in scope or total change the advent from the north of walls of marching ice.

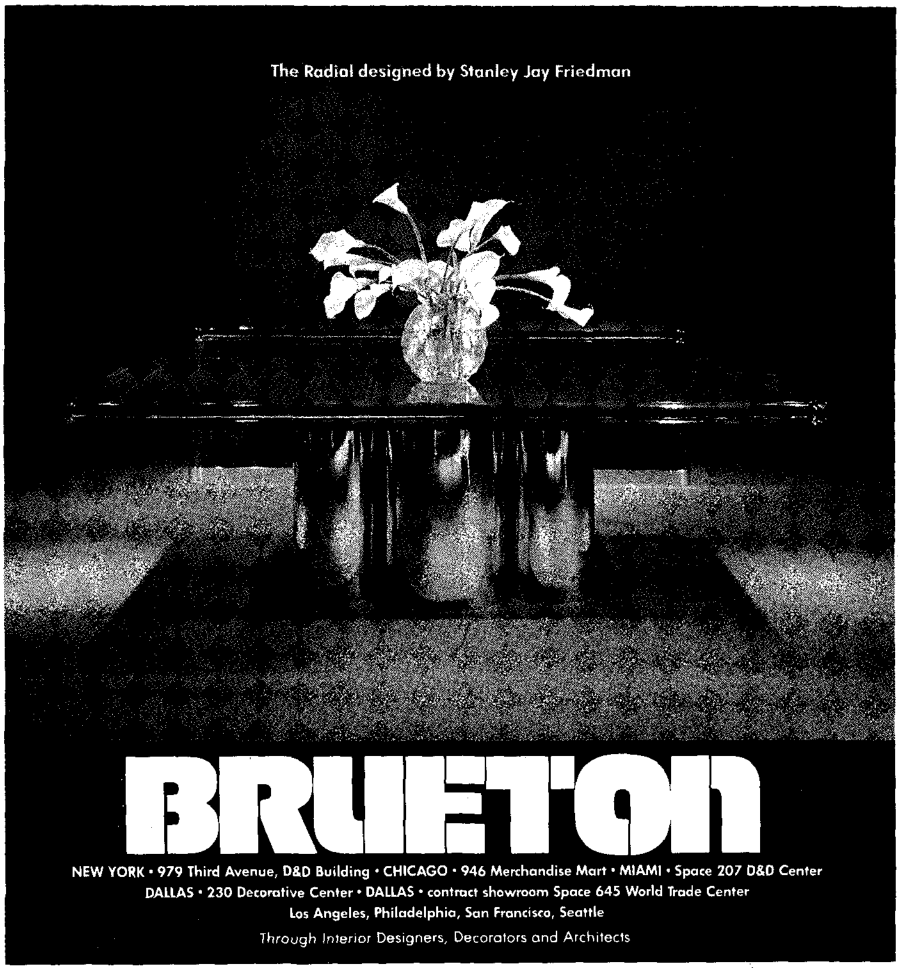
The ice was Antarctic in breadth. The traceable episodes of recent continental glaciation have each placed about as much ice over North America as is upon Antarctica now. In Wisconsinan time, which lasted about seventy-five thousand years and ended ten thousand years ago, three-fifths of all the ice in the world was on North America, another fifth covered most of Europe, and the rest was scattered. Of all special fields within the science, glacial geology is the most evident, the least inferred. It is, for one thing, contemporary. The ice is in recess but has not gone away. In addition to the ice of Antarctica, there is ice more than two miles thick over Greenland. There are twenty-seven thousand square miles of ice on Alaska (four per cent of Alaska). In Alaska, as in Switzerland and elsewhere in the world, you can see cirque glaciers feeding into the master glaciers of alpine valleys. You can see that the cirque glaciers have dug scallops into the high ridges, and where three or four cirque glaciers have been arranged like petals they have torn away the rock until all that remains is a slender horn—the Kitzsteinhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, the Matterhorn. Not only are ice sheets, ice fields, and individual glaciers operating today with effects observable as motions occur, but wherever they once flowed their products remain in abundance and intact. They have come and gone so recently.

The evidence may seem obvious now, but not until the eighteen-thirties did mankind figure it out. There had been insights, hints, and clues. James Hutton, the figure from the Scottish Enlightenment who by himself developed the comprehensive and novel view of the world on which modern geology rests, mentioned in his "Theory of the Earth" (1795) that the gravels and boulders of Switzerland's great valley appeared to have


EVERY VIEW COMES WITH A BEAUTIFUL ROOM.

And much more [illegible] of Cancun's [illegible]
At Camino Real you can stretch out on the soft white sand of two perfect beaches. Linger in the cool shallows of a shimmering saltwater lagoon.
Follow a [illegible] of brilliantly colored fish through magical reefs.
Play tennis at midday or midnight. Explore the [illegible] of history at Tulum or Chichen Itza ruins. [illegible] over the [illegible] waters from your private lanai.
Call your travel agent or 800-228-3000.
[illegible]

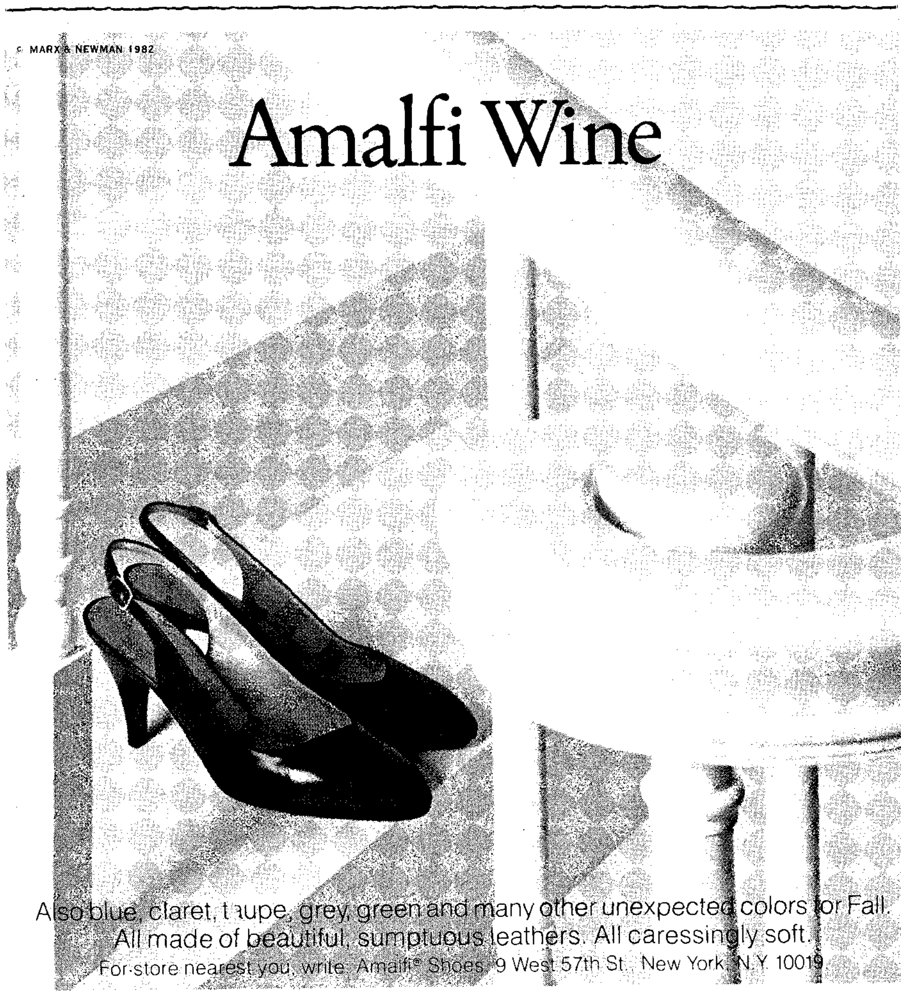
Westin Hotels
CAMINO REAL
CANCUN



The Radial designed by Stanley Jay Friedman

BRUETON

NEW YORK • 979 Third Avenue, D&D Building • CHICAGO • 946 Merchandise Mart • MIAMI • Space 207 D&D Center
DALLAS • 230 Decorative Center • DALLAS • contract showroom Space 645 World Trade Center
Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle
Through Interior Designers, Decorators and Architects



© MARX & NEWMAN 1982

Amalfi Wine

Also blue, claret, taupe, grey, green and many other unexpected colors for Fall.
All made of beautiful, sumptuous leathers. All caressingly soft.
For store nearest you, write: Amalfi® Shoes, 9 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

been put there by ancient extensions of alpine ice. But Hutton, who formed his theory among the scratched granites and drifted gravels of Scotland, never suspected that Scotland itself had been a hundred per cent covered—actually dunked into the mantle—by ten thousand feet of ice.

In 1815, in the Swiss Val de Bagnes, below the Pennine Alps, a mountaineer remarked to a geologist that all those big boulders standing around in odd places had been carried there by a glacier long since gone. The mountaineer's name was Perraudin. He was a hunter of chamois. The geologist was Jean de Charpentier. He did not believe the hunter and ignored the information. In Europe, Noah's Flood had for so long been regarded as the principal sculptor of the earth that almost no one was inclined to hazard an alternative interpretation. If boulders were out of touch with bedrock of their type, diluvian torrents had moved them, or flows of diluvian mud. In 1821, a Swiss bridge-and-highway engineer named Ignace Venetz told the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences that he believed what the mountaineer had told Charpentier. He believed, in addition, that boulders had been scattered all over Switzerland by glaciers of "*hauteur gigantesque*" from "*une époque qui se perd dans les nuits des temps*." Venetz was ignored, too—until Charpentier decided, twelve years later, that his suppositions were probably correct. Charpentier caused Venetz's paper to be published and meanwhile went out to gather, name, and classify evidence of moving ice: erratic boulders, striations and polish on bedrock, lateral and terminal moraines. In 1834, he submitted to the Helvetic Society his "Notice sur la Cause Probable du Transport des Blocs Erratiques de la Suisse," which was also ignored, not to say ridiculed.

Charpentier was political in the scientific world. Great "savants" like Leopold von Buch and Alexander von Humboldt had been classmates of his at the Freiberg Mining Academy. He lived above Lake Geneva in the alpine valley of the Rhone. Savants collected in numbers at his table. In the summer of 1836, Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz, a professor of natural history at the College of Neuchâtel, took a house up the road. Agassiz was only twenty-nine years old, but he had done work in paleontology for which he had earned a considerable reputation. He had travelled, too. He had become a protégé of von Humboldt. He had worked in Paris for Georges Cuvier. And like von Humboldt, von Buch—like everybody else who had heard about the theory of the ice—he thought it absurd.

When von Humboldt went on field trips to look at rocks, he wore a top hat, a white cravat, and a black double-breasted frock coat that reached to his knees. He was imitated by, among others, Cuvier and von Buch. Agassiz was less formal, but in no particular did he resemble a scuffed-booted, bluejeaned, twentieth-century field geologist when he set out with Charpentier to stroll through the valley of the upper Rhone. What Agassiz saw forever altered his life, as ice had altered the valley. When he left, he had no remaining doubt of the truth of what Perraudin, Venetz, and Charpentier believed. Wandering the Swiss countryside low and high, he found further evidence everywhere he went—grooved rock, polished rock, moraines where ice had long been gone, boulders rounded off and set where water never could have shoved them. He visited similar landscapes in enough places to spread far in his imagination the contiguity they implied, and in one spark of intuition he saw the ice covering more than the valley, the canton, the nation. The idea of continental glaciation fell into place—a stunning moment of realization that ice many thousands of feet thick had been contiguous from Ireland to Russia. When the Helvetic Society met in Neuchâtel in the summer of 1837, Louis Agassiz—as its president-elect—addressed the savants. Instead of reading an expected discourse in paleontology, he outlined at great length the evidence and chronology of glacial history as he had come to see it, announcing to the Society and to the world at large what would before long be known as the Ice Age.

He called it the *Époque Glaciaire*. By any name, at home or abroad, it did not overwhelm his colleagues. He was attacked far more than defended. Von Buch literally threw up his hands, and not without the perspectives of the future partly on his side, for Agassiz—like the "plate-tectonics boys," as seen by Anita Harris—had not known where to stop. His remarks had gone beyond his reconstruction from observable phenomena of a cover of ice across the whole of northern Europe: he had concluded that the newborn Alps, rising under the ice, had caused it to break up.

Agassiz's friend and mentor Alex-

MEXICO CITY'S NEWEST HOTEL REINTRODUCES AN OLD TRADITION.

The tradition is service, first-rate service. A tradition as old as the great hotels of Europe and as new as the Galeria Plaza. It's an attitude, the way the people of the Galeria Plaza make you feel at home at once.

And it's a very particular way of doing things. Exquisitely. Superb cuisine is prepared with pride and presented with finesse. The only complete concierge service in Mexico City sees to your every comfort.

Even the address says first-rate service. The Galeria is in the Zona Rosa, renowned for shops and entertainment and close to businesses.

Call your travel agent or 800-228-3000. And make the Galeria one of your Mexican traditions.

WESTIN HOTELS

Galeria Plaza

WE BELIEVE TELEVISION SHOULD TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE.

At Gulf Oil Corporation, we believe American television has an enormous potential to enlighten and inspire through programming that's spontaneous. Creative. And sometimes, unexpected.

That's why we continue to underwrite the National Geographic Specials, now in production for next season. These award-winning documentaries have become one of the most popular series in Public Television history—proof that television can indeed marry critical acclaim with family appeal.

Join us for adventure and discovery. Watch your local Public Television listings for selected Specials encoring this summer and fall.

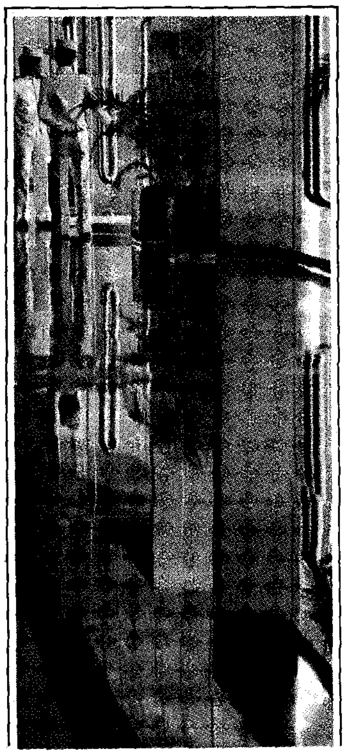
GULF OIL CORPORATION
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
PUBLIC TELEVISION

PARTNERS · IN · DISCOVERY

© Gulf Oil Corporation · 1982

RHK198CB

*"I'd say it's the most impressive lobby in Hong Kong. It has nearly as much marble as the bathrooms."*



In Hong Kong, there is a hotel for perfectionists. Who expect their hotel to have remarkable service, famous restaurants, and believe that bathrooms should be marble, with separate showers and sunken tubs. The Regent of Hong Kong lives up to all this. And more.

the Regent HONG KONG

A REGENT® INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

HONG KONG. BANGKOK. KUALA LUMPUR. MANILA. COLOMBO. FIJI. SYDNEY. ALBUQUERQUE. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. PUERTO RICO. MAUI. MONTREAL.

**HONG KONG 3-7211211, TELEX HX37134; U.S.A. TOLL FREE 800-545-4000 OR YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.**

ander von Humboldt, whose name reposes in the western Americas in the Humboldt Current and the Humboldt River, strongly urged Agassiz to go back to cataloguing fossil fishes, the work for which Agassiz was internationally known and for which the Geological Society of London had awarded him the Wollaston Medal. "You spread your intellect over too many subjects at once," he wrote to Agassiz. "I think that you should concentrate . . . on fossil fishes. In so doing, you will render a greater service to positive geology than by these general considerations (a little icy withal) on the revolutions of the primitive world. . . . You will say that this is making you the slave of others; perfectly true, but such is the pleasing position of affairs here below. Have I not been driven for thirty-three years to busy myself with that tiresome America . . . ? Your ice frightens me."

Agassiz's response was to address himself more intensively than ever to glaciers—glaciers of the present and the past. "Since I saw the glaciers I am quite of a snowy humor, and will have the whole surface of the earth covered with ice, and the whole prior creation dead by cold," he wrote in English to an English geologist. "In fact I am quite satisfied that ice must be taken in every complete explanation of the last changes which occurred at the surface of Europe." He found moraines on the plains of France. He found Swedish boulders in Germany. In Grindelwald, a stranger heard his name and, seeing his boyish appearance, asked if he was the son of the great and famous professor.

In 1839, Agassiz went to the glaciers on the apron of the Matterhorn, the glaciers under the Eiger and the Jungfrau. He walked up the Aar Glacier to the base of the Finsteraarhorn, the highest peak in the Bernese Oberland. "There I ascertained the most important fact that I now know concerning the advance of glaciers," he wrote later. From a message in a bottle in a cabin on the ice, he had learned that the monk who built the place in 1827 had returned nine years later to find it more than two thousand feet down the mountain. Agassiz established his own shelter on the Aar Glacier. He and his colleagues drove stakes into the ice—a row of them straight across the glacier—and before long discovered that glacier ice, like a river, flows more rapidly in the center and also tends to speed up toward the outsides of bends. Diverting a meltwater stream that was pouring into a deep hole in the ice, he set up a sturdy tripod at the surface and had himself lowered into the glacier. He was twenty fathoms down in a banded sapphire world when his feet touched water and he shouted instructions that his descent be stopped. His colleagues on the glacier misinterpreted his cry and lowered him into the water. The next shout was different and was clearly understood. The dripping Agassiz was raised toward the surface among stalactites of Damoclean ice, so big that had they broken they would have killed him. Concluding the experiment, he said, "Unless induced by some powerful scientific motive, I should not advise anyone to follow my example." The better to see the alpine-valley ice in its regional perspective, Agassiz and his team climbed mountains—they climbed the Jungfrau, the Schreckhorn, the Finsteraarhorn—and made their observations from the summits, completely unmindful atop a number of the mountains that no one had been there before.

Agassiz went to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, looking for the tracks of glaciers. He found them in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. As in Switzerland, he saw *roches moutonnées*—humps of exposed bedrock that were characteristically smooth on the side from which the ice had arrived, and plucked and shattered on the other. "The surface of Europe, adorned before by a tropical vegetation and inhabited by troops of large elephants, enormous hippopotami, and gigantic carnivora, was suddenly buried under a vast mantle of ice, covering alike plains, lakes, seas, and plateaus," he wrote in his "Études sur les Glaciers" (1840). "Upon the life and movement of a powerful creation fell the silence of death. Springs paused, rivers ceased to flow, the rays of the sun, rising upon this frozen shore (if, indeed, it was reached by them), were met only by the breath of the winter from the north and the thunders of the crevasses as they opened across the surface of this icy sea."

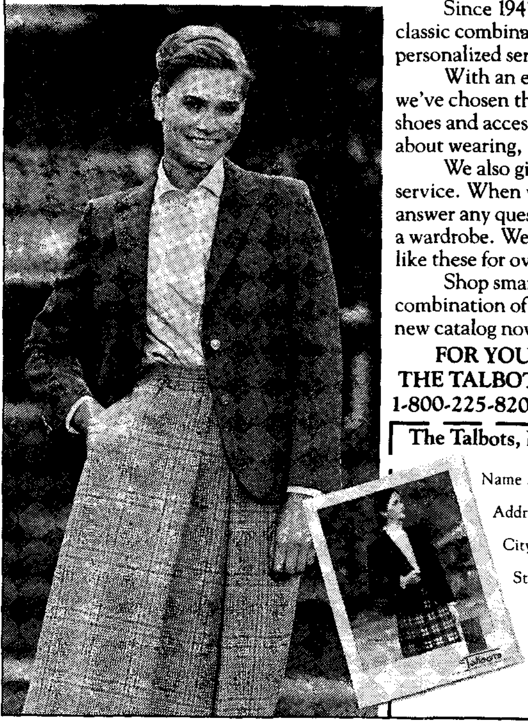
The reception all this got continued to be colder than the ice. Von Buch, author of the first geological map of Germany and already celebrated for his studies of volcanism, did not conceal his indignation. In fact, he had apparently removed Agassiz's name from consideration for a professorial chair at the University of Berlin. Sir Roderick Murchison, the Scottish ge-

When you want Asia's most important medium, ask the people in Asia most important to you.

The Asian Wall Street Journal.

*For information contact Ken Bagge, Advertising Manager. The Asian Wall Street Journal, 22 Cortlandt Street, New York, NY 10007, (212) 285-8479.*

SHOP SMART THIS SEASON



Since 1947, The Talbots has been offering a classic combination of timeless fashion and personalized service.

With an eye for good taste and lasting value, we've chosen the best of today's styles in clothing, shoes and accessories that you'll wear, and feel good about wearing, for seasons to come.

We also give you our famous personalized service. When you call, our personal shoppers will answer any questions, make suggestions, or help plan a wardrobe. We've been paying attention to details like these for over 35 years, and we always will.

Shop smart this season, and discover the classic combination of service and style. Send for The Talbots new catalog now.

**FOR YOUR FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE TALBOTS CATALOG, CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-225-8200 (IN MASS. 1-800-232-8181) or write**

**The Talbots, Dept. GZ, Hingham, MA 02043.**

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________________

State ______________ Zip ________

The Talbots
Since 1947

**"Look, Muffy, a store for us."**

"Trimingham Bros., Front Street, Hamilton Bermuda. A major reason the pink-and-green island of Bermuda is such a popular Preppy vacation spot. Sales of reasonably priced Fair Isle sweaters, tartan kilts, and Bermuda bags by the gross are not unusual."
From The Official Preppy Handbook

Come visit us in Bermuda
We're all this and more.

Trimingham's
Since 1842

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
• 1892-1982 •
The adventure goes on.

**An Abercrombie legend for the sporting collector.**

Federal Duck Stamp plates created exclusively in Limoges for Abercrombie & Fitch since 1951. Limited edition collection of 11" plates includes: Gadwalls by Maynard Reece; 1956-57 American Mergansers by Edward J. Bierly; 1958-59 Canada Geese by Leslie C. Kouba; 1960-61 Redheads by John A. Ruthven; 1962-63 Pintails by Edward H. Morris; 1968-69 Hooded Mergansers by C. G. Pritchard. Individually, $50. Collection of six, $275.

Major Credit Cards, include all numbers & expiration date. Checks accepted. Mail to Abercrombie & Fitch,
Dept. 20107
1501 Paddock Dr., Northbrook, Il. 60062.
Call toll-free 800-228-5000.

ologist who had identified and named the Silurian system, warned that he was prepared to "make fight." Addressing the Geological Society of London, he said, "Once grant to Agassiz that his deepest valleys of Switzerland, such as the enormous Lake of Geneva, were formerly filled with snow and ice, and I see no stopping place. From that hypothesis you may proceed to fill the Baltic and the northern seas, cover southern England and half of Germany and Russia with similar icy sheets, on the surfaces of which all the northern boulders might have been shot off. So long as the greater number of the practical geologists of Europe are opposed to the wide extension of a terrestrial glacial theory, there can be little risk that such a doctrine should take too deep a hold of the mind."

Whatever the cause, the effects Agassiz was studying impressed von Humboldt as purely local phenomena. Agassiz's "*descente aux enfers*"—into the innards of the glacier—alarmed his friend as a physical risk commensurate with the risk Agassiz was taking with his paleontological reputation. Von Humboldt wrote to say that he had now "read and compared all that has been written for and against the ice-period" and that he was no closer to accepting the theory. He quoted Mme. de Sévigné's saying that "grace from on high comes slowly." And added, "I especially desire it for the glacial period."

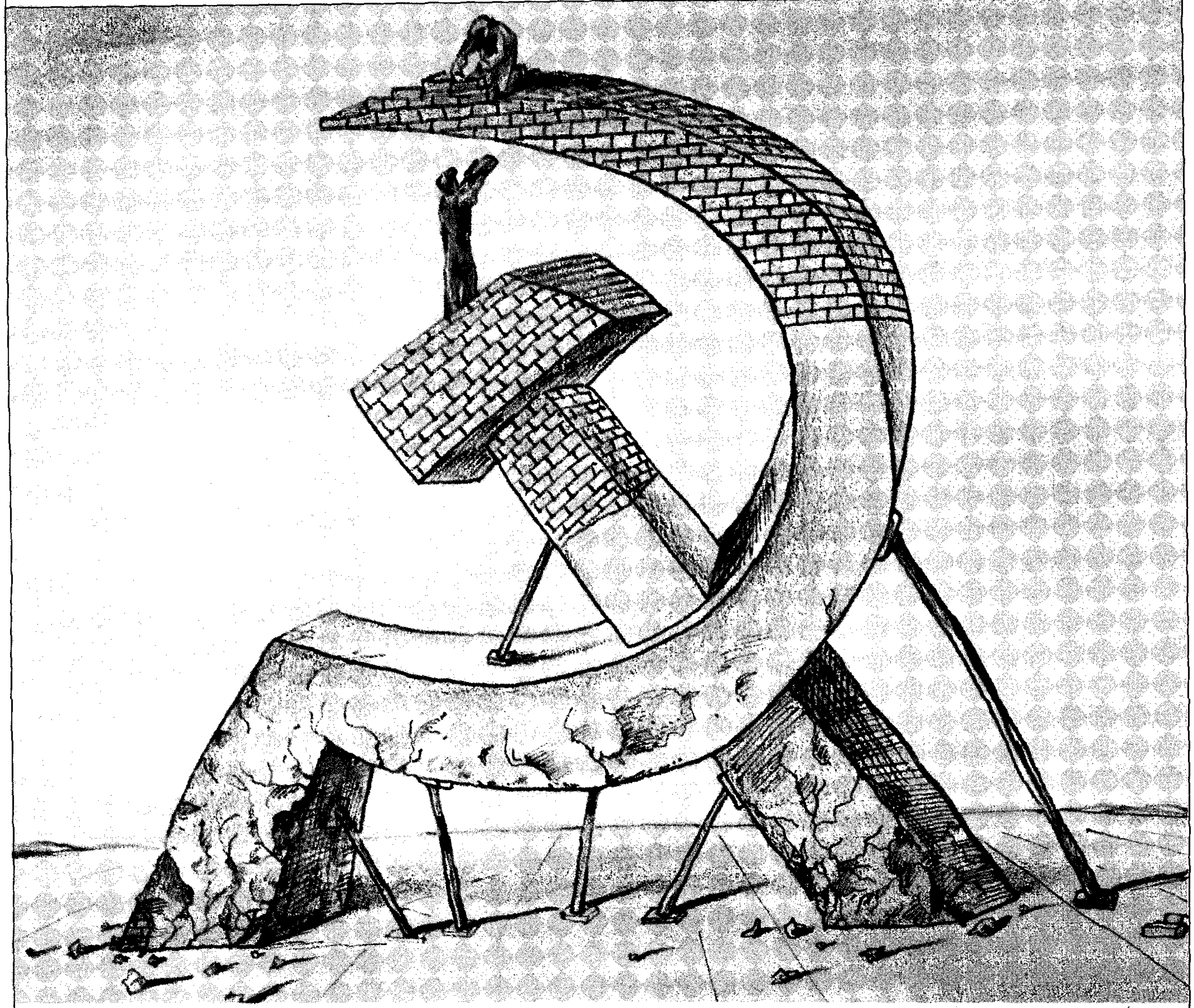
The turnabout was at hand, however. Charles Lyell, the most outstanding British geologist of the nineteenth century, closely read the "Études sur les Glaciers" and found himself enlightened. "Lyell has adopted your theory in toto!!!" a friend wrote to Agassiz. "On my showing him a beautiful cluster of moraines, within two miles of his father's house, he instantly accepted it, as solving a host of difficulties that have all his life embarrassed him." Charles Darwin hurried out into the countryside to see for himself if there were "marks left by extinct glaciers." He wrote to a friend, "I assure you, an extinct volcano could hardly leave more evident traces of its activity and vast powers. . . . The valley about here and the site of the inn at which I am now writing must once have been covered by at least eight hundred or a thousand feet in thickness of solid ice! Eleven years ago I spent a whole day in the valley where yesterday everything but the ice of the glaciers was palpably clear to me, and I then saw nothing but plain water and bare rock."

The scientific dons of Cambridge continued stubborn, but—as would happen with the theory of plate tectonics in the years following the revelations of the nineteen-sixties—geologists in expanding numbers accepted the glacial picture, and before long there was a low percentage that did not enthusiastically subscribe. Delivering an address in 1862 to the Geological Society of London, Sir Roderick Murchison declared without shame that he, too, now saw the picture. He sent a copy of his address to Agassiz with a note that said, "I have had the sincerest pleasure in avowing that I was wrong in opposing as I did your grand and original idea of my native mountains. Yes! I am now convinced that glaciers did descend from the mountains to the plains as they do now in Greenland."

GREENLAND is eighty-five per cent capped with ice. Anyone who doubts that we live in a glacial epoch need only note the great whiteness that Greenland contributes to a map. "The ice melted here eighteen thousand years ago," Anita said, with a nod toward the roadside in Ohio. "It melted twelve thousand years ago in Wisconsin and Maine. If you ask a penguin in the Antarctic, the Ice Age hasn't stopped yet."

The ice on Antarctica, six million square miles, is also (generally) two miles thick. "You get ice caps when you have landmasses in the polar positions," Anita went on. "The only thing worse would be if the Siberian landmass were sitting over the North Pole. Then, God help us, things would be really bad. As it is, the sea ice at the North Pole is only six feet thick. It takes a continent to support a really heavy sheet of ice. If the ice of Greenland and Antarctica were to melt now, sea level would go up at least a hundred feet. Think what the water would cover. Half the cities in the world. In the South, you can be three hundred miles from the coast and only fifty feet above sea level. Through most of time, the earth has been without ice caps. Twenty thousand years ago, when there was much more ice than there is now, the sea was three hundred feet lower. The coast was more than a hundred miles east of New York. You could have walked to the edge of the continental shelf. Bal-

TIME



Eugene Mihaesco

# Specter and struggle.

*Defeat and disaster seem unable to exorcise the specter of Communism because it's a system designed not to serve any society, but to protect its own power.*

Assembling, verifying and editing facts are really only half the job of a responsible journalist. The other half of the job is getting inside the reader's head, as it were: anticipating his questions, empathizing with an intelligent appetite for causes carefully traced and connections well established.

Recently, TIME addressed itself to one of the most persistent questions of our time: the ability of Communism to maintain its domination of more than a third of the world's people despite the most crippling defects and reversals.

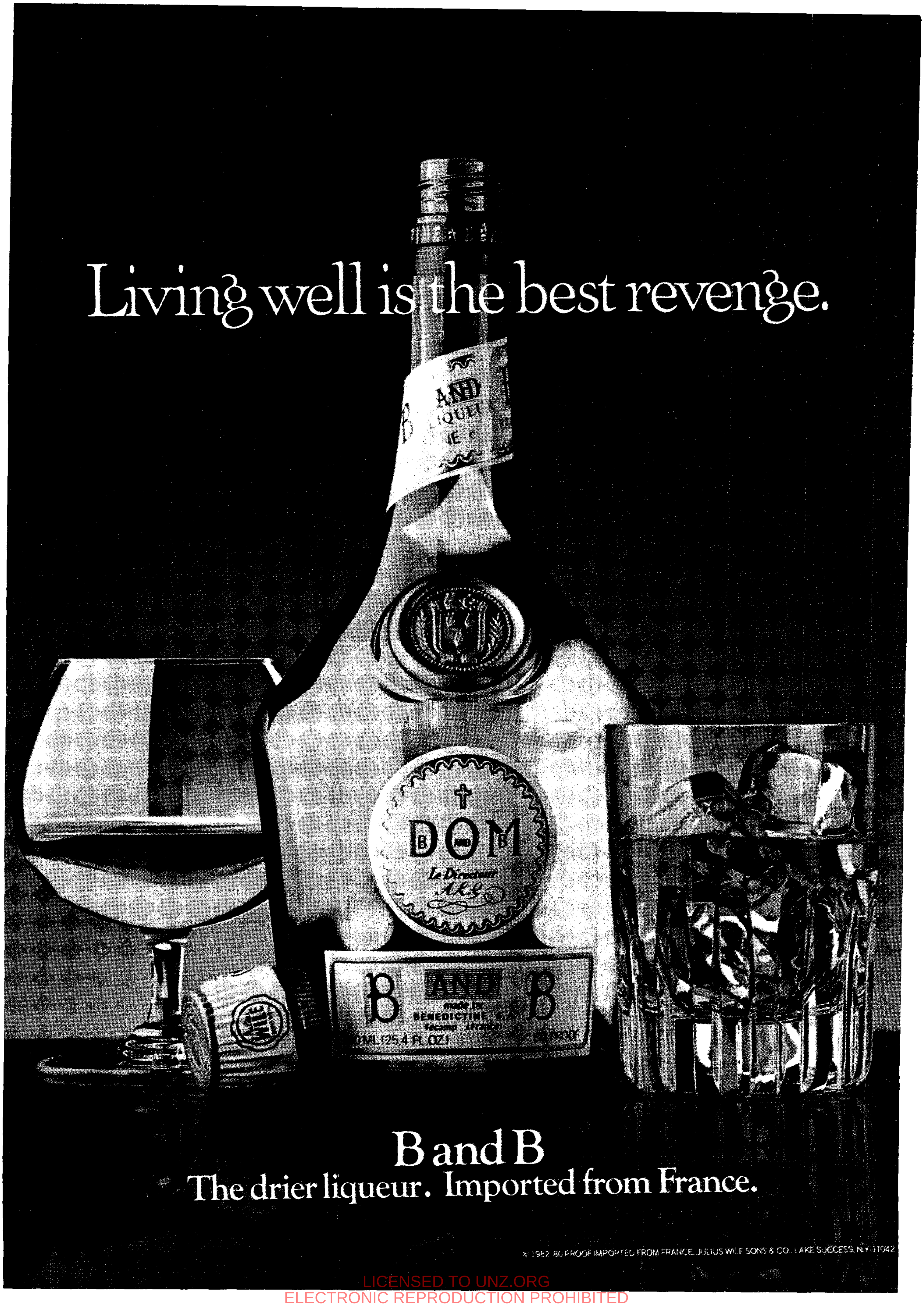
With remarkable dexterity, TIME's Diplomatic Correspondent, Strobe Talbott, wrote a comprehensive primer on Communism: tracing its philosophical and historical roots; interpreting its values and accomplishments–not only through his own knowledge, but through the comments and evaluations of historians and political theorists of many times and nations; identifying the sources of its uncanny strength; and establishing the reasons why, although Communism is itself in danger, it is still dangerous.

It is a major work of scholarship, remarkable in its conciseness, very learned, full of information and insight, presented with an easy and informed fluency of style that is a delight to read. Precisely the kind of complete communication that persuades millions more people to read TIME each week than any other news magazine.

TIME

**More goes into it.**

©1982 Time Inc.


DOM
B AND B
Le Directeur
B AND B
made by
BENEDICTINE S.A.
Fecamp (France)
80 PROOF

Living well is the best revenge.

B and B
The drier liqueur. Imported from France.

© 1982 80 PROOF IMPORTED FROM FRANCE. JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. LAKE SUCCESS, N.Y. 11042

timore Canyon, Hudson Canyon were exposed in the open air."

Outside the automobile window were three landscapes, trifocal, occupying separate levels in time and mind. Latently pictured in the rock beside the road was the epicratonic sea of three hundred and twenty million years ago, with the Cincinnatia Islands off to the west somewhere, in what is known to geologists as Ohio Bay. There was also evidence of the deep ice of twenty thousand years ago, with its lobate front some distance to the south, near Canton, Massillon, and Wooster. And there was, of course, the slightly rumpled surface of the modern state of Ohio, looking like a bedspread on which someone had taken a nap. Not nearly as flat as the rock below was the undulating interstate, where diesel exhausts were pluming and Winnebagos were yawing in the wind.

"The goal of many geologists is to make time-lapse maps of earth history," Anita remarked. "Look at topographic maps from just a hundred years ago for coastal areas of low relief, and the changes are tremendous."

We went through a ten-metre roadcut of massive sandstone so rich in iron it had rusted the road. Being tough by comparison with its neighboring rock, it stood high and formed a hill, and hence it had been blasted to convenience the interstate. "That is one hell of a sandstone," Anita said with enthusiasm, seeing in it something I could not discern.

We crossed a river. "That was the well-known Cuyahoga," she said. "If you swim in it, you dissolve."

The Cuyahoga was flowing south. It rises in northeasternmost Ohio, runs south into Akron, then reverses its direction, swinging north through Cleveland and into Lake Erie.

More warning signs flashed by. "STAY AWAKE! STAY ALIVE!"

Anita said, "I'm trying. I'm trying."

Now spanning the road was an Italianate steel-arch bridge, standing on Berea sandstone, a fragment of the Berea Delta, of early Mississippian age, which had extended its bird-foot shape far into Ohio Bay. We stopped, and picked quartz pebbles the size of golf balls out of a conglomerate there. "These would have been just offshore," she said. "You can take the pebbles out of the rock with your hands because it was never heated up like the conglomerate at the Delaware Water Gap. This was never buried

Woven in the British Isles

At better stores or write: Bill Blass Clothing,
743 Fifth Avenue, New York City, NY 10022

**Bill Blass Clothing**

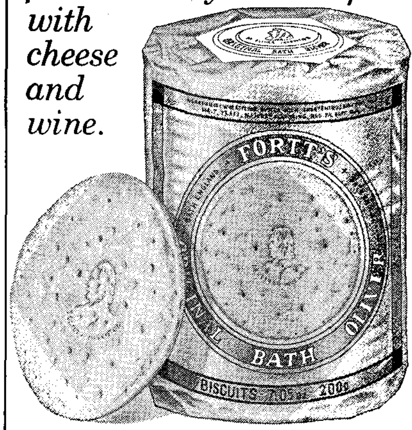
THE GARDEN WAS IN BLOOM

Neither of you could believe the outrageous outfits. And the outrageous people. But somehow it made the concert more fun. And the music more exciting. Now you're heading home in your Pontiac Grand Prix, and the music of the highway is the only sound you need. This is the kind of performance you love. And for the second time tonight, you've got the best seats in the house.

For an '83 Pontiac catalog, write to Pontiac Advertising, 1 Pontiac Plaza, Pontiac, Mich. 48053

# The Ultimate Biscuit For Cheese.

*England's favorite biscuit for over 200 years. Perfect with cheese and wine.*



**FORTT'S**
**ORIGINAL BATH OLIVER**
*Unchanged since 1758.*

At fine food and cheese shops. For the one nearest you, write:
Associated Biscuits, P.O. Box 3805, Stamford, CT 06905

**FREE BANK BOOK OF SAVINGS.**

JoS. A. Bank Clothiers

**Call toll-free or send for 88 pg. catalog of fine traditional clothing for men & women.**

Shop conveniently from our full-color catalog. It's brimming with classic clothing and accessories, priced far below most fine stores. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. ☎ Call toll-free 800-228-5000 anytime...or mail coupon below.

**JoS. A. Bank® Clothiers**
25 S. Charles Street/Baltimore, Md. 21201
Please send free catalog to:
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ______
©1982 BAD

much. It is not well lithified. It hasn't experienced enough heat to get tough."

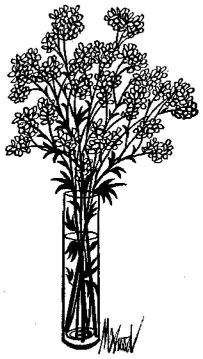
A few miles west, we crossed the Cuyahoga River again, and looked down some distance from the interstate bridge into the Cuyahoga's extensively reamed-out valley, with its modest, meandering stream.

"It's an underfit stream," said Anita. "A little half-ass stream in a valley made wide by glacier ice. The Cuyahoga's valley was steepened and entrenched, like Yosemite."

"You are comparing the Cuyahoga Valley with Yosemite?"

"Technically."

We left the interstate and followed the valley into Cleveland. The Cuyahoga River has suffered a bad press. When it caught fire a few years ago, it attracted national attention. Its percentage of water had become low relative to its content of hydrogen in various combinations with carbon. The river burned so fiercely that two railroad bridges were nearly destroyed. There was no mention in the papers of the good things the river had done. It had made parks. It had been there before the glacier ice and had cut down five hundred feet through Mississippian formations into Senecan and Chautauquan time—stages of the late Devonian. It cut deep ravines, which the ice later broadened into canyons. The ice augered through the V-shaped valley and turned it into a U. Which is what ice did at Yosemite—with the difference that the walls of Yosemite are speckled white granite, while the canyon walls of Cleveland are flaky black gasiferous anoxic shale. As mud, the shale was deposited in quiet water in a late Devonian sea. The rock contains the unoxidized remains of so many living things that it is by volume as much as twenty per cent organic. In thin laminations, it grew layer upon layer—paper shale. "The water was so quiet you can trace the same little lens forever," Anita said. "The formation produces gas like crazy. The gas migrates up into the sandstone above, which holds it. Berea sandstone. People drill their own wells to the Berea and heat their homes." Much of Cleveland's metropolitan-park system is in the deep Yosemite of the Cuyahoga River, under paper-flake carbon cliffs—a natural world of natural gas.



Like the Cuyahoga today, most rivers in Ohio before the recent ice sheets looked for outlets to the north and northwest. Nearly all were wiped away by the planing drive of ice. Water pooled against the glacial front and spilled away to the south and west. It skirted the ice, roughly tracing its southernmost outline, forming a new river system and a "periglacial valley"—the Ohio River, the Ohio Valley.

WHEN Darwin published "The Origin of Species," its affront to organized religion did not altogether exceed the dismay that was felt in science. Even Sir Charles Lyell said, "Darwin goes too far." Thomas Henry Huxley and a few others were supportive, but almost every paleontologist in the British Isles was flat negative, and the geologist Adam Sedgwick, of Cambridge University, who, with Murchison, had discerned and established the Devonian system, described himself reading Darwin "with more pain than pleasure." He said, "Parts of it I admired greatly, parts I laughed at till my sides were almost sore; other parts I read with absolute sorrow, because I think them utterly false and grievously mischievous. Many . . . wide conclusions are based upon assumptions which can neither be proved nor disproved. . . . Darwin has deserted utterly the inductive track and taken the broadway of hypothesis." Applause for Darwin was even sparer from scientists across the Channel, with the notable exception of the Belgian geologist J. J. d'Omalius d'Halloy, who, as it happened, had subscribed from the beginning to Louis Agassiz's glacial theory as well, and whose "Terrain Crétacé" was the discovery ground for the worldwide Cretaceous system.

In the United States, by contrast with Europe, geologists, biologists—the scientific community at large—were for the most part quick supporters and early participants in the sweep of evolution. In the United States, also, there was a notable exception. He was Professor Louis Agassiz, of Harvard University. He had crossed the Atlantic and given a few lectures. He stayed for the rest of his life. He became, as he has remained, one of the most celebrated professors in the history of American education. It was a renown that rested largely on his amazing and

# NEW CHRISTMAS RATES

## $28

**a year—52 issues—
for the first subscription
(your own or gift)**

## $18

**for each additional
one-year gift subscription**

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada $6.00 per year;
other foreign $12.00 per year.

### Please send a New Yorker gift subscription to each of the following:

Your Name ______________________ (please print)
Address ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

1st gift ______________________ (please print)
Address ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read "From ______________________"

☐ Start subscription for me only. ☐ Start my subscription plus gifts. ☐ Start gifts only.

2nd gift ______________________ (please print)
Address ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read "From ______________________"

3rd gift ______________________ (please print)
Address ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read "From ______________________"

### Please complete your order here:

I enclose $ ______ to cover ______ subscriptions.

Or, charge my ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Acct. # ______________________ Exp. Date ______

Signature ______________________

4392

☐ Send gift cards to me for mailing.
☐ Send gift cards directly to recipients with my greeting.

**For faster service on credit card orders call toll-free
800-223-0200
(In New York State 212-840-3800)**

**THE NEW YORKER 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036**

COACH
LEATHERWARE

Nº 9625—Musette

*Coach® Bags and Belts are sold in our own stores and in selected stores throughout the country.*

*In addition to our New York store, there is a Coach® Store in Paris and Washington, D.C. and another opening soon in Seattle.*

*We also take telephone and mail orders and will be happy to send you our new 24-page catalogue.*

The Coach® Store
754 Madison Ave., New York City 10021
(212) 594-1581

Jeeves
Your personal clothes care service.
Hand Finished Dry Cleaning, Leather, Suede and Fur Service.

Hand Laundering of Shirts and Fine Linens.
Alterations, Cold Storage, Collections, Deliveries.
Nation wide postal service

Send for a brochure

NEW YORK LONDON
JEEVES ®

Jeeves of Belgravia
770 Madison Ave (66th St)
New York, NY 10021
(212) 570-9130

® Jeeves Logotype is a trade mark
© 1974 Jeeves International Limited

infectious capacity for talking about ice. Never mind that he could not speak schoolroom English. His words drew pictures of glaciers in motion, many thousands of feet thick and larger by far than the Sahara. His words drew pictures of glacier ice over Boston, in the act of depositing Cape Cod; of glacier ice over Bridgeport, in the act of depositing Long Island; of ice retreating from Concord, leaving Walden Pond. Harvard was, at core, a drumlin, a glacial coprolite, packed in recessional outwash. America excited Agassiz, as well it might, for it had held the greater part of the ice he had dreamed of, covering the world.

He went to Lake Superior and paddled its shoreline in a bark canoe. The features he saw there he had known in Neuchâtel. He went to the Hudson Highlands and remembered the highlands of the Rhine. "The erratic phenomena and the traces of glaciers . . . everywhere cover the surface of the country," he wrote. "Polished rocks, as distinct as possible; moraines continuous over large spaces; stratified drift, as on the borders of the glacier of Grindelwald." He went to the Connecticut Valley: "The erratic phenomena are also very marked in this region; polished rocks everywhere, magnificent furrows on the sandstone and on the basalt, and parallel moraines defining themselves like ramparts upon the plain. . . . What a country is this! All along the road between Boston and Springfield are ancient moraines and polished rocks. No one who had seen them upon the track of our present glaciers could hesitate as to the real agency by which all these erratic masses, literally covering the country, have been transported. I have had the pleasure of converting already several of the most distinguished American geologists to my way of thinking."

Henry David Thoreau took Agassiz's book out of the Harvard library and returned it a few weeks later—perhaps unread. Apparently, Thoreau never knew that Walden Pond was a glacial kettle, had no idea that he lived among moraines and drumlins, ice-transported hills. Although he and Agassiz were acquainted and shared the same part of Massachusetts for sixteen years, there is in Thoreau's work no discussion of glaciation. Thoreau evidently never suspected that all his Nausets and Chesuncooks, Merrimacks and Middlesex ponds had been made and shaped by ice.

Agassiz was so caught up in glacial and general geology that he would try to teach it to stagecoach drivers. He believed that anyone, given a little help, could understand the nature of the earth. In Boston, in order to make his case perfectly and avoid the rockslides of his Franco-Germanic accent and syntax, he announced that he would give a series of lectures in French on the *Époque Glaciaire*. People paid to hear it, and he preserved their admiration in recrystallized *mots justes*. When he spoke of the Jura, the Pennine Alps, and the boulders in the valleys between, no one was as moved as Agassiz. His great range of expression did not exclude tears. With his large forehead, full lips, aquiline nose, and shoulder-flowing hair, he all but held a baton in his hand with which to conduct the movements of the ice. One Saturday a month, he met with his friends for a late, seven-course lunch from which no one was in a hurry to go home. They would meet, like as not, at "Parker's" in Boston, in a room looking out on City Hall. "Agassiz always sat at the head of the table by native right of his large good-fellowship and intense enjoyment of the scene," his friend Sam Ward eventually recalled. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow generally sat at the other end, with Oliver Wendell Holmes on his right. Holmes preferred his windowlight over the shoulder. On around the table were James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Ebenezer Hoar, Benjamin Peirce, Charles Eliot Norton, and James Elliot Cabot, among others. Agassiz, with a glass of wine at his elbow, would sometimes conduct the conversation with two lighted cigars, one in each hand. Holmes said of him that he had "the laugh of a big giant." Longfellow was relieved and pleased when Agassiz told him he liked the description of the glacier in "Hyperion." Emerson in his journal described Agassiz as "a broad-featured unctuous man, fat and plenteous." Sir Charles Lyell was invited, on his visits to America. United States Senator Charles Sumner was occasionally present as well. Agassiz was indifferent to him, because Sumner showed too much interest in politics.

The group was known as Agassiz's Club, more officially as the Saturday Club. One summer, when the club went off to the Adirondacks on a camping trip, Longfellow refused to go, because Emerson was taking a gun. "Somebody will be shot," said Longfellow, explaining that Emerson was too vague to be trusted with a gun. Longfellow's works of poetry include a birthday ballad in praise of Agassiz, which Longfellow read aloud at the Saturday Club, and in which Nature addressed the Professor:

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

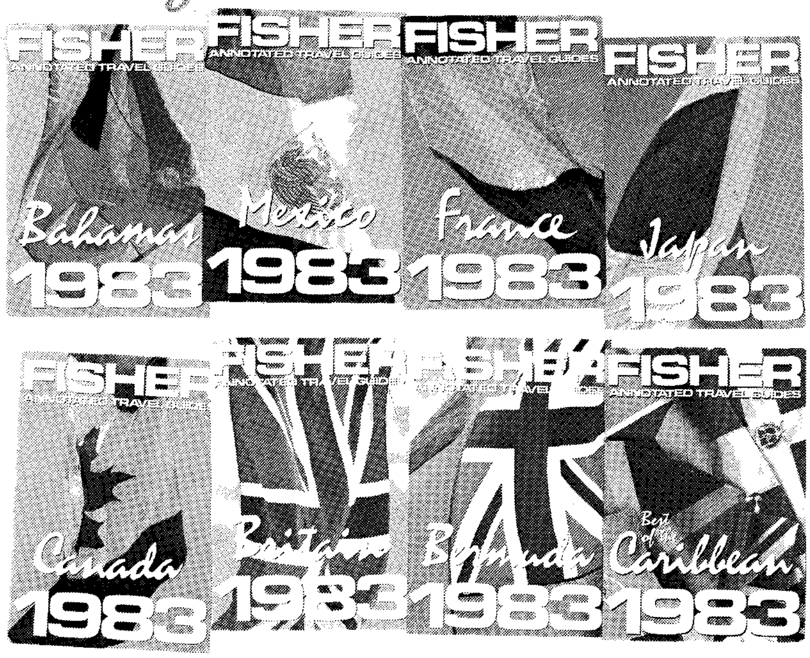
John Greenleaf Whittier also wrote a poem about Agassiz, more than a hundred lines in length, ten of which are these:

Said the Master to the youth:
"We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,
Him, the endless, unbegun,
The unnameable, the One
Light of all our light the Source,
Life of life, and Force of force."

Longfellow, travelling in Europe in 1868, called on Charles Darwin. "What a set of men you have in Cambridge," Darwin said to him. "Both our universities put together cannot furnish the like. Why, there is Agassiz—he counts for three."

Darwin's generosity was remarkable in the light of Agassiz's reaction to "The Origin of Species." As Agassiz summarized it: "The world has arisen in some way or other. How it originated is the great question, and Darwin's theory, like all other attempts to explain the origin of life, is thus far merely conjectural. I believe he has not even made the best conjecture possible in the present state of our knowledge." Agassiz never accepted Darwinian evolution. Many years earlier, as a young man, and as a result of his paleontological researches, he wrote the following: "More than fifteen hundred species of fossil fishes with which I have become acquainted say to me that the species do not pass gradually from one to the other, but appear and disappear suddenly without direct relations with their predecessors; for I do not think that it can be seriously maintained that the numerous types of Cycloids and Ctenoids, which are nearly all contemporaneous with each other, descend from the Placoids and Ganoids. It would be as well to affirm that the mammals, and man with them, descend directly from fishes. All these species have a fixed time for coming and going; their existence is even limited to a determined

Setting a New Standard...



**The first American guidebook** to award star ratings to hotels, inns, and restaurants of a foreign country, with first, second, and third choices in many categories.

**The first American guidebook** to award star ratings to that country's tourist sights, including castles, châteaux, museums, cathedrals, and festivals—saving valuable time and money.

**The first annotated guidebook** *anywhere* to include marginal comments, cross-references, and practical information on the same page as the initial source.

**The first guide** written, planned, edited, and annotated for the experienced traveler, with the kinds of specific information he or she is looking for.

**The first American guidebook** to plan itineraries on a 1-day, 2-day, and 3-day basis, as well as for long-term visits.

**The first major guidebook series** with two-color printing for easy reading and quick reference.

**Distributed by New American Library**

Available at Bookstores Everywhere

FISHER
ANNOTATED TRAVEL GUIDES

period. And still they present, as a whole, numerous, and more or less close affinities, a determined coördination in a system of organization which has an intimate relation with the mode of existence of each type, and even of each species. More still: there is an invisible thread which is unwinding itself, through all the ages, in this immense diversity, and offers as a final result a continuous progress in this development of which man is the termination, of which the four classes of vertebrates are the intermediate steps, and the invertebrates the constant accessory. Are not these facts manifestations of a thought as rich as it is powerful, acts of an intelligence as sublime as provident? . . . This is, at least, what my feeble intellect reads in the works of creation. . . . Such facts loudly proclaim principles which science has not yet discussed, but which paleontological researches place before the eyes of the observer with increasing persistency; I mean the relation of the Creation to the Creator."

Nothing that occurred during the rest of Agassiz's life caused him to revise what he had said. He died in 1873. Harvard appointed three professors to replace him. Nine years later, in a scientific journal Agassiz had founded, his successor in the chair of geology published a paper describing the Ice Age as a myth. "The so-called glacial epoch . . . so popular a few years ago among glacial geologists may now be rejected without hesitation," the article concluded. "The glacial epoch was a local phenomenon."

WEST of Cleveland, the terrain became increasingly flat. High outcrops disappeared, but now and again a blocky strip of rock would run along the road like a retaining wall—a glimpse of what underlay the surrounding fields. Berea sandstone. Bedford shale. Columbus limestone. "You could map this state at sixty miles an hour," Anita said. For some distance, the soil over the rock was fine glacial till—ground rock flour and sand—and then among white farms we moved out upon a black-earth plain where drainage ditches did the work of streams: a world of absolute level, until recently the bottom of a great lake. The limestone had formed in the clear salt sea of middle Devonian tropical Ohio. Eventually, the sea disappeared. Two eons later, ice slid over the limestone and, retreating, left a body of fresh water that included all of what is now Lake Erie and was twice as large.

**ASTON. The name that spells fashion and quality.**

The "waistcoat" in 100% pure Shetland wool with real leather buttons. Sizes 32-40. About $32 at fine stores in the U.S.A. (also available in Canada), or write or phone ASTON, 1410 Broadway, New York 10018. Tel: 212-221-1943

MORE THAN A LITTLE CONTINENTAL
Villeroy & Boch

Your buffet becomes a gallery of charming primitives—The rage of Europe, and America's tabletalk pattern. . . . Naïf by Villeroy & Boch's famed Septfontaines works, from Laplau's original oils. Write for full-color brochure. Villeroy & Boch, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010. USA.

"We wouldn't be able to feed this country the way we do if much of it had not been glaciated," Anita said. "South of the glaciers, ancient weathering removed soluble minerals and left a rather inert soil behind. After a couple of decades of planting, you need tremendous fertilizer additions there. This glacial stuff is full of unweathered mineral material—fresh-ground rock. And under it is limestone, which is what they *put* on fields. When early settlers came through here and saw no trees, they moved on to places like Missouri, beyond the glacial limit, and they missed some great farmland. In Egypt, they used to get fresh minerals with every flood, but those morons built the Aswan High Dam and stopped the floods. They're starving themselves out and making a salt pan of the delta."

We were crossing the northern extension of the Cincinnati Arch and had reached the edge of the Michigan Basin, features of the subsurface structure, invisible and unexpressed in the black level surface of silts and clays. In tropical Ohio, the arch had at one time held back a large piece of the retreating sea. As the isolated water slowly concentrated and eventually disappeared, it left Morton's salt and U.S. gypsum. It left even more limestone. It left dolomite, anhydrite—components of what is known as the evaporite sequence. North off the interstate, we went through Gypsum, Ohio, on Sandusky Bay, and on to the lake port Marblehead, where we boarded the Kelleys Island ferry. "VISIT HISTORIC GLACIAL GROOVES," said a sign beside the ticket booth, and soon, for a stiff toll, we were beating into an even stiffer wind, which was tearing the caps off the waves of Lake Erie. Kelleys Island is about four miles offshore, and other cars on the ferry were stuffed with a month's worth of groceries. A hundred and twenty people live there, year around, on four and a half square miles, and as we drove across the island we passed stone houses with red and black boulder walls—jaspers and amphibolites plucked up by the ice and brought south from the Canadian Shield.

Kelleys Island stands high because it is a piece of the Cincinnati-Findlay structural arch. While the Wisconsinan ice sheet was excavating the Great Lakes, reaming out whole networks of streams and carrying away the prominent features of their valleys, it bevelled but could not destroy the resistant structural arch. An engulfed

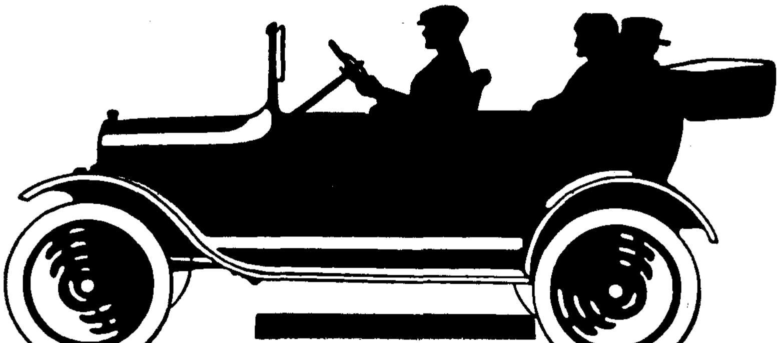
**If you spend the money to fly First Class, isn't it reasonable to spend $110 to stay First Class when you arrive?**

Today's business trips are shorter, schedules tighter. The more pressure you're under, the more you need First Class executive services and amenities. You find them at New York's classic luxury hotel. The more you value yourself, the more you'll value The Regency.

**Rates from $110 single, $130 double, the night.**

The Regency Hotel

Park Avenue at 61st Street, New York 10021 • (212) 759-4100 • Telex: 147180.
See your travel agent or call toll-free: 800-223-0888. (In New York State: 800-522-5455.)



***Classically correct English Wool Menswear Plaids from BRITEX-BY-MAIL***

***An investment in quality and long-lasting good looks. Pure wool with woven selvage, in subtle plaids for impeccable suits and sportswear. 60" wide. A very special buy at $35 yard (minimum order 3 yards).***

***Send $2 for swatches of our Wool Menswear Plaids to Dept. NY9-82. We'll include ordering instructions and information on our BRITEX-BY-MAIL swatch service.***

BRITEX-BY-MAIL

***BRITEX-BY-MAIL / 146 Geary / San Francisco CA 94108***

ridge stood up from the bottom of the primal lake. With the weight of the ice gone, all of northern America slowly rebounded. A large part of the water gradually drained away, leaving Kelleys Island dry in the air, sixty feet above the level of Lake Erie.

We passed the island cemetery, its names recorded in limestone. We came to the north shore, where the beginnings of a quarrying operation had revealed how the ice had cut its tracks into the rock. "GLACIAL GROOVES STATE MEMORIAL." It was as if a giant had drawn his fingers through an acre of soft butter. The grooves were parallel. They were larger than the gutters of bowling lanes. Aggregately, they suggested the fluted shafts of Greek columns. Their compass orientation was northeast-southwest—the established glide path of the moving ice. Nowhere had we seen or would we see more emphatic evidence of continental glaciation, with the obvious exception of the Great Lakes themselves. "If you were to hydraulically flush northern Ohio—wash off the soil from the bedrock—you'd see a hell of a lot of these grooves," Anita said. "In several hundred years, these won't be here. Limestone is soft enough to be grooved and hard enough to resist weather for a few hundred years. In shale, grooves like these would go quickly. The ice, carrying boulders in its underside—carrying those amphibolites and red jaspers in the people's houses—tore the hell out of this island. When Agassiz saw things like this, he went bananas."

There have been glacial geologists, even in the late twentieth century, who have believed that such impressive grooves were gouged by boulders rolling in the Flood. Exceptions notwithstanding, Louis Agassiz's theory of continental glaciation, like the theory of plate tectonics, achieved with extraordinary swiftness its general acceptance in the world. As Thomas Kuhn has demonstrated in "The Structure of Scientific Revolutions," when a novel theory becomes relatively established it defines the patterns of amplifying research for many years and even centuries—until a new theory comes along to overturn the old, until an Einstein appears, outreaching the principles of Newton. Conceivably, the theory of plate tectonics will one day experience a general reformation. The theory of continental glaciation seems less prone to grand revision. The sun itself seems as likely to be banished from the center of the solar

Community Coffee
Hotel Special Blend
Net Wt. 16oz (1lb)
Community Coffee
Medium Dark Roast
regular grind
Net Wt. 16oz (1lb)
Community Coffee

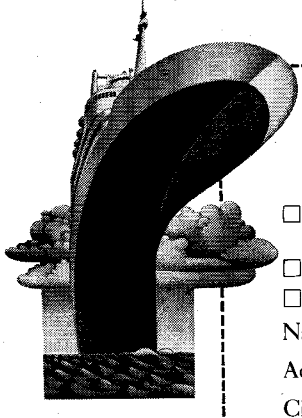
SOME COFFEES YOU SAMPLE. OURS, YOU LOVE.

That sample costs only $10.50, a remarkable price for a selection of three one-pound packages of one of the world's finest gourmet blends and roasts, Cap Saurage's Community Coffee—a taste that has led three generations of customers to savor and enjoy particularly flavorful lives. It is now available at selected gourmet food stores.

If you wish, we will send you this selection along with our gourmet coffee book, so you may experience the finest blends of Brazilian Santos, Colombian Medellin-Armenia and Mexican Altura coffees: an introduction to the pleasures of different roasts from a subtle light medium to the peak flavor in our dark roasted coffees.

Call Toll Free 800-535-9901 (with your Visa or MasterCard number ready) or send $10.50 with your name and address to Community Coffee Company, P.O. Box 3778, Dept. G10, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70821-3778. Specify choice of whole bean, regular or filter grind.

Community Coffee
BRAND ®



For those who have the dream but not the time.

Part One: The Panama Canal Silver Cruise.

If you don't have the time to sail the entire world, join us for Part One of Holland America's 25th world cruise anniversary. Share the Silver Cruise from New York on January 8 or Fort Lauderdale on January 10 to Los Angeles, via the Panama Canal and Acapulco. We promise one of the most exciting, lavish anniversary celebrations ever to be held at sea.

See your travel agent or call 1-800-221-6842.

Ship's registry: Netherlands Antilles

Holland America
NEYO
World Cruise Desk
2 Pennsylvania Plaza
New York, New York 10121

☐ Send details on your Panama Canal Silver Cruise.
☐ Send brochure on the full world cruise.
☐ Send me news of future cruises.

Name ______
Address ______
City/State/Zip ______

system as the ice from the Pleistocene continents. The ice made Lake Seneca, Lake Cayuga—all the so-called Finger Lakes, of western New York—cutting them into stream valleys in exactly the manner in which it cut the fjords of Patagonia, the fjords of Norway, Alaska, and Maine. After the ice quarried the huge quantities of Canadian rock that it dumped in the United States, it melted back and filled the quarries with new Canadian lakes—hundreds of thousands of Canadian lakes. A sixth of all the fresh water on earth is in Canadian ponds, Canadian streams, Canadian rivers, Canadian lakes. In Greenland, Antarctica, and elsewhere, a much greater quantity of fresh water—four times as much—is still imprisoned as ice, leaving precious little fresh water for the rest of the world.

Our *Époque Glaciaire* has by now been illuminated by more than a century of expanded research. Glacial outwash has been identified at the mouth of the Mississippi, six hundred miles from the terminal moraine—a suggestion of the power and the volume of the rivers that melted from the ice. Where the land tilted north and the meltwaters pooled against the glacial front—and where waters were trapped between moraines and the retreating ice—gargantuan lakes formed, such as Glacial Lake Maumee, the one of which Lake Erie is all that remains. Lake Michigan is all that remains of Glacial Lake Chicago. Lake Ontario is all that remains of Glacial Lake Iroquois. Lake Winnipeg, Lake Manitoba, the Lake of the Woods are among the remains of a glacial lake whose bed and terraces, stream deltas and wave-cut shores reach seven hundred miles across Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Ontario, and down into the United States as far as Milbank, South Dakota. With the exception of the Caspian Sea, this one was larger than any lake of the modern world. It was the supreme lake of the American Pleistocene—Glacial Lake Agassiz.

Cold air flowing off the ice sheets caused such heavy precipitation when it encountered warm and humid air to the south that whole regions there filled with water, too. The basins of Nevada became lakes and the ranges among them were islands. Lake Bonneville filled a third of Utah. Huge lakes grew in the Gobi Desert, in Australia's Great Artesian Basin, in various lowlands across North Africa. There were forests in the Sahara, as fossil pollen shows, and networks of

**Pickford picked Platinum.**

**Most precious of precious metals.
Longest-enduring. Grows ever more beautiful with wear.
No wonder Mary Pickford prized Platinum jewelry. Shouldn't you?
View the Platinum collection at your jeweler's, or write,
Johnson Matthey Inc., Malvern, PA 19355**

JAEGER®
LONDON

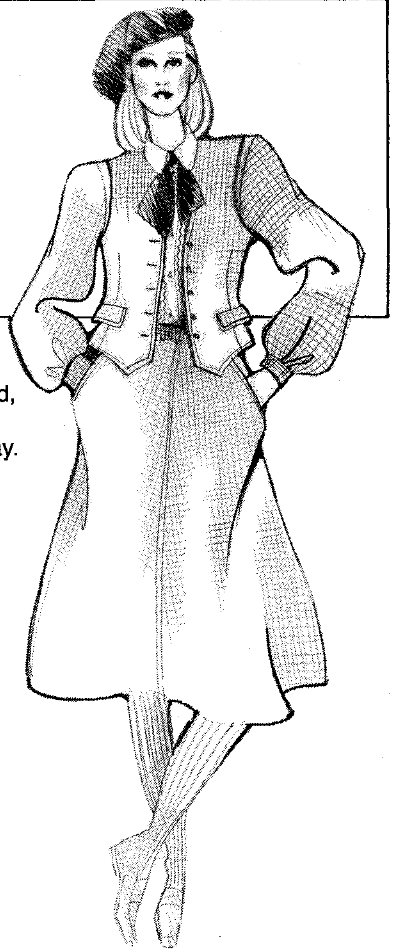
*The international collection that meets the many moods and needs of today's lifestyles.*

Impeccably tailored,
well-suited to the
demands of the day.

Jaeger International Shop
818 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10021
(212) 628-3350

Jaeger at I. Miller
734 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10019
(212) 245-0151

Also the Jaeger International Shops at:
Eastchester • Manhasset • Riverside Square
Chicago • Boston • Washington, DC
Atlanta • San Francisco • Beverly Hills
South Coast Plaza



PUTUMAYO
FALL 1982

SEND $1. FOR PUTUMAYO'S
EXCITING CATALOG OF
FASHION AND ACCESSORIES
*FROM AROUND THE WORLD*

135 East 65th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021
Tel. (212) 861-7676

PUTUMAYO STORE LOCATIONS

857 Lexington Avenue at 65th St.
New York 10021 (212) 734-3111

339 Columbus Avenue at 76th St.
New York 10023 (212) 595-3441

***New Orleans Famous Streetcar***

DESIRE®
DESIRE

***Classic Club Tie***
***in polysilk***
***$22.50***
*ppd.*

*Exclusive at*

**TOP DRAWER**
1212 St. Charles Avenue
New Orleans, Louisiana 70130
(504) 524-0121

Please send ___ ties Navy ☐ Burgundy ☐ Brown ☐
Check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ AE ☐
Expiration date __________ No. __________
Name __________
Street __________
City __________
State __________ Zip __________

flowing streams. Their dry channels remain.

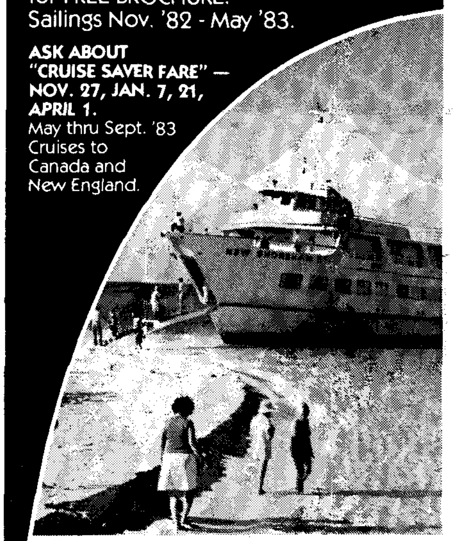
In North America, where the ice started to go back about twenty thousand years ago, the first vegetation to spring up behind it was tundra. Carbon 14 can date the fossil tundra. The dates, particularly in the East, show a slow, and then accelerating, retreat. After five thousand years, the front was still in Connecticut. In another twenty-five hundred years, it crossed the line to Canada. Human beings, living on the tundra near the ice, perforce were inventive and tough. Culture, in part, was a glacial effect. In response to the ice had come controlled fire, weapons, tools, and fur as clothing. Creativity is thought to have flourished in direct proportion to proximity to the glacier—an idea that must infuriate the equatorial mind. The ice drew back from Britain a geologic instant before the birth of Shakespeare. The fossils of *Homo sapiens* have never been found in sediments older than the Ice Age.

In the way that scenes of vanished mountains can be inferred from their debris, the vision of continents covered with ice came straightforwardly to Agassiz as the product of reasoning carried backward from evidence through time. It is one thing to say that the ice was there, quite another to say how it got there. If the origin of mountains is sublimely moot, so is the origin of the ice. Characteristically, the prime mover is not well understood. The ice did not come over the world like a can of paint poured out on the North Pole. It formed in places well below the Arctic Circle, and moved out in every direction—including north—until cut off by the unsupportive sea. Geologists call these places spreading centers, the same term they use for the rifted boundaries where plates tectonically divide. To the question "Why did the ice form?" they can answer only with speculation. The phenomenon is obviously rare. A pulsating series of ice sheets seems to have been set up in the discernible history of the world roughly once every three hundred million years. It happens so infrequently that it must be the result of coinciding circumstances that could not stand alone as explanations. There are components fast and slow. The atmosphere has been gradually cooling for sixty million years. Possibly this is explained by the great orogenies that have occurred during that time—the creation of the Rockies, the Andes, the Himalaya—and the volcanism that is

**Explore Bahamas "Out" Islands Beauty Spots.**

Hidden coves and unspoiled beaches beckon you on 12-day M.V. New Shoreham II cruises. Bow landings on pristine white beaches. Chef-prepared meals and air-conditioned cabins. Like cruising on a private yacht - only 70 passengers. Write to Dept. NY for FREE BROCHURE.
Sailings Nov. '82 - May '83.

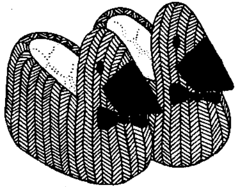
**ASK ABOUT**
**"CRUISE SAVER FARE" —**
**NOV. 27, JAN. 7, 21,**
**APRIL 1.**
May thru Sept. '83
Cruises to
Canada and
New England.



**AMERICAN CANADIAN LINE, INC.**
P.O. Box 368, Warren, RI 02885
Toll Free 800-556-7450

*The 16th Annual* *Connecticut Antiques Show*
*America's premier show of authentic American antiques*
*Friday, Saturday & Sunday*
*October 1, 2, & 3*
*State Armory*
*Capitol Avenue*
*at Broad Street*
*Hartford*
***Fri. 4-10 p.m. Sat. 1-10 p.m. Sun. 1-6 p.m.***
***Admission $4.00 Free Parking Tearoom***

EXECUDUCKS



Slippers . . .
for the man
who *thought*
he had everything $48. (CA res. add 6.5%)

brown herringbone • brown bow ties • white interior
hand-washable • one size overwhelms all

T. WAYNE PRODUCKTIONS
687 Church Street
Mountain View, CA 94041
415-968-4311

Mail or Phone Orders • VISA & Mastercharge • free brochure

associated with mountain-building. Volcanic ash in the stratosphere reflects sunlight back into space. In any case, the essential requirement is a cool summer. A little snow from one winter must last into the next. Every forty thousand years, the earth's axis swings back and forth through three degrees. Summers are cooler when the earth is less tilted toward the sun. The sun, for that matter, is not consistent in the energy it produces. Moreover, the relative positions of the sun and the earth, in their lariat voyage through time, vary, too—enough for subtle influence on climate. Carbon dioxide also affects climate, and the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is not constant. Somewhere in such a list, which runs to many items, lie the simultaneous events that set the ice to growing. The change they bring is not at first dramatic. So critical is the earth's temperature that a drop of just a few degrees will cause ice to form and spread. A cool summer. Unmelted snow. An early fall in some penarctic valley. An overlap of snow. A long winter. A new cool summer. An enlarged residue of snow. It compacts and recrystallizes into granules, into ice. Because it is white, it repels the sun's heat and helps cool the air on its own. The process is self-enlarging, unstoppable, and once the ice is really growing it moves. Clear bands form near the base, along which the ice shears and slides upon itself in horizontal layers like the overthrust Appalachians. The thermal output of the earth melts a thin film of water on the glacier bottom, and the ice slides on that, too. Thrust sheets made of rock also slide on water. The lower part of a glacier is plastic, the upper part brittle—like the earth's moving plates and the plastic mantle beneath them. Where the brittle glacier surface bends, it cracks into crevasses, into fracture zones, as does the brittle ocean crust (the Clarion Fracture Zone, the Mendocino Fracture Zone). Such fractures are everywhere in the rock of continents, too. In fact, the ridged-and-valleyed surface of almost any flowing glacier is remarkably similar to the sinuous topography of the deformed Appalachian mountains. The continental ice sheet moves toward the equator and keeps on going until it cannot stand the heat. At the latitude of New York City, generally speaking, the ice melts as fast as it advances, and thus it goes no farther, and leaves on Staten Island its terminal moraine. Ocean temperatures will have dropped

The Romance of Cashmere

Luxuriate in cashmere, the aristocrat of fibers and the fiber of aristocrats down through the ages.
Cashmere: it can be the love affair of a lifetime.

JACQUES deLOUX
Bucks County, PA
1410 Broadway, New York, NY 10018

2 ply cashmere jewel neck dress with separate cashmere scarf and belt.
For him: sleeveless 2 ply cashmere V-neck.
MADE IN USA

"...expectations..."
Larry Granville

"When I travel on business I expect surprises. You simply can't control everything. But I don't like any more surprises than necessary. At the Warwick, I am always in control . . . because it always meets my expectations. That's why it's my hotel in Philadelphia."

*Your hotel in Philadelphia* THE Warwick HOTEL
17th at Locust, Philadelphia, PA
215-735-6000/800-223-1900

**Free Catalog of Mauna Loa® Macadamia Nut Delights**

- HAWAII'S TASTE OF PARADISE
- PRESTIGIOUS HOLIDAY GIFTS
- KONA COFFEE GLAZED
- BRITTLED
- CHOCOLATED
- BUTTER CANDY GLAZED
- FRESH ROASTED
- AND MORE

Please detach and mail to address below.

Mauna Loa Gift Catalog
S.R. Box 3, Volcano Highway
Hilo, Hawaii 96720

Please send me a FREE catalog. NY 82

Name__________

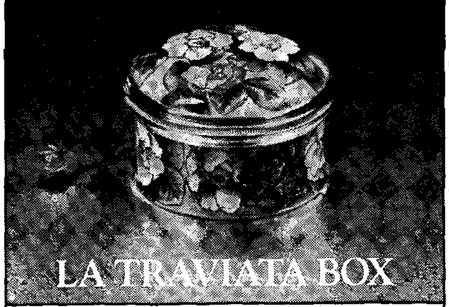
Address__________

City__________

State__________ Zip__________

© Mauna Loa Macadamia Nut Corp. a C. BREWER company

The Metropolitan Opera Gift Collection



Violetta's camellias adorn this lovely green, rose, pink and white pill box. Hand enameled on copper for the Met by Halcyon Days in England, this 1½" diameter collector's box has 24k gold plated fittings and a delicate twist lid. $65

Order below, or come to The Opera Shop in the lobby of the Metropolitan Opera.

The Metropolitan Opera Gift Collection
1865 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023

☐ Please send your 32 page Holiday Catalogue of fine gifts. I enclose $2, which I may apply toward my first order.

Please send ____ La Traviata Boxes. I enclose $65 for each, plus $2.50 for shipping and handling.

Name

Address

City State Zip ENY1

New York residents include appropriate sales tax.

because of the cold, and therefore the oceans are providing less snow to feed the ice. On all fronts, the ice retreats—not necessarily to disappear. The climate warms. The oceans warm. The snow pack thickens in the Great North Woods. A glacier spreads again. Once the pattern is set, the rhythm is relatively steady. For us, the ice is due again in ninety thousand years.

WE ran on through Ohio on the bed of the great former lake, Kelleys Island far behind us. Where there had been sandspits reaching into the water, with sandy hooks at their tips, there were farm buildings standing on the dry spits—the high prime ground, a few feet higher than the surrounding fields. Now, at spring plowing time, these things were visible as they would not be for a year again.

And then we went off the lakebed and up into roadcuts of vetch-covered till among the kettles, kames, and drumlins, the Wabash Moraine, the New England landscape of glacial Indiana. "This would be a good place for a golf course," Anita remarked. "If you want a golf course, go to a glacier." We left the interstate for a time, the better to inspect the rough country. "I grew up in topography like this—in Brooklyn," Anita said. "I didn't know what bedrock meant. You could plot the limit of glaciation in New York City by the subway system. Where it's underground, it's behind the glaciation. Where it's in the moraine and the outwash plain, it's either elevated or in cuts in the ground."

Back on I-80—and running now on a pitted outwash plain, now on a moraine—we crossed the St. Joseph River. Anita's thoughts were still in Brooklyn. "My father died twenty years ago," she said. "When he was a little boy, his mother told him that if he ever ate food with his yarmulke off he would be struck dead. When she wasn't looking, he lifted his yarmulke and ate a spoonful of cereal. He didn't die. He quit believing. His faith was shaken."

There was a gold dome on our left—like an egg resting in a bed of new green canopy leaves. It was the supreme roof of the University of Notre Dame. "They're on outwash," Anita said in passing, and returned to her reminiscences. "Religious prejudice in any form is despicable," she went on. "In Brooklyn, when the Jehovah's Witnesses tried to sell me *The*

*Elegant Engraved Stationery*

New! The Downs Collection now has 10 of Crane's new fashion papers in addition to 10 of the classics, all engraved with our most successful die styles. Send $5.00 (applicable to first order) for this expanded sampler for ordering your personal letters or a very special gift. Satisfaction assured.

*Downs*
Since 1835
229 B N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md. 21201
Toll Free: 800-638-2881 (301-752-7770 in Md., Hi., Ak.)
Major Credit Cards Accepted.

*The feltcloche*

*It's back! Complete with feather, in 100% pure wool felt with matching ribbon. A guaranteed favorite in Wine, Camel or Black.*

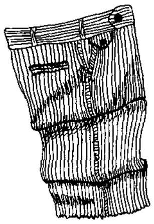
*By* madcaps®
*$25 ppd.*
One size.

QUINTESSENCE
8436 Germantown Avenue
Philadelphia, PA 19118 (215) 247-3233
Check, Visa, MC, AM EX, Exp. Date

**Milton's Corduroy Traditionals**

Mid-wale, all cotton Corduroy in camel, light gray, dark green, brown and navy.

20½ knee and bottom, watch pocket and one left back pocket.
Sizes 28-42
Shipped uncuffed.
**$19.90** — add $2.00 per package for UPS.
Check, M.C., Visa or Am. Express.



Mail and phone orders filled immediately.
Phone orders: 704-364-8686
Free on request: our NEW FALL BROCHURE

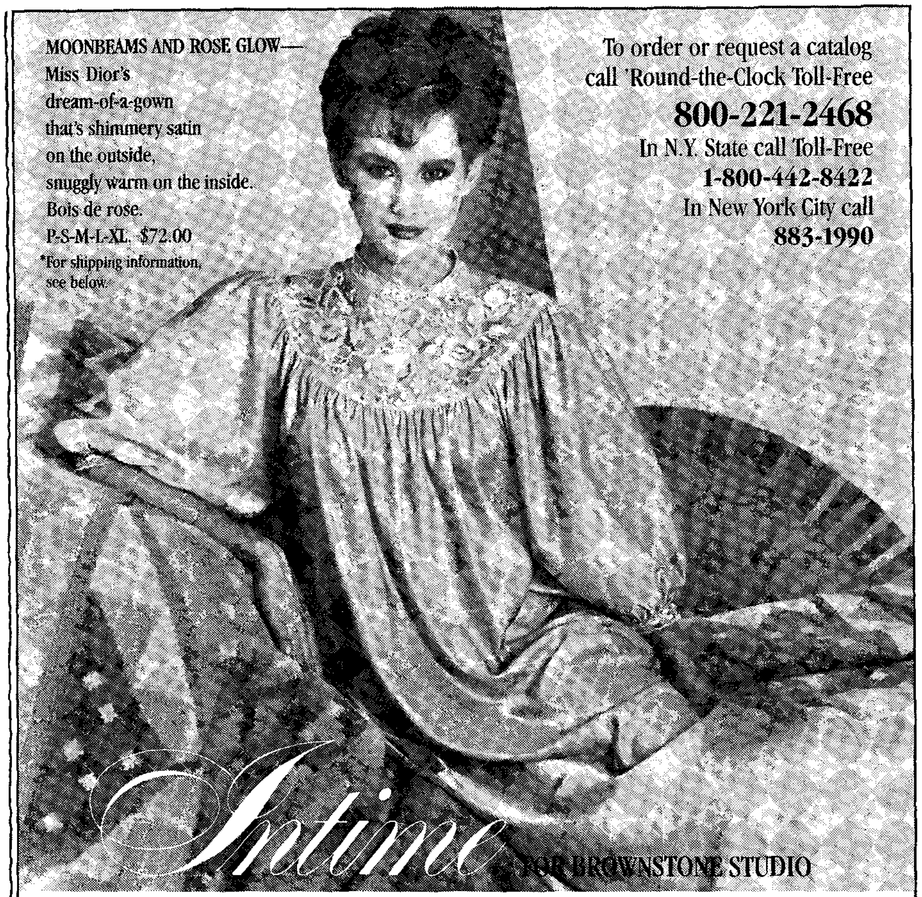
Milton's Clothing Cupboard
163 E. Franklin St., Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514
Cupboards in Charlotte and Greensboro, also.

*Watchtower* I'd say, 'I'm illiterate.' If they persisted, I'd say, 'Let me tell you about *my* God.' "

Again the St. Joseph River intersected the highway, and we ran on through grass-covered roadcuts of a kame complex, and soon through others in a recessional moraine, locally called the Valparaiso Moraine. A road sign suggested the proximity of Valparaiso. "Where do they get a name like that in a lacklustre place like Indiana?" Anita said, and we swung out an exit for the Indiana Dunes.

They are higher than the highest dunes of Cape Cod, and they are lined up in rows four deep along the shore of Lake Michigan—longitudinal dunes, transverse dunes, parabolic dunes. Glacial effects. On our map of Indiana, three of them were called mountains. They were covered with sand cherries, marram grass, cottonwoods, jack pines, junipers, and bluebells, except where the wind that made them had returned to them later to tear great blowouts in their sides. On foot, we approached the base of Mt. Tom. Staring upward, Anita said, "Look at the size of *that* son of a bitch." We climbed to the summit—to a view that might have pleased Balboa, had he been fond of power plants. There was a power plant to our left, a power plant to our right—Gary, Michigan City. Chicago was a shimmer of structures up the lake. Chicago was under water until two thousand years ago. The southern rim of Glacial Lake Chicago was the Valparaiso Moraine. As the lake level dropped, it left the makings of the Indiana Dunes. They are wind-built sands picked up from glacial till, so fresh that under a glass they are seen to be jagged. "It's been ground up so recently it's like the sand of Coney Island," said Anita, looking at it through her hand lens. She held the lens to her eye and a palmful of sand close to the lens. "I see angular grains of red chert," she said. "I see little fragments of igneous rock. I see amphibolite and red jasper—like the stuff that cut the grooves on Kelleys Island. I see red iron-oxide-coated quartz grains. You can see right through it to the quartz. I see little pieces of carbon. I see green chert. I see a bug crawling through the sand."

We sat in the lee of the top of Mt. Tom and watched whitecaps running on the lake. "As everybody knows, there are sand dunes in the Sahara," Anita said. "As everybody does not know, there are also grooves in the



MOONBEAMS AND ROSE GLOW—
Miss Dior's
dream-of-a-gown
that's shimmery satin
on the outside,
snuggly warm on the inside.
Bois de rose.
P-S-M-L-XL. $72.00
*For shipping information,
see below.

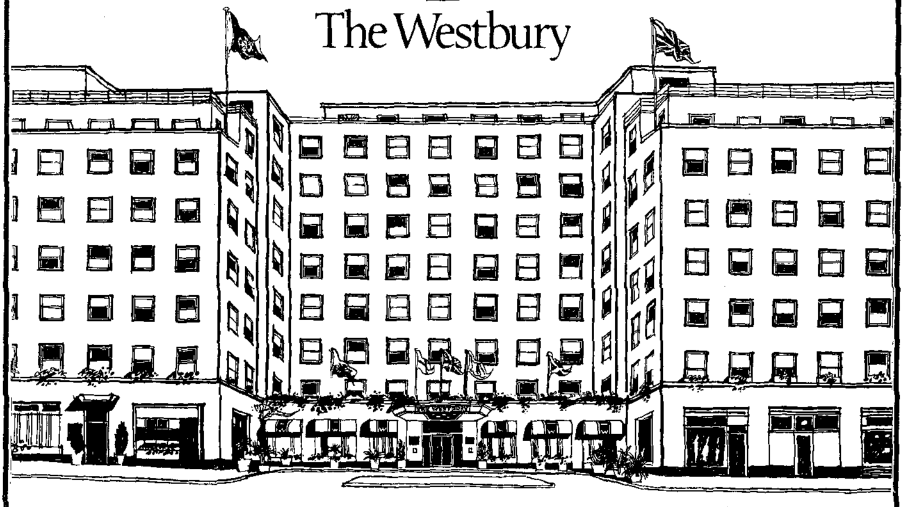
To order or request a catalog
call 'Round-the-Clock Toll-Free
**800-221-2468**
In N.Y. State call Toll-Free
**1-800-442-8422**
In New York City call
**883-1990**

Intime FOR BROWNSTONE STUDIO

**INTIME, FOR BROWNSTONE STUDIO, 1 E. 43rd St., Dept. N4, New York, N.Y. 10175**
*Add $1.75 shipping. N.Y. State residents add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, Diners Club, Visa/BankAmericard, MasterCard.

*In London*

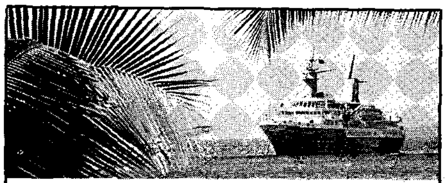
The Westbury



One of London's most popular rendezvous and situated on Bond Street, in the heart of fashionable Mayfair, this superb hotel is at the centre of London's most exclusive shopping area.

**A Trusthouse Forte Exclusive Hotel.**

For reservations call toll-free: 800-223-5672 nationwide; 800-442-5886 in New York State: 212-541-4400 in New York City; 1-800-268-9761 in Canada; 416-363-6033 in Toronto.



CRUISE TO THE WORLD'S HIDDEN CORNERS.

Visit penguin rookeries in Antarctica and isolated tribal villages in New Guinea. See the monuments of Burma and Sri Lanka and the ritual dances of Indonesia. Study the profusion of birds in the Seychelles and the exotic marine life of the Great Barrier Reef.

Learn from our accompanying lecturers and expert guides.

Our 120-passenger WORLD DISCOVERER is unique, with a combination of expedition capabilities, special landing craft, and traditional cruise amenities.

The Amazon • Antarctica • New Guinea
Singapore-Burma-Sri Lanka-Seychelles
Great Barrier Reef • Indonesia • Arabia
Iceland/Greenland • Morocco and West Africa
121-Day "Journey to Seven Continents"
14 to 121 Days. From $4,500 to $62,000

Please send me your
48-page catalog.

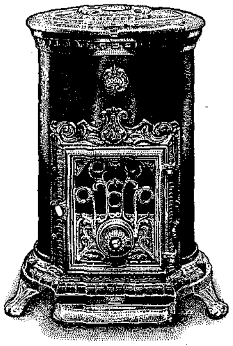
Society Expeditions
CRUISES
Dept. NY8209W 723 Broadway East, Seattle, WA 98102

Name

Street

City/State/Zip

M.S. World Discoverer Registered in Singapore.



Saving beautifully since 1898

And still the most distinctive way to reduce your heating bills. With wood or coal. Efficiently. Conveniently. Without the cost or bother of a messy coal conversion kit.

Outside, exquisite porcelain enamel on cast iron. Inside, more heat-retaining fire brick per cubic inch of firebox than any other stove. A beautiful way to save money.

GODIN

In your choice of sizes and colors. Fire viewing window standard on all models. Sold through local dealers.

For color literature, send to:
STONE LEDGE CO., Dept. NY927
170 Washington St., Marblehead, MA 01945

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Sahara like the ones on Kelleys Island. They were cut in the bedrock in the Ordovician, when the Sahara was in a polar position and the equator was in Montreal."

I asked how the Sahara had accomplished such a journey.

"It is possible that the entire crust and some of the mantle can move around the interior earth—a sphere within a sphere," she said. "You've got to change the position of the continental landmasses with respect to latitude through time. That I can't deny."

"Do you believe that India smacked Asia?"

"I don't know. I know very little about the geology there, so how could I believe it? To many problems, plate tectonics is not the only solution. Often, it's a lazy man's out. It's a way of saying, 'I don't have to think any further.' It's a way of getting out of a problem. The geology has refuted plate-tectonic interpretations time and again in the Appalachians. Geology often refutes plate tectonics. So the plate-tectonics boys tend to ignore data. The horror is the ignoring of basic facts, not bothering to be constrained by data. It's like some modern art—done by people who throw paint at canvas and have never learned the fundamentals. Amateurs. Jumping into professionalism. Thinking they can get away with it. There are a lot of people out there in the profession like me who don't believe much of it. But we can't altogether complain. Plate tectonics has turned people on. It has brought a lot of new people into geology. You've always got to have devil's advocates, and with respect to plate tectonics I am a devil's advocate."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

•

## SENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From Psychiatric News, a publication of the American Psychiatric Association*]

"In both these cases, the patient at best is limitedly capable of making that kind of intercommunicatively trustful and basically realistic alliance to the therapist—which is a sine qua non for the achievement of a therapeutic split between the self as observer, with a sense of objectivity and judgment in alliance with the therapist as therapist—and the self, subjectively in vital and possibly corrective recapitulation of past events and development through transference to the therapist as object—as if the therapist were an object out of the past, but experienced in the here and now," explained Valenstein.

PURE
NEW
WOOL

WELSH FISHERMAN'S SMOCK
Crys Pysgodwr

Enjoy the comfort of this practical overshirt for men or women. It has been used by Welsh Fishermen for over 400 years. The material is a 12 oz. pure wool Welsh flannel. The smock is full cut with a boat neck and two convenient pockets. Colors include a soft blue-grey, coordinating well with denim.

Sizes S (32-34), M (36-38), L (40-42), XL (44)
Colors Blue-grey, Rust or Brown
No. 1673 Welsh Fisherman's Smock $46.00
State size and color
Please add $2.00 for shipping
Check, Mastercard or Visa
Satisfaction Guaranteed Send for our unique catalog
Visit our Seattle store at 1523 NW Ballard Way

David Morgan
Box 70190, Seattle, WA 98107
Telephone (206) 282-3300

MAURICE
Restaurant de France

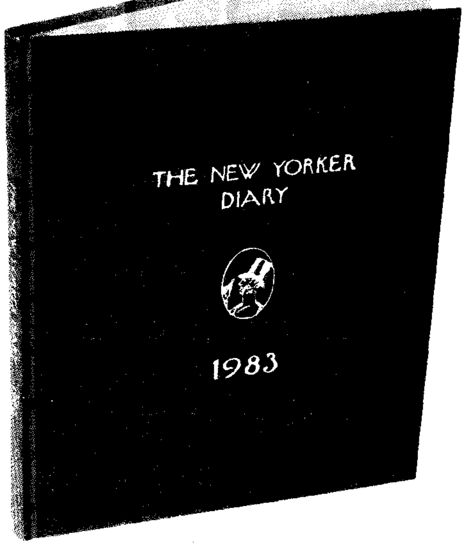
At the Hotel Parker Meridien, 118 West 57th Street.
LUNCH AND DINNER, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY.
DINNER ONLY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.
Prix Fixe Theatre Dinner before 7 pm and after 10 pm. $25.
CALL 245-7788 FOR RESERVATIONS.

SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST S.F. HOTEL

*"A gingerbread Victorian landmark."* TIME MAG.
*"Marvelous hospitality."* BARBRA STREISAND
*"A City treasure."* S.F. CHRONICLE

Historic landmark. Concerts nightly.
Breakfast in bed. $7 million art
collection. Exquisite dining and more.

THE MANSION HOTEL • 2220 SACRAMENTO ST.
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94115 • 415/929-9444



THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1983 IN BROWN OR BLUE. 128 PAGES BOUND IN KID GRAINED LEATHERETTE. FEATURING 50 CARTOONS BY NEW YORKER ARTISTS MARKING THE SEASONS, HOLIDAYS AND TOPICAL EVENTS. REFERENCE GUIDES TO WHAT'S ON ABOUT TOWN, THEATRES, ART GALLERIES, MOVIE HOUSES, HOTELS, NIGHT SPOTS, AND OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST. FULL CALENDARS FOR 1982, 1983, 1984. JUST $13.50.

ADD $1.50 PER DIARY FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (NEW YORK RESIDENTS, PLEASE ADD SALES TAX)

# THE DIFFERENT DIARY

## FROM THE NEW YORKER

*Suite 1101, 25 West 43 Street, New York, N.Y. 10036*

*Please specify color and quantity* ____*blue* ____*brown*

*Enclosed is my check for $*______ *Or, charge my*

☐ American Express Card ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Account # ____________________ EXP. DATE

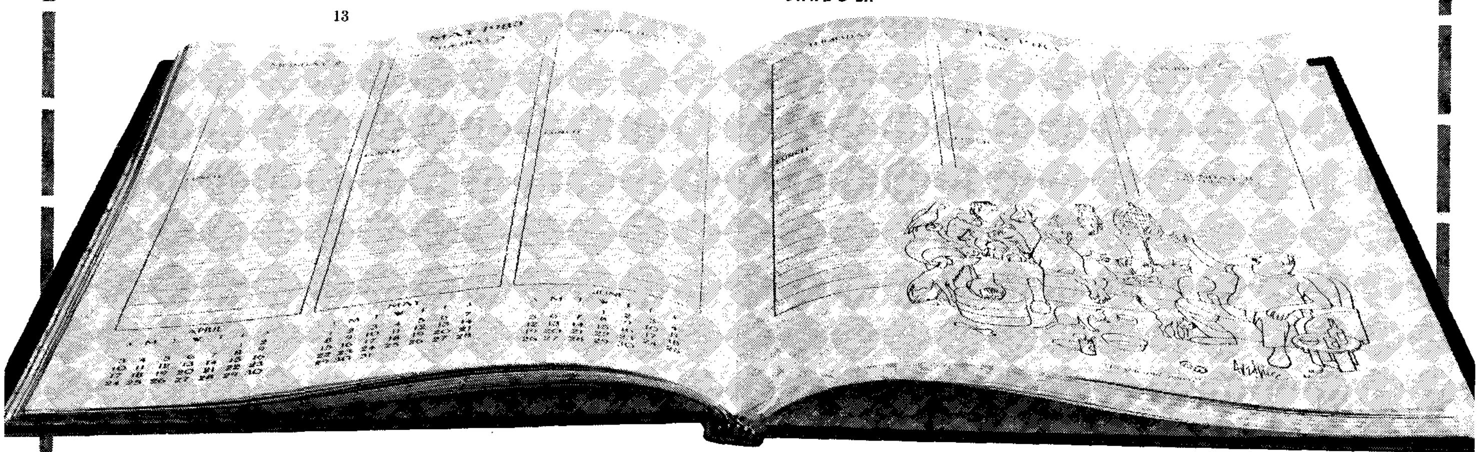
☐ *Please imprint* ________________ *in gold at $1.50 per diary*
*name or initials—please print*

NAME ________________ *please print*

ADDRESS ________________ APT. ______

CITY ________________ STATE & ZIP ______

13



**ORDER NOW.**

*Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. For quantities over 25, write for price list.*

# THE THEATRE

## *Off Broadway*

"LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS," which has been running for weeks at the Orpheum, and which I've mistakenly been avoiding (suspecting yet another piece of campy rubbish), is a musical comedy that is both musical and comic, and that hits just the right tone of mockery without ever slipping into camp. An entry of the enterprising WPA Theatre, where it originated, it is based on a movie—a horror quickie that Roger Corman made in 1960—about a monstrous plant that feeds on human flesh. The show, with a witty book and witty lyrics by Howard Ashman and a spirited, witty rock-and-jazz score by Alan Menken, is set in the skid-row flower shop of a Mr. Mushnik (Hy Anzell), who has in his employ a shy and daunted young man named Seymour (Lee Wilkof) and a pretty, scatterbrained young woman named Audrey (Ellen Greene). Also on hand is a glamorous trio of black urchins on the stoop outside (Leilani Jones, Jennifer Leigh Warren, and Sheila Kay Davis), who comment in song on the action every step of the way. It is Seymour who finds the plant, names it Audrey II, nurtures it—with dismay, once he's discovered its insatiable appetite for blood—and watches it grow and grow and grow, until it devours almost everyone in sight, eventually even threatening the audience. Its first victim, by the way, is a suitor of Audrey's, a sadistic dentist who blacks her eye and keeps her in handcuffs.

Enough of the story, which may sound awful but is actually strong and funny, the tongue never too deeply embedded in the cheek. What matters is the performance and the jokes and the numbers, all of them good. The production, under the direction of Mr. Ashman, is inventive and full of surprises and marvellous effects. Mr. Wilkof, a born comedian, brings a priceless innocence to the role of Seymour; as Audrey, Miss Greene slyly comments on Marilyn Monroe without quite imitating her; and the high point of the show is their love duet in the second act—"Suddenly, Seymour"—which they belt out, bringing the audience to its feet. Franc Luz nimbly doubles as the dentist, a customer, a representative of NBC, and the wife of the editor of *Life*, among others. The expanding plant was designed and is manipulated by a gifted puppeteer named Martin P. Robinson, and it speaks ("Feed me, feed me") and sings in the juicy, menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. Everybody sings very well songs that are, for a change, worth singing. The fine scenery, lighting, and costumes were by Edward T. Gianfrancesco, Craig Evans, and Sally Lesser, respectively. "Little Shop of Horrors" is, in its way, a model show for Off Broadway: every aspect of it, including the theatre, is scaled to exactly the right size, and nothing goes to waste.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

## TREMAYNE AUTUMNAL

Autumn, and a cold rain, and mist,
In which the dark pine-shapes are drowned,
And taller pole-shapes, and the town lights masked—
A scene, oh, vaguely Post-Impressionist,
Tremayne would tell us, if we asked.

Who with his glasses off, half blind,
Accomplishes very much the same
Lovely effect of blurs and shimmerings—
Or else October evenings spill a kind
Of Lethe-water over things.

"O season of half forgetfulness!"
Tremayne as usual misquotes,
Thinking of adolescence and old trees
In whose shade once he memorized that verse
And something about "late flowers for the bees . . ."

—DONALD JUSTICE

On top of our great Boston hotel, there's an intimate little hotel.

The exclusive Sheraton Towers Hotel, atop the Sheraton-Boston, for the discriminating traveler. Elegant, luxurious, with express elevators. Never a registration line. VIP touches—private sky view club, turndown service, and more. Plus all the facilities of the Sheraton-Boston. For reservations call toll-free 800-325-3535.

Sheraton Towers
SHERATON HOTELS & INNS, WORLDWIDE
PRUDENTIAL CENTER BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02199 • (617) 236-2000

Casuals
HANDMADE • HAND SEWN
SOFT SOLED
FOR UTMOST COMFORT
BROCHURE AVAILABLE
Belgian Shoes
60 E. 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

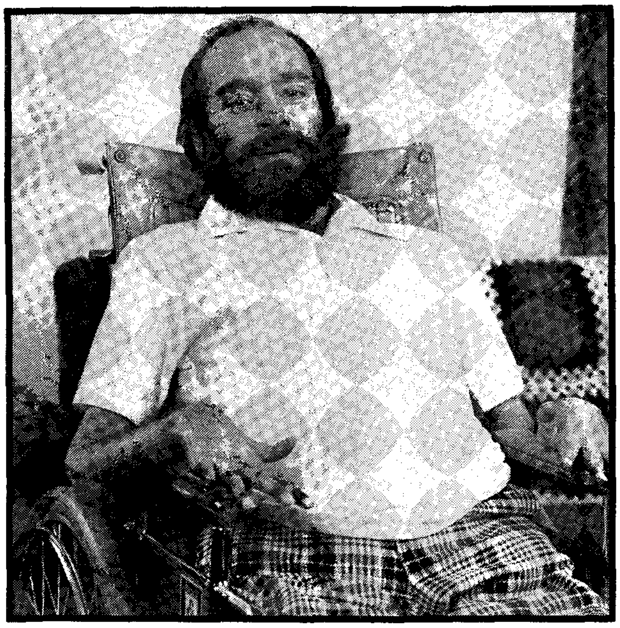
Cotton Flannel Sheets are only the beginning!

The new full color Lucy Stewart Catalog is filled with natural products for gracious and comfortable living. For your copy send $1.00 today to:

LUCY STEWART'S PRIVATE STOCK®
Dept. 8B
Rte. 16, Main St.
No. Conway, N.H.
03860

## Some people feel:

# "Why should I wear my seat belt? I'm not going to have an accident."



*"I was a good driver. I had never had a ticket during the two years I'd been driving. I really believed nothing could happen to me. But a five-minute joy ride took away everything I had except my brain. I was 18 and naive. I didn't know what a quadriplegic was until I became one."*

*-Jack Burnett*

## We want you to know:

Most of us feel the way Jack Burnett did before his auto accident 20 years ago. And, granted, most auto trips are made safely. But consider: each year more than 50,000 people die and nearly two million others suffer disabling injury in motor vehicle accidents. That's the equivalent of a death *every 10 minutes* and a disabling injury *every 16 seconds* of *every day.*

By far the largest number of those deaths and injuries are suffered by young people 15-24 years of age. That's why Jack Burnett talks to teenagers and tells them how costly carelessness behind the wheel can be.

Since 1970, under our Association's sponsorship, Jack has stressed highway safety to hundreds of thousands of high school students. "I speak from my wheelchair so others may walk," he says.

Jack's message, of course, is much about what *not* to do. Don't speed. Don't race. Don't treat a car like a toy.

But one piece of advice is positive... something teenagers *can* do. Something all of us *should* do. Use seat belts.

Jack Burnett knows that only 10 percent of the drivers and passengers fasten their seat belts. He also knows what can happen when a driver is thrown from behind the wheel and loses complete control of the car.

If Jack had been wearing a seat belt that night long ago...well, it's too late for that now.

But it's not too late for you.

## We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, NY 10038

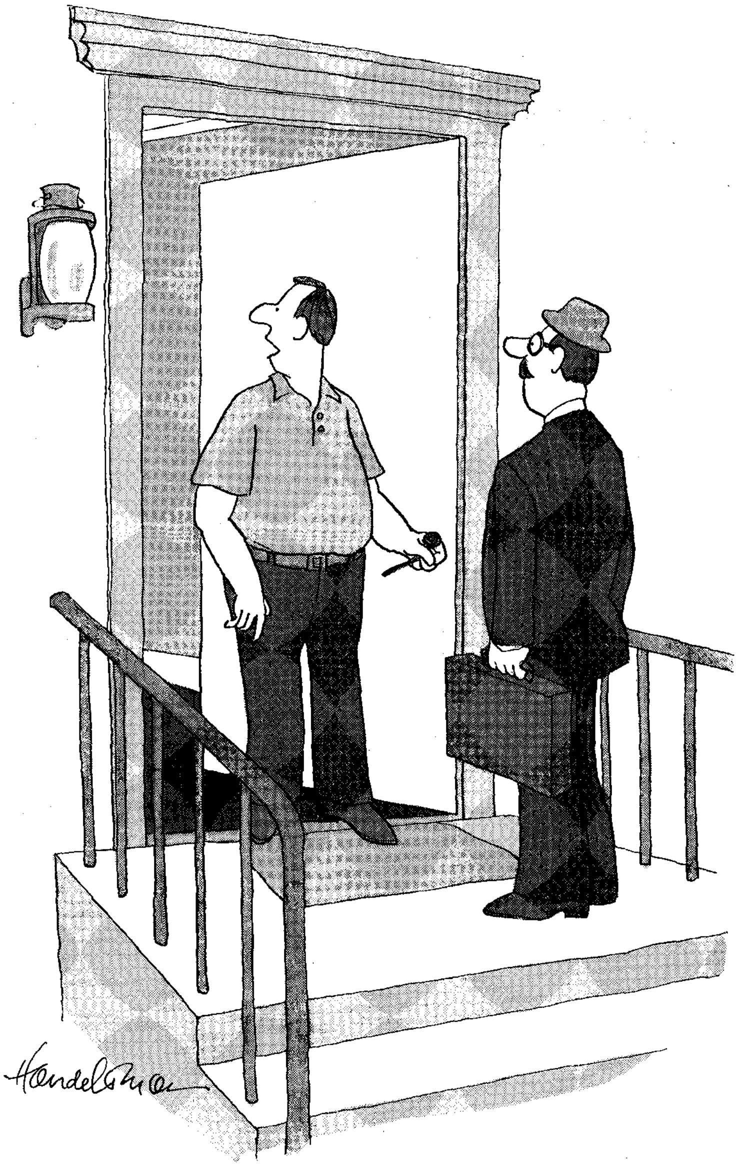
# THE SPORTING SCENE

## SFIDA IN TUSCANY

Ippodromo "Le Cascine," in Cascine Park, in Florence, would fit into the back pocket of any major race track in the States, but I still got very confused the first time I went out there. This was in early spring, when the buttercups were so thick on the Tuscan hills that you couldn't walk through a field without turning yellow. I caught the No. 38 bus on Pian dei Giullari, a street near where I was living, in the Arcetri district. The bus wasn't very crowded, since it was two o'clock in the afternoon and almost everybody in Italy was eating or sleeping off the effects of having eaten. The only other passengers were a Dominican friar and the *pantaloni* man, who is legendary around the bus stop. He's about eighty years old, and he always has an elaborate bandage of gauze, cotton, and adhesive tape over one ear. He is known as the *pantaloni* man because whenever he sees a woman wearing pants of any kind he berates her for covering up her legs, which are a gift from God. Some people think the *pantaloni* man is crazy, but if so he's crazy like a fox. I never heard the friar speak to anybody, in all the times I saw him on the bus.

We had a pleasant ride down the hill, without any of the near-accidents that can enliven a No. 38 run. Pian dei Giullari is only as broad as an alley in some places, so if the bus driver is flirting with a girl or singing he has to apply the brakes rather quickly to keep from hitting the cars that come speeding up the hill. In Arcetri, the auto horn is essential equipment, and you get the feeling sometimes that a Klaxon should be attached to the hood of every Fiat. Riding a bus through the city center is not as dangerous, but it's often more frustrating because there are more obstacles to contend with—dogs, cats, daring pedestrians, horse carts, other buses, and the odd wandering chicken. Once, I was on a downtown bus that couldn't squeeze between two cars parked opposite each other on a ribbon of twelfth-century street. After we'd waited about ten minutes, stuck in the channel, three men got off the bus and carried the smaller car onto the sidewalk. Their return was greeted with applause.

The 38 dropped me at the Porta Romana, an old gate of the city which rises, stone by noble stone, to form a huge arch. There is always a great deal of automotive confusion around the arch; minor smashups involving major discussions are commonplace. One afternoon, I watched a crushed motorcycle explode, shooting flames into a sky already sulfurous with diesel fumes and smoke from olive branches that had been pruned from trees and set to burning on the hillsides. Firemen arrived about a half hour after the explosion and sprayed chemicals on the ashes. They wore elaborate brown uniforms that made them look like gnomes from the Tyrol. Uniforms are even more popular in Italy than they are in America, perhaps because the country is even more desperately in need of leadership.



*"Louise, there's a gentleman here who says that you and he were in love in 1962 but you drifted apart and now he's come back in the hope that we might order a set of encyclopedias."*

From the Porta Romana, I took a No. 13 bus across the Arno River to the eastern end of Cascine. The hippodrome was about a mile away, down a wide, tree-lined boulevard. Cascine has none of the vastness of Central Park, nor is it as lush and wild as Golden Gate, in San Francisco; instead, it's ineffably small-town, like a frame clipped from a Frank Capra movie, with lots of benches, picnics, bicycles, ice cream, and old dudes in hats and suspenders playing cards at folding tables set up in the leafy shade. There are plenty of familiar urban distractions around (noise, smog, dopers, prostitutes, a discothèque), but a fundamental innocence still manages to shine through. As I walked along, I had the sense that I was revisiting some place from my childhood, or from a childhood I had imagined. I bought a can of beer from a street vender, who popped the top and stuck a straw through the opening. The vender had cold sodas, too, and sandwiches and potato chips, and also a three-tiered lazy Susan on

**Fashionberry.® For the man who feels no need to compromise.**

Achieving status in life brings the privilege of selecting a wardrobe that reflects one's tastes and sensibilities. This is why discriminating men choose the Fashionberry tie from Countess Mara. The Fashionberry tie, in twelve elegant all-silk variations, is as carefully crafted as those Countess Mara ties costing $5,000. And all are authenticated by the Countess Mara coronet. The Fashionberry tie. For the "one man in a million." $30. At the finest stores in the United States, Canada, Japan and Mexico.

Countess Mara®

# "I try all the new cookware right in my own kitchen and, when all the smoke clears, LE CREUSET IRON BEATS THEM ALL."

Perla Meyers
Culinary Expert

"Today, more than ever, I find Le Creuset Iron the most effective and certainly the most attractive cookware in the world. More and more cooks are looking for performance in their cookware. Le Creuset Iron performs.

**LE CREUSET IRON IS HEAVY** Cast iron is the most efficient material for absorbing, retaining and distributing heat evenly.

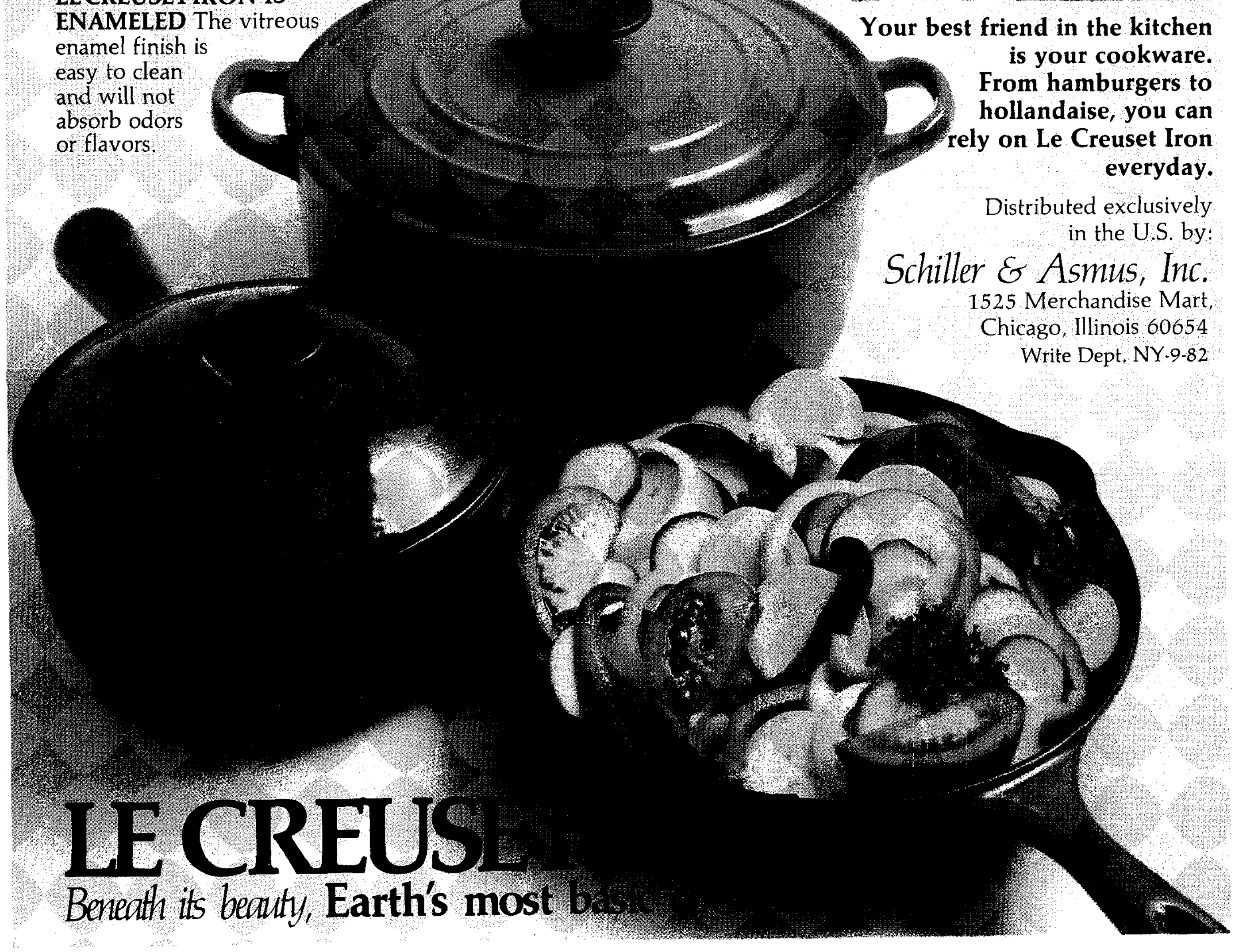
**LE CREUSET IRON IS ENAMELED** The vitreous enamel finish is easy to clean and will not absorb odors or flavors.

**LE CREUSET IRON IS BEAUTIFUL** Caviar® and Rouge® *(shown)* are the newest of Le Creuset Iron's vibrant colors. All the colors enhance your kitchen decor and add elegance to any table setting.

**LE CREUSET IRON SAVES ENERGY** Uses less heat on gas, electric, and ceramic top ranges.

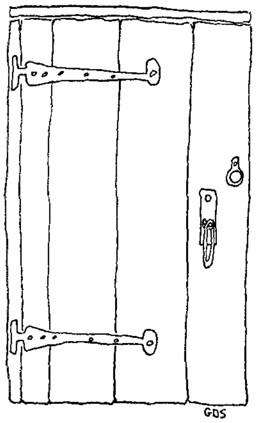
**Your best friend in the kitchen is your cookware. From hamburgers to hollandaise, you can rely on Le Creuset Iron everyday.**

Distributed exclusively
in the U.S. by:
*Schiller & Asmus, Inc.*
1525 Merchandise Mart,
Chicago, Illinois 60654
Write Dept. NY-9-82



which he'd arranged little slivers of coconut. Water from a spigot at the top of the lazy Susan spilled over the slices, creating a miniature vision of the tropics. Farther on, I passed a big, hairy-armed man who was carving rosemary-scented meat from the roasted carcass of a pig and stuffing generous portions into hard rolls. The pig's head was prominently displayed, like some symbol of the genuine.

The hippodrome proved to be built on the same intimate scale as Cascine. It has a small concrete grandstand that probably doesn't accommodate a crowd of more than a few thousand. Because admission is cheap (less than two dollars a ticket, except for special events), some patrons treat the hippodrome as an extension of the park, visiting it as they might the children's zoo or the curious monument to the Maharajah of Kolhapur, an Indian prince who was cremated in Cascine in 1870. I saw a surprising number of young mothers pushing along *bambini* in strollers, heading for a playground near the grandstand, where there were swings and slides. The *bambini* came in both varieties, but it was tough to tell which was which, since all of them were bundled in thick wraps that obscured every bodily feature except their eyes. Florentines live in constant fear that their kids might catch cold, so most apartments in the city are sealed airtight until summer, when the temperature outside begins to approximate that of a pizza oven.



Racing in Florence began during the Middle Ages. The earliest races were similar to those held in nearby Siena, where horses and riders representing the city's various wards competed over a treacherous course winding through cobbled streets jammed with spectators. The prize was (and is) an expensive, elaborately embroidered *palio*, or banner. In Siena, the most spent and degraded nags around were recruited to run—they went out of control so frequently that in 1262 the Sienese Council passed a resolution stating that jockeys could not be held responsible if their mounts killed or maimed any members of the crowd—but the Florentine contests were usually more gentle, featuring what one fifteenth-century writer called "the most excellent race horses in the world." The first English thoroughbreds were probably imported into Italy in 1808 by a Neapolitan prince for use at his stud farm in Sicily, and soon thereafter thoroughbred racing was introduced in major cities all over the country. Roger Longrigg, the racing historian, says that by 1827 there was an annual meeting in Florence at a course about a mile from town. These English horses were judged so superior that they had to give thirty pounds to Tuscan horses and fourteen pounds to horses from other regions of Italy.

The first race of the day wasn't scheduled to go off until three o'clock, and that gave me time to stroll down to the rail and inspect the track. The rail was only as high as my waist. There was no mesh or chain link on top of it; if a horse happened to race very wide, you could almost reach out and touch him. Beyond the rail, two racing strips, both turf, ran parallel to each other; one of them had hurdles for jumping. The turf looked grim—tufted and beat up after a hard winter. The infield had no tote board, no buildings, not even an ornamental pond for waterfowl. Instead, it was dotted here and there with neatly trimmed hedges that might once have been part of a steeplechase course. Past the hedges, I could see some stables, then a block of modern apartment houses, and then the Apennine Mountains. The mountains were as striking as the San Gabriels rising from the backstretch at Santa Anita, but they had to compete for attention with the wonderful dome that Filippo Brunelleschi designed during the Renaissance for Florence's great cathedral. The dome was visible off to the right, soaring into space and dominating the city's skyline.

Florentines are not a modest people. When they undertook the task of building their cathedral, they did so as much for civic pride as for religious reasons, vowing to create "the most beautiful and honorable church in Tuscany." Construction started in 1296, and the project was completed early in the fifteenth century, when Brunelleschi solved various technical problems relating to the dome's size and weight; other architects had not been able to devise a plan to support it on the drum of the cathedral. Mary McCarthy has said that Brunelleschi's dome "is the way a dome 'ought' to be

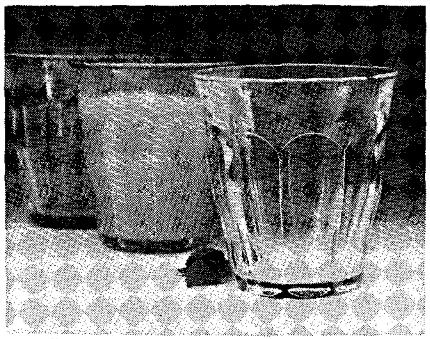
send for macy's 1982 christmas book (we have so much to give!)

Let us deliver the world's largest store right to your mailbox. Macy's 1982 Christmas Catalog is filled with fashions and gifts sure to delight every name on your list. The Christmas catalog (avail. in Nov.) plus 3 more issues throughout the year, $3.00. (Offer good only in U.S.A.; expires 11/15/82)

Mail check or money orders only (no cash) to: Macy's,
P.O. Box 333, Hillside Branch,
Hillside, N.J. 07205

Name (print) ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip______(NRX)

Christmas 1982 Macy's



**French Bistro Glasses 12 for $14.00**

**Picardie Goblets appear throughout France in restaurants, bistros and homes. Handsome and practically indestructible, they're perfect for anything from wine to coffee. Tempered glass, tapered for easy handling. 8 oz. capacity. Set of 12, $14.00 ppd.**

**Please rush _____ set(s) Picardie Goblets #320-0205 @ $14.00 ppd. My check or money order is enclosed.**

☐ **Enclosed is $1.00 for 6 issues of "A Catalog for Cooks" (FREE with order)**

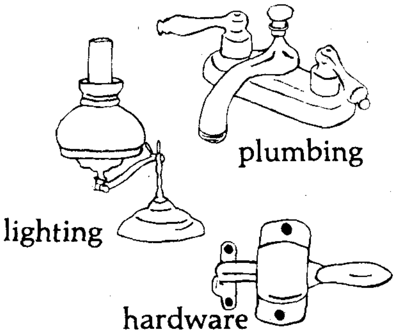
Name (please print) ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State Zip ____________

**WILLIAMS-SONOMA**
**Dept. 555, P.O. Box 3792, San Francisco, CA 94119**

done." It seems somehow to embody the Platonic idea of domeness. Its simple, straightforward, elegant lines suggest that Brunelleschi arrived at its form only after discarding every other possible form. It has about it the spirituality of deep meditation—of a truth perceived, then rendered. The other thing that's impressive about it is that it seems so absolutely lacking in ego; in its purity, it abolishes the very notion of a Brunelleschi. This isn't true of Michelangelo's work, which has about it an ineradicable quality of self-aggrandizement. Michelangelo wanted to *be* God; Brunelleschi was willing to serve.

I COULD have stayed at the rail for quite a while, staring at the dome and letting my thoughts float into the ether, but eventually I was pulled toward the paddock by the ambulatory action of the crowd. I got my first taste of confusion when I stopped along the way to buy a program, *Galoppo e Trotto*. *Galoppo* refers to flat racing, and *trotto* refers to harness racing. (The generic term for all types of horse racing is *ippica.*) *Galoppo e Trotto* was supposed to give me invaluable information about handicapping, but I thought it was even less useful than the semi-abstract racing papers I'd been buying in England. It told me very little about the horses entered in the day's eight races except for their weights (in kilograms), where they'd placed in their last two outings (most of them had been running at Pisa, the other major track on the Tuscan circuit), and who was riding them. Furthermore, the program was in Italian. I hadn't brought my twenty-pound Garzanti English-Italian dictionary with me, so I was certain to miss important nuances in the text. As a supplement to the program, I picked up a free tout sheet that the hippodrome had printed. It listed the favorites of the press and also the favorites of Carmine Cocca, a jockey who was going to ride in five races. Cocca had nominated just two of his mounts to win. My confusion increased. Not only was I in a foreign country, ill-informed and barely able to speak the language, but the jockeys were playing with my mind.

The paddock at Cascine consists of two brick buildings roofed with the familiar red-brown tiles you see all over Tuscany. Between the buildings, there's a sort of shed where owners and trainers can have an espresso while they're waiting for the action to



Hard-to-find!

Compare our prices with anyone's.

If you can't find it, or found it but can't afford it, you haven't shopped The Renovator's Supply Catalog. A comprehensive full-color catalog of quality old-style plumbing, lighting and hardware. Specialists in solid brass, wrought iron, porcelain and oak. Nearly every item is an authentic reproduction of a period piece—from the Colonial era into the early 20th century. Catalog costs $2, refundable with first purchase.

RENOVATOR'S SUPPLY tm
176 Northfield Road
Millers Falls, Mass. 01349
(413) 659-3961

Magnificent Mexican Tile!

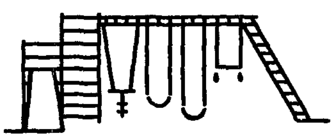
Stylish, south-of-the-border elegance for every room in your home. Over 200 colors and patterns of hand-painted Talavera tile and 8 rich colors of Monterrey tile in stock for immediate shipment!

Send $1.00 for our color literature.

222 Galisteo St., Santa Fe,
NM 87501 505-983-5563

Artesanos Imports Co.
The Mexican marketplace in Santa Fe!

Send $2 for ESPRIT's new dress and sportswear catalog.
ESPRIT 735A Minnesota Street
San Francisco, CA 94107



WOODEN SWING AND GYM SETS
Stained • Pressure Treated
• 20 yr. Limited Warranty •

YARDS OF FUN
P.O. Box 119 N. Manchester, IN 46962
800-633-2252 Ext. 490

SUMMER SALE

SUMMER SALE SUMMER SALE SUMMER SALE SUMMER SALE SUMMER SALE SUMMER SALE

Since 1947

LAWRENCE OF LONDON

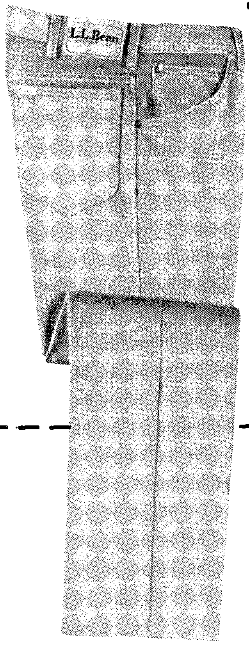
has personally selected a special group of elegant fur-lined raincoats in Ultrasuede® and silk for both men and women to be considerably reduced.

417 5th Ave. NY 10016/212-889-3119

start. Florentines can't stand to be separated from coffee for very long, so bars are always cropping up in unlikely spots—in the basement of the central library, for instance. I stood by the paddock fence and watched the horses going round—or some of the horses. Only three of the five entrants in the first race were on parade; the two others were sequestered in numbered stalls. It didn't help to look them over, though, because the numbers bore no relation to any numbers on the program—they were too high. Apparently, trainers were under no obligation to match stall numbers with program numbers; they were putting their charges in any stall they chose. To complicate matters further, the program numbers were not the same as the horses' post positions; Doroty, the No. 1 horse, was breaking from the Two Hole, while Temezio, the No. 4 horse, was breaking from the Three Hole.

I had such trouble unscrambling numbers and statistics that I failed to get a bet down, and that was probably fortunate, since the race was something of a mess. The horses were all two-year-olds, and they were very green. None of them had ever raced before. Pisanino, who might have had a measure of donkey blood, was so reluctant to be saddled that his trainers had to take him to a special stall that's a thoroughbred's equivalent of a padded cell. It has a door to insure privacy. For a minute or two, Pisanino could be heard kicking at the walls, but finally he emerged with a saddle on his back, looking chastened. The horses seemed uncomfortable in the starting gate, and there was some bumping around when they were released from the machinery. When they came into the home turn (the race covered just four furlongs), they went so wide that I was sure they'd wind up in the grandstand, but only poor Porto Alegre lost control. Apparently, nobody had ever taught him to change leads, so instead of wheeling into the stretch he kept running on in a straight line until he collided with a hedge. His jockey was briefly airborne. Both horse and rider came walking past the grandstand a bit later; they were scratched and bedraggled but still alive.

The second race on the card was more interesting. It gave me an opportunity to make the kind of sucker bet that invariably costs me money. Every race at Cascine has a name (Premio Ghiberti, Premio Hogarth), and this



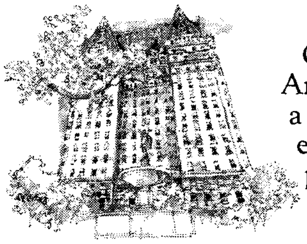
L.L.Bean®

Stretch Corduroy Jeans
(For Men and Women)
$27.00

Exceptionally comfortable three season jeans for outdoor sports or casual wear. Made of 81% cotton, 14% polyester, 5% Lycra® spandex. This 10½ oz. midwale corduroy fabric stretches vertically as you move then returns to its original shape. Five pocket jean styling. Bar tacking at stress points. Zippered fly front. Two colors: Silver Gray. Taupe. Men's even waist sizes: 30 to 44 plus 31 and 33. Inseams: 30", 32", 34". Women's sizes: 6 to 18. Inseam: 34".

Please Ship Postage Paid     100% Guarantee
____#2835W Men's Taupe Jeans @ $27.00
Size__________Inseam__________
____#2834W Men's Silver Gray Jeans @ $27.00
Size__________Inseam__________
____#4546W Women's Jeans @ $27.00
Size__________Color__________

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express
Card #__________________Exp. Date__________
Name__________________
Address__________________
City__________State__________Zip__________
L. L. Bean, Inc., 850 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033



A Plaza champagne weekend requires no special occasion.
It is one.

Our 75th anniversary is an occasion in itself. And we invite you to help us celebrate with a Plaza champagne weekend. It includes an elegant double room, a full bottle of our private label French champagne delivered daily, and all room taxes. Everything that makes New York special is nearby, with Central Park outside your door and the finest shops and attractions within walking distance. And the price is very special, too.

$75.00 Daily Per Person,* Double Occupancy, Weekend only.

Available any Friday, Saturday, or Sunday night. Reservations must be made three days prior to arrival.

*Any additional charges incurred are the responsibility of the guest.

Nothing unimportant ever happens at The Plaza.

WESTIN HOTELS
The Plaza

Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, New York, NY 10019. Telephone: (212) 759-3000.
For reservations call toll-free: 800-228-3000 or contact your travel agent.
J. Philip Hughes, Managing Director.

Your Garden Is Our World

*Horticulture* is a magazine about plants: how to find them, grow them, use them, and enjoy them. It deals with practically every aspect of gardening from tropicals to vegetables, soil improvement to garden design. More important, each topic is covered thoroughly and accurately, with illustrations that are both informative and handsome. The writing is lively and intelligent, providing advice without preaching. It is, in short, a magazine not only for gardeners who like to read, but also for readers who like to garden.

A subscription to *Horticulture, The Magazine of American Gardening,* costs $18 for 12 monthly issues, $30 for 24 issues.

**Horticulture**
The Magazine of American Gardening
3300 Walnut St., Boulder, CO 80323

Start my subscription

☐ 1 year—$18 (12 issues) ☐ 2 years—$30 (24 issues)

Foreign postage: $6 per year

Name
Address
City State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

Charge my:
☐ MC ☐ VISA
☐ AmEx

Account # Exp. Date

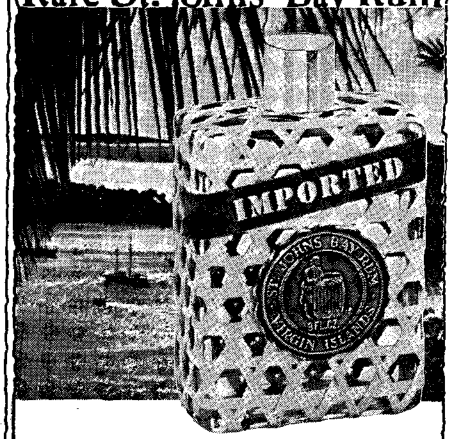
Signature 5NY89

one was called the Premio Fantasio—the Fanciful Prize. Salvador Dali was entered in it. Dali was a strapping seven-year-old whose frame exuded power. The groom who was walking him around the paddock had hair dyed a pumpkiny shade of orange; you could imagine his watch melting. Over Dali's eyes, a black rectangle of cloth was draped; it covered his sockets and reached almost to his nose, so that he seemed ready to face a firing squad. I'd never seen anything like the cloth before; as a device to prevent skittishness, it put blinkers to shame. I wondered if the cloth would be removed before Dali went to the post or if he'd run with it on, transforming (as his namesake had done) the ordinary into the surreal. In any case, Dali was an exact fit for the phenomenology of the moment, and I decided to back him with a few thousand lire.

This wasn't so easy to do. If I'd been willing to part with ten bucks, I could have bet with one of the bookies who occupy wooden booths along the perimeter of the grandstand, but I was thinking more in the nature of a fiver, which was below the bookies' self-imposed limit. So I had to go inside and bet with the Florentine version of a pari-mutuel system. It was totally nonelectronic, with no flashing bulbs to indicate odds; I had no idea what price I might be getting on Dali. I approached a counter where twenty or thirty would-be bettors were waving notes at clerks who stood in front of several large pegboards with hooks; each hook had tissue-thin tickets impaled on it. (The best and classiest paper in Italy is reserved for wrapping cheese and cold cuts in delicatessens.) There was no queue, no semblance of order. You had to push or be pushed forward to give birth to your transaction, just as at an Italian bank. I fumbled a little when my turn came. It was difficult to remember (a) to speak Italian, (b) to ask for Dali by program number, not post position, and (c) to count my change. Somehow, though, I got a ticket. I didn't realize at the time how lucky I was; later in the day, after a similar bout of push-and-shove, I was denied my wager by a clerk who shrugged and said he was out of the ticket I wanted.

As it happened, my faith in Salvador Dali as horse of the moment was badly misplaced. He ran without his black veil and just barely finished the race. His tongue was hanging so far out of his mouth that I thought he might trip over it. I was about to throw my ticket

Rare St. Johns® Bay Rum

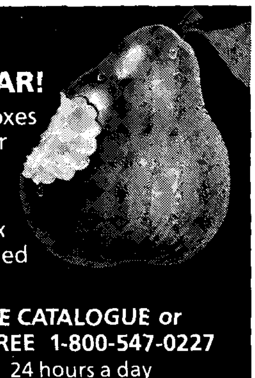


the essence of the Islands

Blended in the Virgin Islands of orange peel, pimiento and the leaf oil of the local Bay Tree, St. Johns Bay Rum is probably the finest all-purpose lotion in the world. And because it is made in small quantities, probably the rarest. Its aroma is without equal; even its hand-woven palm frond jacket is unique.

St. Johns Bay Rum may not be easy to find. But it's a treasure worth seeking. Sold only at the finest stores.

*West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801, or U.S. Agent John M. Mendez, Inc. 545 Madison Ave., New York, 10022. (212) 688-6338.*
® Trademark of Warner-Lambert Company



THE RARE COMICE PEAR!

Elegant gift boxes and baskets for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

6½ lb. Gift Box delivery included $14.95

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE or ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-547-0227 with credit card 24 hours a day

PINNACLE ORCHARDS
441 S. Fir • Rm 20 NY • Medford, OR 97501

**Superb Supper**
*(even on Sunday!)*

- After-theatre Supper Buffet from 9:30 p.m., Mon.–Sat.
- Oak Room Supper with **Steve Ross** His Piano, His Songs from 9 p.m., Wed.–Sat.
- Sunday Supper with Steve Ross from 5:30 p.m.

HOTEL Algonquin

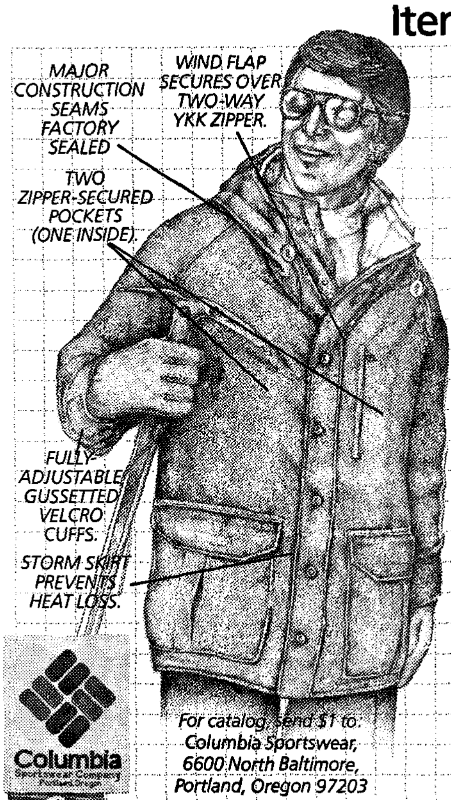
**59 W. 44th St., New York • 840-6800**
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:00 p.m.–2 a.m.)
**RESERVATIONS: Robert**

away in disgust when, by chance, I noticed that I held not Dali's number but the number of Fontaineriant, the winner. Whether the error was the clerk's or my own, I don't know, but I was overjoyed to collect earnings I didn't deserve. The occurrence seemed, in true Tuscan manner, weird and beautiful all at once.

For the rest of the afternoon, I drifted around the grandstand, feeling good, with cash in my pocket and the sun on my face. I made a few more bets (or tried to), but I was really more interested in soaking up the atmosphere. Once I had started to relax, my confusion gradually seeped away. Italy can be a terribly frustrating country for pilgrims raised on notions of efficiency. Nothing seems to work right, by American or British, or even French, standards; that anything works at all is considered something of a blessing. If you complain to a Florentine about the outrages you've experienced—unpredictable bus service, random mail delivery, surly waiters and clerks, cabbies who invent surcharges—he will smile ruefully and nod in agreement while simultaneously thinking what a fool you are to expect so much from life. To enjoy Italy, you've got to do a backflip into a more luxurious sense of time and learn to appreciate the simple, mundane turning about of human beings, beyond any concerns of history or politics. The people I saw in the grandstand had a marvellous presence—a physical fluidity that was precisely a result of the release from temporal pressure. They seemed less interested in the actual running of a race than in the possibility of discussing it afterward; they gathered in knots, like little families, and argued and laughed and touched each other as the world—wherever that was—whisked by.

LATE in April, I went out to Cascine for the one-hundred-and-fifty-fifth running of the Corsa dell'Arno, Italy's oldest race for thoroughbreds. The race, over a mile and an eighth, is a fair test of speed and stamina. The winner earns thirty million lire, or about twenty-three thousand dollars—an enormous purse in Tuscany. This year's Arno was especially exciting, because Jorge Velasquez, billed in the local papers as "*il famoso jockey americano*," was flying in to ride a horse called Beggar's Bridge, and to compete in a *sfida*, or challenge, against a young Irish jockey, Walter Swinburn. The jockeys

**Item: The Trinity Alps**


MAJOR CONSTRUCTION SEAMS FACTORY SEALED
WIND FLAP SECURES OVER TWO-WAY YKK ZIPPER.
TWO ZIPPER-SECURED POCKETS (ONE INSIDE).
FULLY ADJUSTABLE GUSSETTED VELCRO CUFFS.
STORM SKIRT PREVENTS HEAT LOSS.

DESCRIPTION: Gore-Tex™ Thinsulate® Foul-Weather Parka.

SPECS:

Fabric: Gore-Tex™ laminated to Exacta™ Cloth.
Inside: Gore-Tex™ lets perspiration escape, but completely blocks rain, mist, etc.
Outside: Durable, snag-proof Exacta™ Cloth for long wear.
Insulation: Thinsulate® (200 gms./sq. meter). Extends to full length and hood. Factory-sealed major construction seams eliminate leakage.
Lining: Nylon taffeta.
Pockets: Total—6, 2 zipper-secured upper pockets, 2 Velcro-secured lower cargo pockets with "bellows" pleats for extra capacity, and 2 hidden Thinsulate® lined hand-warming pockets.
Hood: Permanent full cut for wear over headgear or alone. Draw-string provides weather seal. Soft visor shields glasses/goggles from rain.
Gen. Notes: Men's S to XXXL. Women's XS to L. Made in Portland, Oregon.

For catalog, send $1 to:
Columbia Sportswear,
6600 North Baltimore,
Portland, Oregon 97203

Columbia Sportswear Company Portland, Oregon

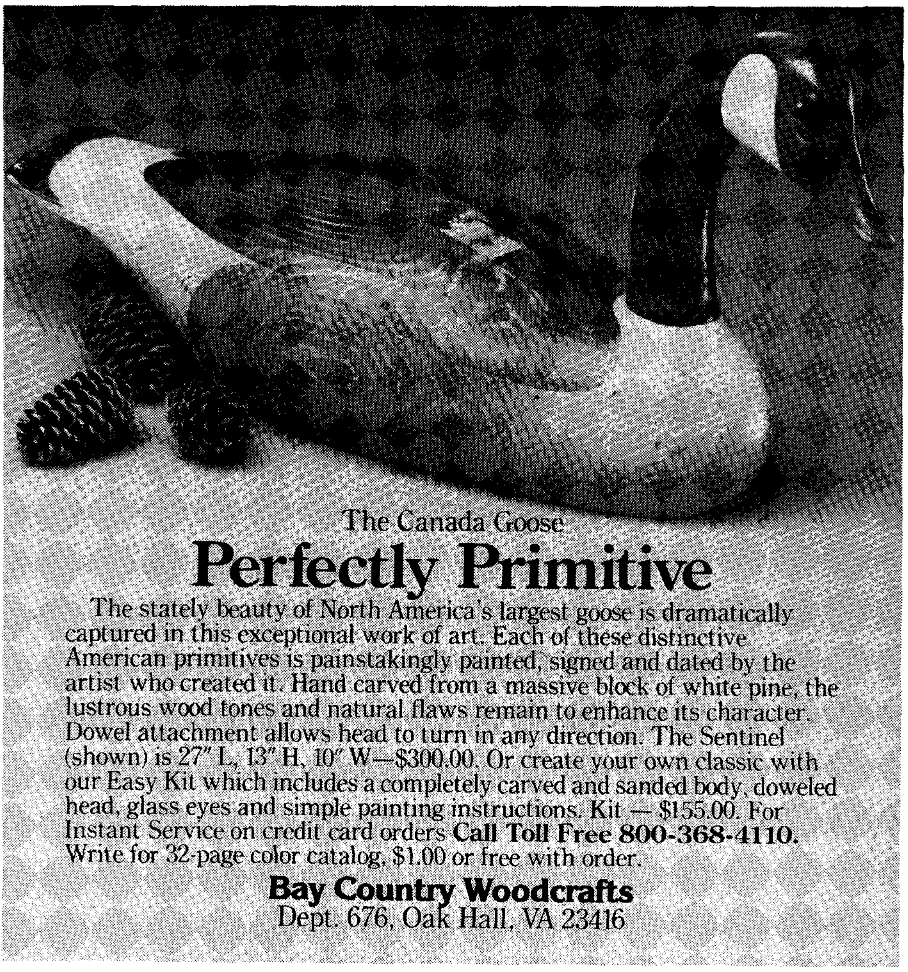
Thinsulate

DUPONT ZEPEL

GORE-TEX FABRIC

**We don't just design it. We engineer it.**

Thinsulate® is a registered trademark of 3M. Gore-Tex™ is a trademark of W. L. Gore & Assoc., Inc.
ZE PEL® is a registered trademark of Du Pont.



The Canada Goose

**Perfectly Primitive**

The stately beauty of North America's largest goose is dramatically captured in this exceptional work of art. Each of these distinctive American primitives is painstakingly painted, signed and dated by the artist who created it. Hand carved from a massive block of white pine, the lustrous wood tones and natural flaws remain to enhance its character. Dowel attachment allows head to turn in any direction. The Sentinel (shown) is 27″ L, 13″ H, 10″ W—$300.00. Or create your own classic with our Easy Kit which includes a completely carved and sanded body, doweled head, glass eyes and simple painting instructions. Kit — $155.00. For Instant Service on credit card orders **Call Toll Free 800-368-4110.** Write for 32-page color catalog. $1.00 or free with order.

**Bay Country Woodcrafts**
Dept. 676, Oak Hall, VA 23416

**menash**
462 Seventh Ave. (35th St.) NYC 10018
2305 Broadway (83rd St.) NYC 10024
(212) 877-2060

**Five-Function European Seating Luxury**

Now you can discover true comfort in this pneumatically adjustable chair. Unique finger-tip controls let you fit this chair to *your* body...while seated.
- Up/down backrest movement.
- Seat height & tilt
- Backrest incline & tilt
- Fabric color choice
- Armrests available

**Charvoz Dauphin**™

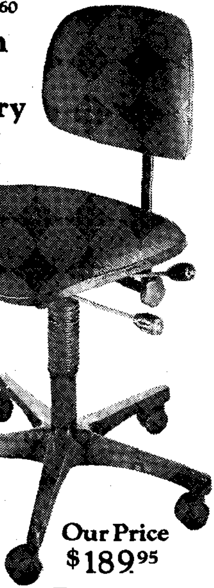
**Our Price $189.95**

**Ergonomic Desk Chair**

Richard Novak
MENASH
2305 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10024

Write or call today. (212) 887-2060

Name ____
Address ____
City/State ____ Zip ____
Shipping/handling, add $5.75
Checks & major credit cards accepted



**World's finest, toughest flashlight.**

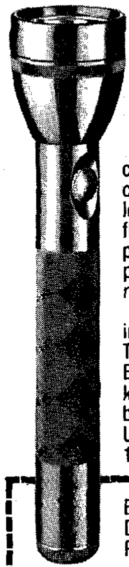
Tired of your old flashlight with its corroded insides, dented body, cracked lens and dim, flickering yellow light? Here's the answer—the flashlight used by quality-conscious police, firemen, pilots and other pros. So darned well made we guarantee it for life!

Durable, heavy-duty aircraft aluminum body withstands any abuse. Totally rust-and corrosion-proof. Black anodized finish. Non-slip knurled handle. Strong concentrated beam and positive on-off switch. Uses 3 "C" batteries (NOT included). 10⅜" long. **Unconditional guarantee.**

Brookstone Company
Dept. 643A, Vose Farm Road
Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458

☐ Send me___Flashlights @ $26.95 ea., ppd.
☐ **Send me Brookstone's FREE catalog "Hard-To-Find Tools and Other Fine Things."**
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa
☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard
24-hour credit card phone: (603) 924-9511
Card # ____ Exp.____
Name____
Address____
City____
State____Zip____
I-3317-32

**Brookstone**



were to be awarded points on the basis of how their mounts finished in the last four races on the card; the winner would receive an impressive trophy. Swinburn was not as well known as Velasquez, but he'd made a name for himself in 1981 by taking both the English Derby and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot aboard Shergar, a three-year-old colt owned by the Aga Khan.

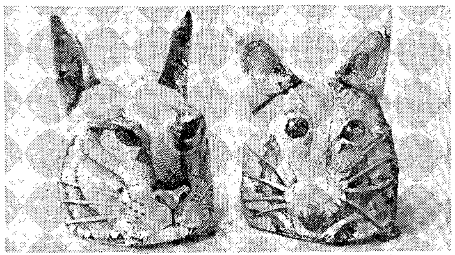
The weather was unpropitious on the day of the Arno. A howling wind blew through Cascine; dust off the footpaths rose in clouds, and the leaves on the trees along the central boulevard rustled constantly. Hookers who were looking for early action seemed to lean against the claw-footed street lamps more for support than for advertisement. But a big crowd had turned out for the race anyway—maybe five thousand people, among them more hard-core racing fans than I'd ever seen at Cascine before. Guys who looked like Dean Martin and Al Martino were smoking slow cigarettes and giving the eye to anything in skirts. There were toupees in evidence, and also neck chains, exploded noses, stubby cigars, and hives of teased blond hair. I couldn't figure out where all these high rollers had come from. Ordinarily, Florentines are rather elegant and conservative, dressed in sombre colors that reflect the monochromatic stones of the city, but these characters were done up in Vegas neon.

The crowd continued to grow, and I had to wait for a few minutes before I got a stool at the horseshoe-shaped counter of the *tavola calda*, or hot table, that serves as the hippodrome's restaurant. The *tavola calda* is a delight, compared with American racetrack cuisine. There is no menu. A harried waitress tells you what kinds of pasta are available as a first course, and you make your selection and help yourself to the bottles of wine and mineral water on the counter. For entertainment, you read *Galoppo e Trotto* or watch the open kitchen, where cooks in T-shirts and abused aprons labor in a matrix of grease and steam. The cooks shout at each other; they throw their hands into the air. After the pasta, the waitress usually offers you roast veal or pork, or maybe *bistecca alla fiorentina*—a thick steak grilled over a wood fire, then dabbed with olive oil and salt. The third course is fruit and *pecorino*, a dry sheep's-milk cheese, although if you are brave you can have a pastry instead. The tab for a meal at the *tavola*

The Very Thing!®

Our little gray and white stripe party dress in poly taffeta for us alone by Andrew Downs. Sizes 4-18. #N5367, $115.00 (3.25 shipping). Holiday catalog sent with order or send $2.00.

**THE VERY THING!**
**Box 7427**
**Charlottesville, VA 22906**
Call Toll Free:
1-800-336-4051



**GIVE A NEW BREED OF CAT**

Zap Cat, a stalking feline, in front; his prey, the wily mouse, on back. Black silkscreen art, natural cotton duck bean bag (7"x5"). Exclusive from Parcel Pets. $20 post. pd. Add tax in NYS. Send check or m.o. to:
Parcel Pets
Cage A812
Ardsely-on-Hudson, NY 10503

PARCEL PETS

**LA JOLLA**

**"The Pacific Ocean is our back yard"**

**Traditionally, we host most of La Jolla's Distinguished Visitors!**
***We would be pleased to accommodate you.***

*hotel La Valencia*

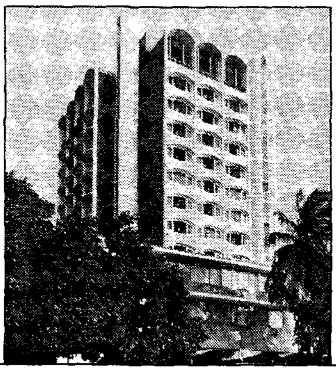
**P. O. Box 1089, La Jolla, Calif. 92038**
**(714) 454-0771**

*calda* comes to seven or eight dollars. The only drawback is that the meal gives you a false feeling of security; losing bets don't seem so grievous on a full stomach.

I walked up to the top level of the grandstand to watch the first race from a glassed-in area behind the last row of seats. I had to peer over the shoulders of some militant grandmas who'd borrowed folding chairs from somewhere and arranged them in a phalanx in front of the windows. The race turned into a horror show when Uncle Table broke down in the stretch. His rider, Signorina Villa, took a spill. Meanwhile, Uncle Table got up on his three good legs and tried to hobble home. He had that frustrated, panicky look you often notice in horses right after they've broken down; it makes you think they have no cushioning image of catastrophe in their brains, nothing to soften the blow. After a while, two grooms stopped him. They grabbed his reins and led him across the infield, moving aside temporary fences so that he could get back to the stable by the most direct route. The horse was in such pain that he couldn't make much progress. He'd hobble for a few steps, and then he'd quit and toss his head around. Finally, some other men, who seemed to have positions of authority, intercepted the grooms. The men held a lengthy consultation while Uncle Table hobbled and tossed his head. Nobody gave him a shot to kill the pain. He just kept hobbling while the men talked. One of them signalled for a worker across the infield to bring over a tractor that had a green cart behind it, but the cart was much too rickety to support Uncle Table's weight. Next, somebody called for a VW van, but it was clear even from the stands that no horse would fit inside. The dumbness of it all would have been comic if Uncle Table hadn't been hurting so badly. Almost a half hour passed before a horse van requisitioned from a distant parking lot arrived. Uncle Table was shoved up its gangplank and driven away, headed, perhaps, for the Tuscan version of a glue factory.

THE *sfida* was not supposed to begin until the fifth race, but Velasquez had a mount, Foden Warrior, in the fourth, and I went down to watch him in the paddock. The press crew was watching him, too, with cameras at the ready. He came blinking out of the jockeys' room into the sun, looking a little puzzled and ill at

CONTENTMENT IN CURAÇAO



Imagine. Lazing day-long by a swimming pool in the tropics with the ocean at your feet. At sunset, dining in the Penthouse overlooking the twinkling lights of the harbour. And, after dark, playing all night long in a casino full of grown-up games. It's a dream come true at Canadian Pacific Hotels Curaçao Plaza in Willemstad. Come experience world famous CP Hotels service and find the true meaning of contentment at the Curaçao Plaza.

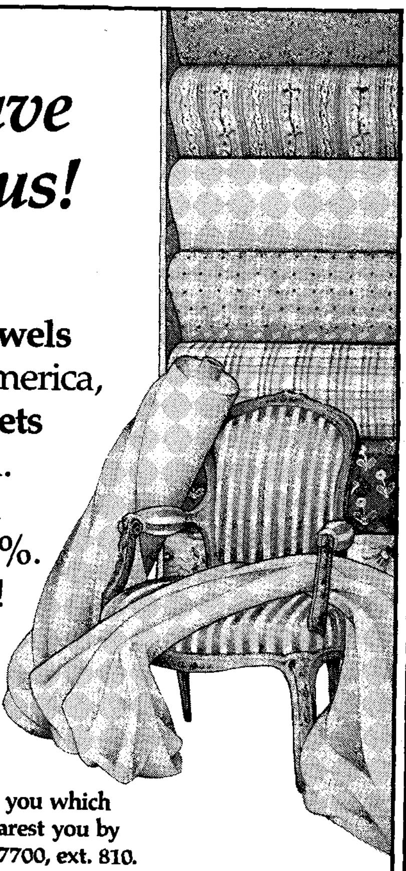
**Toll-Free Reservations: 1-800-828-7447**
**In New York State: 1-800-462-7472**
**Or Your Travel Agent**

**CP Hotels**
**Canadian Pacific Hotels**

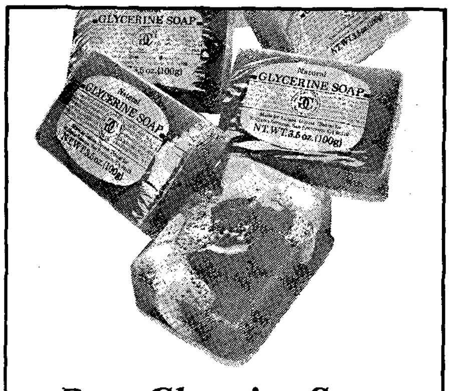
*Our fabrics have made us famous!*

**Chintz** from England, **Linens** from Belgium, **Crewels** from India, **Prints** from America, **Jacquards** from Italy, **Velvets** and **Moiré** from the U.S.A. and yes, even calico! All in stock at savings of 30 to 60%. Come see!

CALICO CORNERS®



☎ We'll be happy to tell you which of our 54 stores is nearest you by calling toll free 800-821-7700, ext. 810.



**Pure Glycerine Soap**

**Treat yourself to a little luxury: hard milled glycerine hand soap. Specially made by Lidasa for Williams-Sonoma, this soap is unscented, won't dry the skin, and is economical! Order a set for the kitchen and for the bath. Set of six 3.5oz. bars, $6.50 ppd.**

Please rush ______ set(s) Pure Glycerine Soap #712-0015 @ $6.50 ppd. My check or money order is enclosed.

☐ Enclosed is $1.00 for 6 issues of "A Catalog for Cooks" (FREE with order)

Name (please print)

Address

City

State Zip

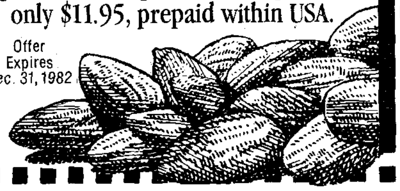
**WILLIAMS-SONOMA**

Dept. 554, P.O. Box 3792, San Francisco, CA 94119

**First of the Harvest ALMONDS**

Mouth-watering, premium grade new crop shelled California Nonpareil Almonds ... quality and taste you won't find in stores! Rushed to you crisp and fresh in protective wrap, 100% guaranteed to please. 3 full pounds only $11.95, prepaid within USA.

Offer Expires Dec. 31, 1982



☐ *Please rush ______ 3-pound pkgs. New Crop shelled Almonds @ $11.95 each.*
*Send ______ pkgs. Roasted Salted (A2-695)*
*Send ______ pkgs. Roasted Unsalted (A2-699)*
*Send ______ pkgs. Natural Almonds (A2-698)*
☐ *Enclosed is check or M.O. for $ ______*

VISA & MASTERCARD

Send card number & expire date or phone toll-free.
800-235-4070 (from Calif. 800-582-3923)

☐ *Send FREE House of Almonds Catalog.*

NAME

ADDRESS APT.

CITY

STATE ZIP

5300 District Blvd., Dept KB-8, Bakersfield, CA 93309

**House of Almonds**

ease, as though he'd gone to sleep in a familiar bed and awakened in a land where everything was the same but different. He fiddled with the waistband of his breeches and stared solemnly into the middle distance. Velasquez is usually pretty cocky before a race, but I guess Italy had shaken him up some. I thought he had a slight case of nerves. The shirt he wore had a big star on the chest, and I'm sure he was anxious about living up to it. The pressure was on him to perform. The hippodrome was strictly a bush-league track for him, and he really had nothing to gain by riding there, no matter how much money he might be paid for his appearance—he was already a wealthy man. If he rode well, he would only confirm what everybody had known in advance—that he was a world-class jockey. But if he had a sorry afternoon he would tarnish his reputation; for decades afterward Florentines would talk about how Tuscan riders had outshone *il famoso americano*. So I respected Velasquez for taking a risk that most jockeys of his calibre would have been happy to avoid.

Once Velasquez was in the saddle, he seemed much less nervous. The kind of calm that sailors get when they step on board ship crept over him. The horse was his fulcrum; it lent him a sense of stability in the midst of surrounding strangeness. He reached down and patted Foden Warrior on the neck, and then he took the reins in hand. When he glided by the photographers, his face broke into an unexpectedly brilliant smile. It was a smile he'd mastered in countless paddocks and winner's circles over the years, but it still had a touch of unalloyed pleasure in it, because Velasquez was up there on horseback, alive in every cell of his body, while the rest of us had our feet planted on the ground.

Foden Warrior was a nice little horse, quite well behaved, with a healthy sheen to his coat, but he was only the third favorite in the betting. The crowd was going to make Velasquez prove his skill before they'd give him any edge. I didn't think Velasquez' agent would have let him travel to Europe unless he'd got some assurance that Jorge's mounts would be primed to win, so I put my lire on Foden Warrior. Velasquez gave the horse a perfect ride, urging him to join the leaders at the head of the stretch, and then turning him loose on the long run-in. Foden Warrior had plenty to spare and won much more

*In May, 1982, Mr. Hanns Ebensten visited China with 22 friends. Wherever they met members of other American groups they were envied, because ours was the most meticulously planned, diligently led, varied and enjoyable tour in China.*

*In May, 1983, we repeat this enormously successful tour and invite you to join us on*

**The China Experience**

MAY 13 TO 29, 1983

Our tour includes four days in Peking, where we stay at the luxurious State Guest House frequented by heads of state, in order to visit the Forbidden City and other stupendous sights of China's ancient capital, the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall; fascinating Nanking on the Yangtse River; the old city of Soochow with its picturesque canals and gardens; and the bustling metropolis of Shanghai.

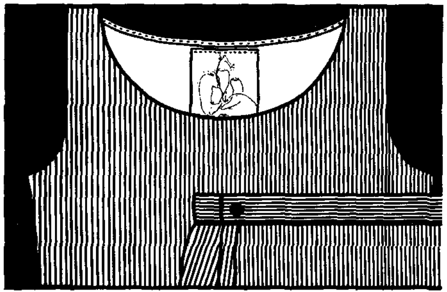
Unique to the tour are three days in the Anhui Province, where we forego modern amenities as we travel off the tourist route through rice paddies and terraced tea plantations to the majestic Huang Shan Mountains, rarely seen by foreign visitors.

The tour features several splendid banquets and terminates with two days at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, Japan.

*Detailed brochures are available from:*

**HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC**
705 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014
TELEPHONE (212) 691 7429

WHEN AN ALLIANCE OF INFORMAL CLOTHING & OUR OWN DESIGNS MATTERS TO YOU . . .



ALLIANCE EDITIONS
NORTH ADAMS MASSACHUSETTS
01247

LA RÉCOLTE
RESTAURANT
110 E. 49th St., East of Park Ave., N.Y. 212-421-4389.

**Photography**

***Books Posters Gift Ideas***

For mail order catalog send $1.00 to:
**International Center of Photography**
1130 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10028

easily than his form would have indicated.

Before the fifth race, Walter Swinburn joined Velasquez in the paddock. He is twenty-one, but he could pass for sixteen; his altar-boy potential is still intact. He has pale, unscarred skin, and he projects the humility of spirit that all successful young jockeys seem to share. It's the losers who snarl and get rank. Swinburn's father, Wally, is also a jockey, and he happened to be in Italy, too—down in Rome, where he was riding in a big stakes race. The trip was on the order of a family holiday for the Swinburns, but I had a feeling that Velasquez was going to spoil Walter's part of it. The victory on Foden Warrior had pumped him up, and now he was strutting around the paddock with a strong proprietary air. He chatted with grooms and trainers, and when he got on Sandaletto, his mount for the race, he looked so confident that he sent people dashing for the pari-mutuel windows. He booted Sandaletto home without much bother, although Starscki ("Starsky and Hutch" is a popular series on Italian TV) made a run at him near the wire. Swinburn, on Lord Quinto Romano, finished third.

Velasquez' hot hand didn't last through the Corsa dell'Arno, though. The horse he'd been assigned to ride, Beggar's Bridge, was rumored to be a course specialist, who'd won often at Cascine in the past, but I'd seen him race once and he'd looked awful. Choco Air, a handsome bay colt out of a Never Bend mare, had whipped him soundly. Beggar's Bridge had dragged past the stands in a heavy lather; he'd seemed out of shape, in need of serious conditioning. At seven, he was the oldest horse entered in the Arno (Choco Air was entered in it, too), and he was conceding over twenty pounds to some of his younger rivals. In the paddock, he shambled around, as though a premonition of defeat had infected his bones; he had no perkiness, no brightness. Swinburn's mount, Baldog, looked much better, but Baldog had been out only once all year, and he probably wasn't fit enough yet to pose a threat.

Weight was an important factor in the Arno. The winner, Il Taischan, carried only one hundred pounds, compared with a hundred twenty-four for Beggar's Bridge and a hundred thirty-one for Choco Air. He was kept in reserve until the stretch, while other horses, including Choco Air, made the pace. Immediately after the final turn,

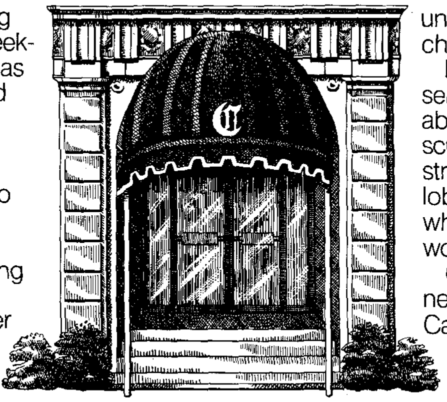
In 1926, a palace was built in Washington for people of wealth and power. This weekend, it could be yours for $39.50.*

Imagine, checking into a palace this weekend. A palace that has been totally restored with all the modern luxuries and found right in the heart of Washington, just two blocks from the White House.

Imagine an evening dining on pheasant under glass. Lobster under crystal chandeliers. Or a seat under the stars sipping champagne.

Imagine being served tea, while above, intricately sculpted ceilings stretch across the lobby. Just imagine what a weekend it would be.

Come, spend your next weekend at The Carlton. And spend only $39.50* per night.



The Sheraton Carlton

SHERATON HOTELS & INNS, WORLDWIDE
923 SIXTEENTH STREET, N.W. WASHINGTON, DC 20006
(202) 638-2626 800 325-3535

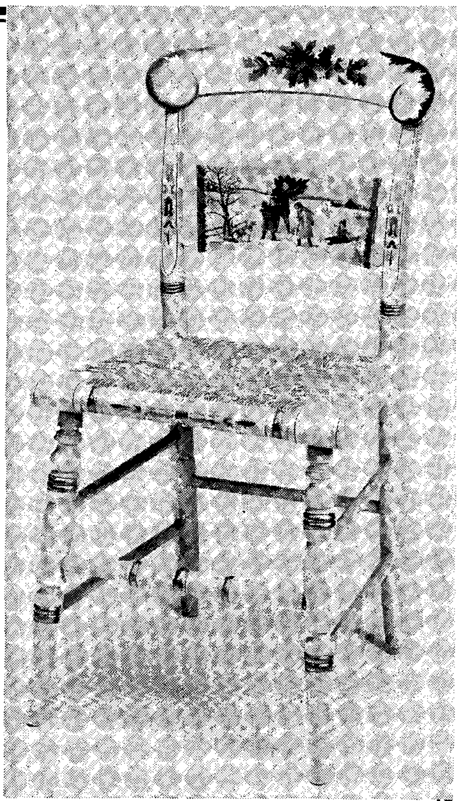
* PER PERSON. PER NIGHT. BASED ON DOUBLE OCCUPANCY

Hitchcock for Christmas!

Limited Edition Christmas Chair $270.

We've created only 500 Hitchcock Christmas chairs . . . perfect as a gift or for yourself! Back panel depicts traditional holiday scene. The antique white finish is hand rubbed; hand striped and banded. Even a hand woven rush seat! A personalized greeting is inscribed in gold leaf on the back. (Please limit to 6 words.) Delivery prepaid anywhere in continental United States.

In CT: (800) 822-4951
In MA, NH, NY and RI: (800) 243-6612
Mail: send check, money order or use credit card. (Add 7½% sales tax for CT delivery.) American Express, VISA or MasterCard accepted. Include all credit card numbers, signature, and recipient's telephone number.



THE HITCHCOCK CHAIR STORE
Route 20, Riverton (Hitchcock's-ville), Connecticut 06065
L. HITCHCOCK. HITCHCOCKS-VILLE. CONN. WARRANTED.®

**264 INDISPENSABLE HOUSEHOLD HELPERS**

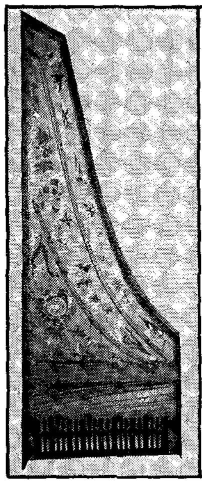
You could shop for months and never find all the items in our brand new "Homewares" catalog! It's loaded with useful, no-nonsense products specially made to help you cook, clean, sew, travel and take better care of yourself. And in the Brookstone tradition, we've chosen the finest quality merchandise, all thoroughly tested and **unconditionally guaranteed** for life.

**Send for our Homewares catalog, FREE from Brookstone.**

Just fill out the coupon below, mail it in, and we'll send you a Homewares catalog, free.

Send for your FREE 48-page Homewares catalog.
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________
70 Vose Farm Road, Dept. LA176A
Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458

**Brookstone HOMEWARES**


**HARPSICHORDS & FORTEPIANOS**

Build it yourself from one of our kits or let our experienced craftsmen build it for you.

*Three Centuries of Harpsichord Making* by Frank Hubbard (*$20 postpaid*)

For brochure send $1.00 to:
FRANK HUBBARD INCORPORATED
144-Y Moody Street,
Waltham, MA 02154
(617) 894-3238

*The Ultimate*

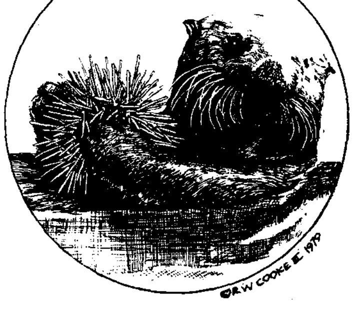
Hernando Courtright
Beverly Wilshire Hotel
IN THE HEART OF LOS ANGELES
Wilshire Boulevard at Rodeo Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212
(213) 275-4282 Telex 698-220
Preferred Hotels Worldwide
HRI The Leading Hotels of the World

he accelerated. Several others—Efidanville, Mistan, My Sea—joined him, but he was able to pull away and cross the wire first, much to the disappointment of the crowd, who'd let him go off at fairly generous odds. Il Taischan was bred at Ballinagall Stud, in Ireland; he is a solid, long-striding horse with talent to bank against the future. As for Beggar's Bridge, he waddled in eighth with the sweat pouring off him. I thought he was a prime candidate for a vacation.

Velasquez didn't win either of the last two races, but the *sfida* trophy was his anyway, because Swinburn's mounts were such stiffs. The only horse Swinburn had who really figured—Riden, in the seventh—finished a miserable fourth. No doubt Swinburn was happy to strip off his Italian silks, climb back into his street clothes, and head for Great Britain, where he would soon be riding a filly called Circus Ring, in the illustrious Coronation Stakes at Ascot. For Velasquez, the trip to Cascine had been more rewarding. In five races, he'd had two firsts and a second, so he could wing home to the States with his reputation enhanced, knowing that he'd lent a bit of international lustre to the Arno and made some new friends into the bargain.

THE last time I went to Cascine, in mid-May, the hippodrome was already showing the effects of the oppressive heat that begins to grip the city toward the end of every spring. The track had always been a lazy sort of place, conducive to meditative driftiness, but now an outright torpor had set in. The grass on the racing strip hadn't been mowed for weeks. It was at least six inches long, brown in patches, and sprouting weeds. Only four horses could be recruited to run in the first race, and they were pretty tired. Two of them—Babusch and my old pal Fontaineriant—had been rested for just three days, while another, Assio, had been rested for just two. The four horses in the second race had all run against each other eleven days earlier. Apparently, there was a critical shortage of thoroughbreds in Tuscany. Throughout the afternoon, I saw so many familiar faces at the paddock that I felt bad for not bringing along any carrots or lumps of sugar to offer up on my palm.

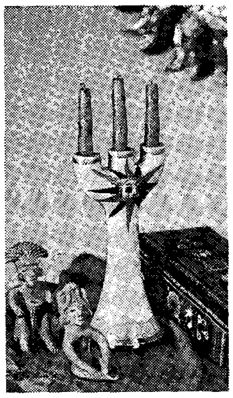
In spite of the mediocre racing, I enjoyed myself, because Cascine was one of the few spots where I could be sure to escape the tourists. They had



***unique and unspoiled***

*Sea otters, shore birds, seals and thousands of colorful fishes share the emerald blue waters of Carmel and Monterey Bays. An unequalled expression of nature that only exists on the Monterey Peninsula. For visitor information write*
*P.O. Box 1770 N1. Monterey 93940.*

The Monterey Peninsula, California


tesoros del Sol™

Jose Palacios' artistry in a candelabra of famous Brunida (burnished) pottery of Tonala, Mex. Hand decorated with raised sunbursts in Palacios' own tones of rust, brown, black on ivory.

**12"** Tall **$28** post paid (Candles not inc.) Send **$2** for color catalog.

Check, money order, VISA, MasterCard. Include card no., exp. date, Name, address. CA res add 6% Tx.

**Tesoros del Sol,** (714) 298-3229
7910 Ivanhoe Av., Suite 234, La Jolla, CA 92037
Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

FAMOUS *IOWA REVIEW*
Rejection Slip T-Shirt
or a year's subscription, *12.00, or both for 20.00 : The Iowa Review, 308 EPB*
Iowa City, IA *52242*

**THE POTPOURRI OF LONGPOND FARM**

ROSE GERANIUM, YELLOW ROSE, NIGHT, DAY, THE LEMON BOX. GARDEN FRESH AND LASTING.

OUR BROCHURE: 50¢ DEDUCTIBLE
**LONGPOND FARM, BOX 58, HARVARD, IL 60033**

been descending on the city in a steady stream since Easter, filling the hotels and *pensioni*, and travelling everywhere in packs, like the walking dead. When they went to a museum, they did so in groups of twenty or thirty, trailing vacantly behind guides who had terrific repertoires of platitudes. The museums made no move to control the groups, so it was virtually impossible to visit the Uffizi or the Pitti Palace without having to stand on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the paintings. In addition, the guards at the Uffizi were always going out on lightning strikes, often for two or three days straight; the museum was closed so often that a small band of irate tourists actually staged a demonstration to protest. The splendor of the Renaissance was slowly disappearing beneath an ooze of boosterism and failed bureaucracy.

In some ways, the great soul of Florence was easier to touch at the hippodrome than it was at more highly touted places. Nobody tried to sell you cameos or overpriced leather goods or distorted little statues of David. The prosciutto sandwiches came on real Tuscan bread, and the Chianti was rough, with a peasant edge to it. If you were willing to spend a while down at the rail, staring at the city, you learned to experience Brunelleschi's dome the way Florentines have been experiencing it for centuries—not merely as a work of art but as a constant presence in your life, reminding you of what human beings, in their better moments, can accomplish.

—Bill Barich

•

### BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From Canadian Business*]

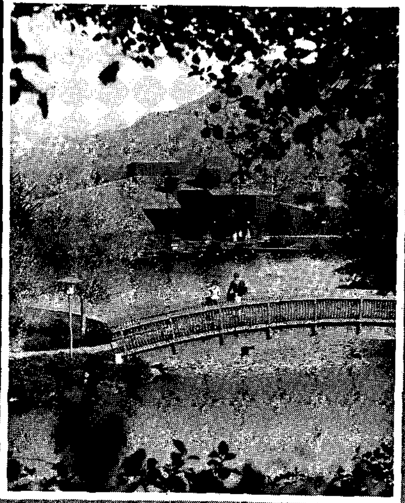
If Henry Knowles is making life more difficult for the industry, so are the times. It has had to adjust to the new rules through mercurial fluctuations in the economic temperature—from the steamy, amorous heat of takeover fever, to the passion-sapping chill of recession in which the tumescent lust of so many of the market's big shooters has shrivelled into flaccid impotence as they find themselves enmeshed in corporate paternity suits they can no longer afford.

•

For information in willing your organist after death, please send a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope to: The Living Bank, P.O. Box 6725, Houston, Texas, 77005.—"*Dear Abby*" *in the Meadville* (*Pa.*) *Tribune.*

Better tip off your organist, too, just to be on the safe side.

QUAIL LODGE



Experience the luxury of this fine, prestigious hotel situated in beautiful picturesque Carmel. In addition to sumptuous dinners at our Covey Restaurant, as guest of the Lodge you can play golf and tennis at the Carmel Valley Golf Club adjoining our grounds. We proudly display the Mobil Travel 5-Star Award ... (only seven other hotels in North America share this honor.) Write **Cathy Conway** for color brochure: **8205 Valley Greens Dr. Carmel, CA. 93923. (408) 624-1581**. For room reservations only: In Calif. call **1-800-682-9303**. Other States call **1-800-538-9516**.

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

The Pfaelzer Collection of Gourmet Gifts & Recipes

Take this colorful "Best Seller" —plus a $5.00 gift certificate!

Discover the rare, the remarkable, the exotic, and the quietly tasteful. Imagine such gifts as meltingly tender Filet Mignon ...Heart of Rib Roasts...hand-forged Dreizack Knives...gourmet Candies... live Ocean Lobsters...smoked Irish Salmon...fine Wisconsin Cheeses...and much more.

Just $2 brings you our Pfaelzer Collection of Gourmet Gifts and Recipes. We'll send along a $5 Gift Certificate good toward any order!

Name (please print)

Address

City

State Zip

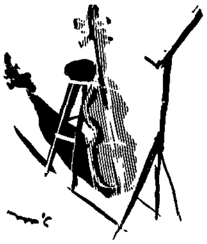
Mail $2 check to:
"Pfaelzer Brothers"
4501 W. District Blvd.
Chicago, IL 60632

pfaelzer BROTHERS
(312) 927-7100

NY9282

# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Pastoral*



JOHN GAY'S Newgate pastoral, "The Beggar's Opera"—that high-spirited play-with-songs about highwaymen, whores, thieves, corrupt officials, and two loving young women—has attracted the attention of composers for two and a half centuries. It appeared in 1728 and caught on at once. On British stages, it was played most years until the late nineteenth century. Jamaica saw it in 1733, New York in 1750. A London revival in 1920 ran for fourteen hundred and sixty-three performances, setting an operatic record, and it is unlikely that a year has passed since without a "Beggar's Opera" somewhere. Its latest triumph has been in Clarksville, Missouri—a small Mississippi town about sixty miles upstream from St. Louis, where it has been playing in a large barn, the Apple Shed, in a brilliant presentation by the Opera Theatre of St. Louis.

The first published edition of "The Beggar's Opera" contained just the melodies of sixty-nine popular tunes to which Gay had written new lyrics. (It has been claimed, not improbably but without strong evidence, that Swift contributed three of the poems and Lord Chesterfield another.) In the third edition (1729), these melodies were provided with basses by Johann Christoph Pepusch; and Charles Burney, in his "General History of Music" (1776-89), declared that the German composer, Handel's colleague at Cannons, had "furnished the wild, rude, and often vulgar melodies, with basses so excellent, that no sound contrapuntist will ever attempt to alter them." Burney was wrong. In 1759, Thomas Arne had already worked over the score of "The Beggar's Opera," for Covent Garden. In 1777, Thomas Linley brought out his version, at Drury Lane. And these are but the first in a list of "Beggar's Opera" realizations which now runs to perhaps a hundred or more. Among the more celebrated of them are Frederic Austin's (1920), which launched the modern revival and is highly attractive, though some deem it dainty for the subject matter; Edward J. Dent's (1944), an amusingly "learned" version with much neat counterpoint; Benjamin Britten's (1948), fairly described by the conductor Norman Del Mar as "the conversion of a folk piece into an operatic work on the highest artistic level;" and Arthur Bliss's (1953), a lusty full-orchestra version made for a film starring Laurence Olivier as Macheath. (Kurt Weill's "Dreigroschenoper" stands apart from these, since it uses only one of Gay's tunes and is otherwise an original composition.) The list of distinguished singers and actors who have appeared in "The Beggar's Opera" over the centuries is longer still. It includes Peg Woffington, Kitty Clive, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Billington, Mme. Mara, Catherine Stephens (the first English Susanna), Mary Anne Paton (Reiza in the first "Oberon"), Janet Baker, and Heather Harper; and, as Macheath, Handel's tenor John Beard, Mme. Vestris, John Braham (Sir Huon in the first "Oberon"), Sims Reeves (the first English Faust), Charles Santley, and Michael Redgrave (in a 1940 Glyndebourne production, directed by John Gielgud). The latest recording of the piece, on London, has Dame Joan Sutherland and Dame Kiri Te Kanawa as the rival heroines and the Met's James Morris as Macheath.

Most "Beggar's Opera" arrangements have been tailored to a particular company's available resources. Austin's followed hard on and used singers from a Beecham "Figaro" at Covent Garden. Britten's was composed for the skillful soloists and twelve-piece instrumental ensemble of the English Opera Group. (Rose Hill, the dear Miss La Creevy of the Royal Shakespeare Company's "Nicholas Nickleby," was its first Lucy.) The London recording has a gaudy score by Richard Bonynge and Douglas Gamley, for full symphony orchestra, replete with Straussian and Prokofievian device. At a pole from it is Denis Stevens' edition, recorded by the Accademia Monteverdiana on ABC, which departs from Pepusch only where he was clumsy, and limits itself to eighteenth-century resources. Each arrangement makes a different effect in performance. Britten's, which had Tyrone Guthrie as its librettist, flows like an opera in which the recitative happens to be spoken; the treatment of the songs varies from what Del Mar calls "straight settings" to "settings in which the air is worked into an elaborate, but formally concise, musical scheme" and "settings embodied in larger musical designs." In the Bonynge-Gamley version, each number becomes a separate aria; there is plentiful elaboration and repetition, with interpolated sustained high notes to produce applause-catching cadences. Dr. Burney would not approve. He complained that

> either from the ambition of the singer, or expectations of the audience, music is not suffered to remain simple long upon the stage; and the more plain and ancient the melodies, the more they are to be embellished. . . . The tunes in "The Beggar's Opera" will never appear in their original simple garb again.

The St. Louis troupe used a score by Raymond Leppard made originally for the Royal Shakespeare Company, in 1963, when Dorothy Tutin was the Polly, Virginia McKenna the Lucy, and Derek Godfrey the Macheath. It is an actors' version, not an opera singers' version. It flows like a play in which some of the speeches happen to be sung. For the Clarksville production, Colin Graham, who directed, made his own abridgment of the Gay text. Almost all the songs were included (which seldom happens in "Beggar's Opera" performances). The actors dropped into them with often no more prompting than a soft tuning note from the instrumental ensemble, sang them through simply, and slipped back into speech. Speaking, singing, and spectacle were ingredients not disjunct but combined in a lively dramatic adventure. Brecht, Japanese theatre, and "Nicholas Nickleby" probably played a part in inspiring Mr. Graham's imagination. The result was at once true to Gay's spirit and dazzling as a piece of modern theatre to interest the historian, please the musician (for Leppard's touch is light and wonderfully ingenious), and exhilarate players and audience alike.

IN introducing his opera, the Beggar declares it, in effect, a parody of Handelian opera seria, with its abundant simile arias, its prison scene ("which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic"), and "such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence" (as in the operas Handel composed wherein both Faustina and Cuzzoni appeared). It is frequently and too flatly said that "The Beggar's Opera" dealt a death blow to the Italian opera. It didn't. It merely checked for a while the latter's triumphal progress. (It is a pleasant irony that Covent Garden, now London's international opera house, was built from the profits of Gay's piece.) The town flocked to "The Beggar's Opera." The champions of opera in English, who not without reason thought it ridiculous for English-speaking audiences to attend dramas declaimed in a foreign tongue, rallied around it. But parodies are perhaps most keenly enjoyed by men fond of the thing parodied, and I believe that "The Beggar's Opera" then, as now, pleased people who also delighted in and rightly valued the very genre it mocked. In any case, operatic parody plays a smaller part in it than the Beggar's introduction would suggest. And several of the simile airs function just as they might in "real" opera. Polly's lament when Macheath must leave her—

> The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
> The bird in silence eyes;
> But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
> Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries—

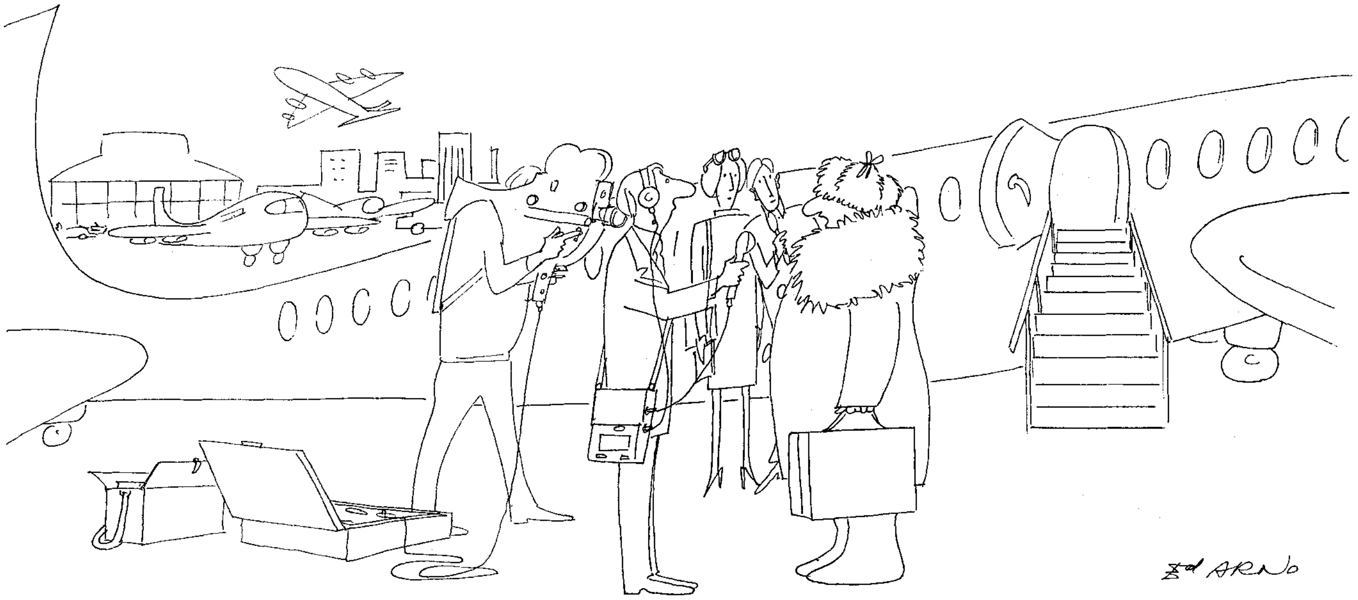
is very tender. Macheath's extended prison scena, in which strains from ten popular ditties are strung together, has something in common with Peter Grimes' mad scene.

The work is also a social and political satire. Its theme is sounded in the first song, sung by Peachum, the thief-master, a recognized portrait of the Jonathan Wild who efficiently organized London crime until he was hanged, in 1725:

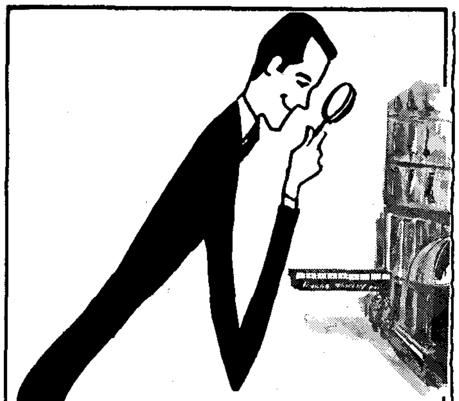
> Through all the employments of life,
> Each neighbour abuses his brother;
> Whore and rogue, they call husband and
> wife:
> All professions be-rogue one another.
> The priest calls the lawyer a cheat:
> The lawyer be-knaves the divine:
> And the statesman, because he's so great,
> Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

And at the close of this drama about dishonor among thieves the Beggar returns to observe that "through the whole piece you may observe . . . a similitude of manners in high and low life"—but with this difference: that while "the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich," the former "are punished for them." Mr. Graham, in a program note, calls Gay's opera "the strongest piece of social satire that had yet appeared in the theatre" and declares that "its social significance is no less now than it was in those days." No less, indeed, when our papers tell daily of corrupt politicians, venal clergymen, new Wilds, and convicted criminals who cling to public office. But political cabaret, of which "The Beggar's Opera" can be counted an early example, is a curious genre. It flourishes—as it did in London then, as it has in Poland and in Iran more recently—when those attacked are also amused by it. By fond laughter it is disarmed. When it becomes too keen, it is banned. "The Beggar's Opera" is hardly bitter. Frank Kidson, in his elegant little study of the piece (1922), suggests that the adherents of one political party may have been disappointed by satire so good-tempered, and those of the other party no less vexed that there were no clear grounds for suppressing the show: "Everybody knew that the Court and the Governing Party were corrupt, and the mere generalisation of this was nothing to complain of." To the common audience, "the brilliant dialogue, the wit, and life-like conception of the whole story appealed . . . in a far greater degree than any flings at Court or Government."

"The Beggar's Opera" is also a love story, a "Don Giovanni" with a happy ending, in which the picaresque rogue-hero joins hands with the Donna Elvira figure, Polly, to lead a final dance. (In real life, the first Polly, Lavinia Fenton, became the Duchess of Bolton.) It has even been considered immoral. Sir John Hawkins, in his "History," declared, "The effects of 'The Beggar's Opera' in the minds of the people have fulfilled the prognostications of many, that it would prove injurious to society. Rapine and violence have been gradually increasing ever since its first representation." But Dr. Johnson's comment is surely sounder: "More influence has been ascribed to 'The Beggar's Opera,' than it in reality ever had; for I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at its representation." It has not passed uncensored. In an 1854 Boston libretto, made for the Pyne-Harrison company, the text is "revised by Mr. Harrison and the objectionable dialogue expunged." In Sir Malcolm Sargent's



*"I think in English and dream in English. However, I still conceptualize in Russian."*



**Our holiday shopper's weekend is a celebration with a gift for every guest.**

$40 per person, daily, dbl. occ. Thurs., Fri. or Sat. arrival.

New York's biggest little hotel is *the perfect headquarters for holiday shopping.* Because not only will you be a stroll from Fifth Avenue shops, but you'll enjoy Tuscany elegance in a chic, quiet location, superb service, a deluxe room with king-size bed, Continental breakfast and the New York Times every morning. Plus a gift of Godiva chocolates to celebrate the occasion. And downstairs, Jimmy La Grange, one of Manhattan's finest restaurants, ready to provide a delicious end to your shopping day.

DORAL TUSCANY HOTEL

39th St., east of Park Ave., New York 10016

See your travel agent or call direct:

800-847-4078 toll-free

(In New York State, (212) 686-1600)

**Chamois Prairie Tent Dress**

100% pure cotton chamois cloth, brushed inside and out. Ruffles on the shawl yoke and button placket. Neat band collar, tie belt, side pockets, below knee hem. Choose chamois, red or cloud blue. Gently machine wash.

**S-M-L ..... $64.95 ppd.**

*Turtleneck not included.*

J. JILL LTD. Write for color catalog.

Dept. N927

Stockbridge Road

Gt. Barrington, MA 01230

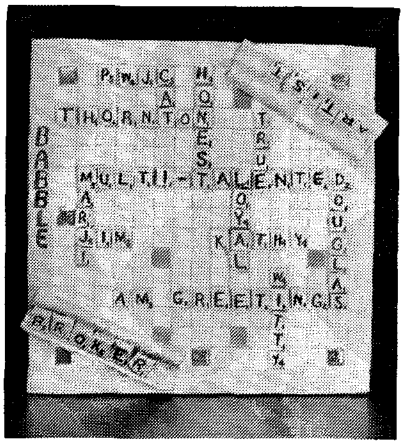
recording, the bold language is toned down.

Mr. Graham's production was true to the original in its precise balance of political comment and operatic parody with witty entertainment. The piece was neither prettified nor didactically overpointed. The characterizations were fearless—now funny, now fierce, and sometimes touching. Human behavior was accurately observed. The merits that have secured the work's longevity were made plain.

THE Clarksville Apple Shed is a long, rambling barn, divided from the Mississippi by a railroad track. (Plans to run an Opera Special, the SuperThief, from St. Louis were frustrated by Amtrak bureaucracy.) It has something of the feel of the medieval Grange de Meslay (which is seven centuries older), chosen by Sviatoslav Richter as the site of the Fêtes Musicales en Touraine; and, with its vistas of river and field, something of the feel of the Maltings, that Suffolk brewery refashioned as the principal hall of the Aldeburgh Festival. But it is more informal than either. At about its center, an open loft has been built into the rafters. This provided the troupe with a two-level acting area, around which an audience of some three hundred clustered, for seven performances. The Opera Theatre and the Raintree Arts Council, which runs the Shed and fosters the arts in Pike and Lincoln Counties, joined in the presentation. This was fully community opera. The performers were housed locally; willing helpers built scenery and sewed costumes; church and social groups vied to feed the visiting troupe. An essay in Hans Werner Henze's "Music and Politics" (a collection of his writings just published by the Cornell University Press) recounts his endeavor to involve a whole community in an artistic enterprise, the Montepulciano Cantieri. The Clarksville "Beggar's Opera," though less polemical in intent, had something of the warm Politian spirit about it.

There were twenty-three singing actors and eight instrumentalists, and (as in "Nickleby") every one of them told. Elaine Bonazzi, doubling as Mrs. Peachum and Mrs. Diana Trapes, gave two rounded, ripe but admirably disciplined, perfectly inflected performances. James Daniel Frost, doubling as the Beggar and Filch, was alert, accurate, and endearing. Herbert Beattie, doubling as the Player and Peachum, was splendid. David Par-

**SPELL IT OUT.**



Names, places, memories. Your own personalized acrostic mounted on a 12½" square ceramic board. Completely hand crafted. That's BABBLE® A most unique gift... $59 from Another Cat•A•Log. In the U.S., send $1 for an order form and catalog featuring Babble and many other fine personalized gifts.

ANOTHER CAT•A•LOG

P.O. Box 22054

Cleveland, OH 44122

**SHOES & CLOTHING from the BRITISH ISLES Men & Women**

Send $1.00 today for your catalog. Kilts, scarfs, and handbags in your own tartan. Liberty print dresses. Beautifully tailored clothes of handspun and handwoven fabrics. Color coordinates of skirts, sweaters, jackets, and coats. Shoes by the shoemaker to the Queen. Curly lamb coats. Hacking Jackets, Irish handknits of incredible beauty and originality. And much more. Most never offered in U.S. before. Stocked in N.H. ready for Christmas ordering.

British Isles Collection, Ltd.

Dept. 8C, Main St., No. Conway, N.H. 03860

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY BONDS!

We are offering a fine choice of bonds issued by the Imperial Governments of pre-revolutionary China, Russia and others. Historically important; artistically beautiful; great conversation pieces; suitable for framing to enhance your office or home. ($100-$200 range). Full money-back guarantee. Send for descriptions, prices, and some typical photos.

La Petite Galleria P.O. Box 11759 Phoenix, Ariz. 85061

The BUCCANEER

Your elegant oasis of privacy in the Caribbean.

St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands

Reservations:

RALPH LOCKE, 315 E. 72nd St. N.Y.C. 10021

(212) 586-3070 · Toll Free (800) 223-1108

Telex 423282

sons was a bonny Macheath, even if, like the Polly and the Lucy, Stephanie Friede and Melanie Sonnenberg, he did at times become a mere opera singer. Over all three, an occasional shadow of a singing teacher seemed to pass; words and sense became subordinate to tone. But not often, and not so as to disturb enjoyment of the swift-moving, captivating show. Leppard's arrangements are economical: Peachum's "Through all the employments" has only a bassoon obbligato; Mrs. Peachum sings "If any wench" to tambourine accompaniment. They are filled with deft musical devices that charm but do not distract the ear—piquant little surprises, rhythmic ingenuities. They have variety of color and of texture, and the few numbers more elaborately and extensively treated are cunningly placed and exquisitely wrought. All in all, an ensemble production skillful on every level. And the happiest, liveliest operatic presentation I have encountered since—well, St. Louis's "Così Fan Tutte" a few months ago. —ANDREW PORTER

•

I AM REAL ESTATE

I am the basis of all wealth, the heritage of the wise, the thrifty and prudent. I am the poor man's joy and comfort, the rich man's prize, the right hand of capital, the silent partner of many thousands of successful men. I am the solace of the widow, the comfort of old age, the cornerstone of security against misfortune and want. I am handed down to children, through generations, as a thing of greatest worth. I am the choicest fruit of toil. Credit respects me, yet I am humble. I stand before every man bidding him know me for what I am and possess me. I grow and increase in value through countless days. Though I seem dormant, my worth increases, never failing, never ceasing; time is my aid and population heaps up my gain. Fire and the elements I defy, for they cannot destroy me. My possessors learn to believe in me; invariably they become envied. While all things wither and decay, I survive. The centuries find me younger, increasing in strength. The thriftless speak ill of me. The charlatans of finance attack me. I am trustworthy. I am sound. Unfailing I triumph and detractors are disproved. Minerals and oils come from me. I am sound. I am producer of food, the basis for ships and factories, the foundation of banks. Yet I am so common that thousands unthinking and unknowingly pass me by.

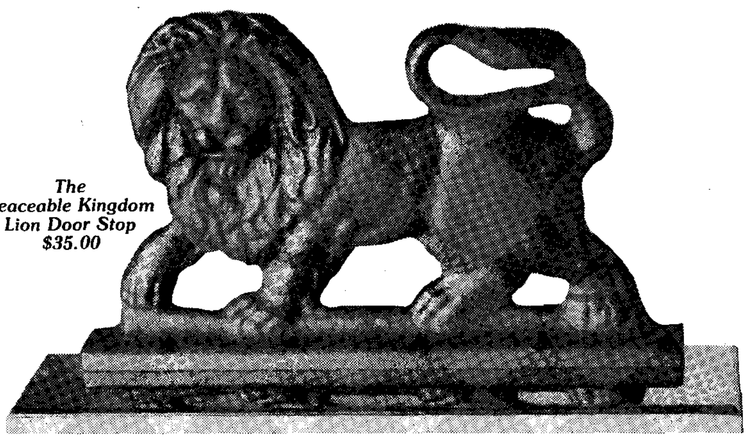
I am real estate.—*Adv. in the Stowe (Vt.) Reporter.*

Down, boy, down!

•

ORIENTAL COOKING, DIVORCE
ARE AMONG NEW Y CLASSES
—*Chestnut Hill (Pa.) Local.*

There might even be a connection.



*The Peaceable Kingdom Lion Door Stop $35.00*

American Folk Art

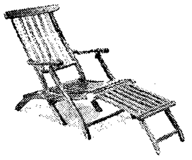
*Baldwin proudly presents the Peaceable Kingdom Lion, a true example of rural American Folk Art.*
*The design for this imposing iron figure was inspired by the works of Edward Hicks, the 19th century American artist famous for primitive paintings depicting the animal kingdom in calm, peaceable settings.*
*This majestic Lion is cast from heavy black iron and stands on a highly polished brass base. The overall length is 10", and it weighs 4.9 lbs. To order by mail, add sales tax if applicable and $2.75 for shipping.*

The compleat Baldwin Brass center

210 E. 60th St., New York, NY 10022
Tel. (212) 421-0090
New York • Paris • Washington • San Francisco

**Residential Setting**

There is an alternative to hospitalization for individuals with long-term psychiatric illness. Greystone House, established in 1980, offers a home-like environment for a small group of residents. This new program is under the guidance of America's first private nonprofit psychiatric hospital. Write Barbara Hines, R.N., for a color brochure. Greystone House, Friends Hospital, 4666 E. Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124.



**How To Demand Quality! Build your own Teak Deck Chair**

Enjoy outstanding value, exacting quality, and pride of ownership. Designed for comfort, it will complement your deck, patio, or family room. Made of teak wood with solid sand-cast brass hardware. Measures 58" l × 22" w. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
**A26I10-KE** **$179.95** postage paid

☐ **Send FREE Color Kit Catalog.**

Name
Address Zip
City State

**Woodcraft Supply Corp., 41 Atlantic Ave., Dept. KNY92**
**P.O. Box 4000, Woburn, MA 01888**

**Classic Cashmere Cap.**

This British-styled cashmere blend casual cap has a unique inner stretch band for a perfect fit. Camel. Also available in tan waterproof gabardine. Med. 6⅞ - 7¼, Large 7⅜ - 7⅝.

Please send me ____ Cashmere Caps @ $35
Please send me ____ Gabardine Rain Caps @ $25
Size (s)
Name
Address
City State/Zip
☐ Please send catalogue.
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX
Acct # Exp. Date
Add $2 delivery/Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Order toll free outside Calif. 800-227-3050

Bullock & Jones SINCE 1853
340 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 392-4243

# BOOKS

## *Diana and Duff*

AS a child, with a nervous, inbuilt sense of the world's insecurity that never left her, Lady Diana Cooper asked God every night to allow her to live to be eighty and to not let her father and mother die before her. The petition appears to have been generously answered in part. She is now ninety, and has been constantly in the attentive public eye for the best part of the century. Most of the people who were dearest to her died many years ago. The legendary circle of gifted young men who loved her hopelessly and on all of whom she heaped love in return, seemingly impartially, was practically wiped out in the 1914 war. Her marriage to Duff Cooper, the only one who came back, was the center of her life until his death, aged sixty-three, in 1954. Year after year, the world has contracted painfully for her, as it does for the old, with the disappearance of cherished friends. An indomitable survivor, still with enough gusto for the whole weird business to attach new friends of all ages, she was astonished by Philip Ziegler's assurance that it would be her choice alone whether his candid biography, "Diana Cooper" (Knopf; $16.95), was to be published in her lifetime. She had never thought of missing the fun of seeing what was said about it—the next-best thing to being present at one's own memorial service. Mr. Ziegler, the author of an excellent biography of Lord Melbourne and a history of the Black Death, tells us that he was somewhat daunted at first by his unusual new subject but became warmly devoted to her during the four years it took him to arrange the abundance of papers and memories—her own and her family's and friends'—into this affectionate but by no means unwaveringly admiring account. The recipients of Lady Diana's letters mostly kept them, as she kept theirs—and no wonder. She is a marvellous, funny, original natural writer, who never learned to spell. ("Souls in sauce" was her report on the fish course of a memorably delicious dinner with the Aga Khan in Paris.) Her three volumes of autobiography, with their titles taken from Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"—the first and the best, "The Rainbow Comes and Goes," was published to enormous critical praise in 1958—are a stiff challenge to any biographer. Mr. Ziegler, valiantly writing as though she were as much a part of history as Melbourne, and casting no anxious glances over his shoulder, cannot match them in charm, but he gives us everything she did not tell us. Rather too much so, we may feel occasionally, as we struggle through the hoarded accumulation of total recall. He picks his way honestly and tactfully among the difficulties, not dodging when his heroine shows up in an unattractive light or utters thoughts disconcerting to readers in an egalitarian age (on a chauffeur inconveniently suffering a stomach attack: "I do think servants should not be ill. We have quite enough illness ourselves without them adding to the symptoms")—splendidly unconscious that such delightfully shocking attitudes are anything but sensible statements of fact. They have been so all her life, and she sees no reason to change.

*"I've spent this past year working on myself."*

She was born Lady Diana Manners into the grandest and wealthiest top layer of late-Victorian England, which was enjoying the last, complacent years of being the envy of the world until 1914, when the roof fell in. Her beautiful, artistically gifted mother—the former Violet Lindsay, granddaughter of the twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford—looked like the Blessed Damozel but had a sharp eye for getting a good seat in a more material heaven. Her ticket was Henry Manners, heir presumptive to the sixth Duke of Rutland and to a vast fortune in land and coal, who cared mostly for dry-fly fishing and pretty actresses. After presenting him with the

SPERRY TOP-SIDERS.
YOU DON'T NEED HIGH SEAS
JUST HIGH STANDARDS.
A new line of casual shoes from the makers of the authentic boat shoe.
SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

The Teleram

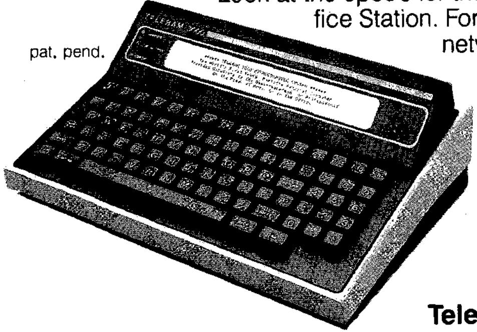
# You can take it with you.

Because the all-new Teleram 3000 is the first truly portable personal computer that operates everywhere, a Teleram Office is anywhere. Wherever business wants or needs to be.

**Taking it with you.**
Weighing less than 9 lbs. and hardly bigger than a 3" notebook, the Teleram 3000 is easy to take...in a standard briefcase. For operation anywhere on internal rechargeable batteries. For capabilities as powerful as desk top computers.

While others are stuck at their desks, take your Teleram Office home. Work on the way. In cars, planes, anywhere.

**Leaving it behind.**
Look at the spec's for the Teleram Office Station. For interface with networks and peripherals. Plus, cost-effective office pooling potential.


pat. pend.

In your office or out, the Teleram 3000. With non-volatile bubble memory up to 256kbytes. A standard-size keyboard. Flat panel display of 80 character lines. Standard CP/M* applications without modifications. More desirable features than hand-held and suitcase models put together. More versatility than any desk top.

The Teleram Office. The heavenly place and way to do business.

## Specifications:

The Teleram 3000: 8 lbs.-13 oz. 13" x 9¾" x 3½"
Powered by 5-10 hr. internal battery, auto cigarette lighter or 110/220 VAC
Typewriter keyboard plus numeric/cursor keypad & 16 soft function keys
64k RAM/4K ROM
128k or 256kbyte non-volatile bubble memory
4-line x 80-character Liquid Crystal Display (LCD)
RS232C Interface (communications or printing)
CP/M 2.2® operating system

**Expansion capabilities**
Teleram Office Station which contains:
floppy disks and/or Winchester disk drive, text/graphics CRT display, additional bubble memory, networking and additional communication interfaces

**TELERAM**

**Teleram Communications Corporation**
2 Corporate Park Drive White Plains, N.Y. 10604
(914) 694-9270 TELEX 646658

*CP/M is a trademark of Digital Research.

statutory requirements of an heir and three other children, Violet embarked on her own love affairs, also the customary prerogative of matrons in fashionable society. The most passionate was with Harry Cust, an extremely handsome, intelligent philanderer, who shone at all things and was nothing long, except to be the husband's bane in several celebrated scandals. It was taken for granted by their contemporaries that he was the father of Diana, Violet's fifth child, whose oval, pointed face, bright-blue eyes, and golden hair were noticeably different from the looks of the "almost eastern-hued babies" that her eldest sister, Marjorie (another talented writer), described tumbling about the Manners nursery. Diana's birth was pointedly not registered by Henry, who in all other ways accepted his new daughter and the gossip with admirable dignity.

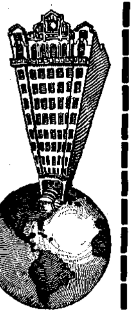
After Diana had grown up, she learned the story from a casual reference to her "real father" by one of her young men. She seems to have believed it without any apparent emotion or any change in her attitude toward the Duke and Duchess. "You've never been one for ghastly good taste, have you?" Evelyn Waugh, who became a beloved friend in the early thirties, once wrote to her. "It's the bastard in you—Edmund and Edgar constantly at strife." The double pull can be felt all through her life. "Loving tradition," Mr. Ziegler observes, "she remained the least conservative of women," who was careless of eating bread and cheese in an attic as long as the company was amusing; whose affectionate loyalty to the people she liked forgave practically anything they might do; who promised the delighted mill girls in the Lancashire town of Oldham, for which Duff Cooper stood as Conservative candidate for Parliament in 1925, that she would do a clog dance for them if they put her husband in (they did and she did); and who relished sitting for half an hour with the Buckingham Palace coachmen, listening to racy "tit-bits," when her car was late after the state dinner to General de Gaulle in 1960. Yet if the romantic discovery of her possible parentage had meant the loss of her rank as the daughter of a duke she would certainly have been heartbroken. It mattered amazingly much to her. For a reader groping through her unfamiliar, dazzling world, one of the oddest things in a book that is full of them is her horror when Duff Cooper is raised to the peerage, in 1951. He became Lord Norwich, a name she detested and spelled like "Porridge," which she would have preferred. It was being downgraded in the "noble class," from the ducal strawberry leaves to being the wife of a mere viscount. After he received his title, an announcement in the *Times* stated that she wished to be known by her old name and title of Lady Diana Cooper. At the British Embassy in Paris in 1944, her ridicule of the "insane" French preoccupation with the correct *placement* of guests according to their rank—"As [they] undo their napkins, they take a look round two tables of twenty in hopes of seeing something wrong"—may have been a nudge from Edmund.

Her life might have been very different if she had not gone for a visit when she was fourteen to the Herbert Trees' country house in Norfolk—the Duchess, like the Duke, was fascinated by theatre people, provided they were eminent—where she met a group of Balliol undergraduates who were holding a summer-vacation reading party in the neighborhood. They were the founding members of her thenceforth permanent set of adorers, female as well as male—the Never-Never Boys who were to vanish in the war and to whom, for the moment, the intelligent, amusing child was a diverting and flatteringly impressed Wendy. In the next few years, they all fell in love with her as unanimously as the undergraduates of Judas cast themselves into the Thames at Oxford crying the name of Zuleika Dobson. For her, they were her education, which so far had principally consisted of reading everything in sight and learning by heart reams of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Keats, and Browning. Without them, it is possible (though improbable) that she would have married one of the Duchess's list of eligible suitors, such as Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, or good-looking Lord Rocksavage, whose conversation was "unluckily reduced to three words, adaptable to any remark: 'Oh,' 'Really?,' 'Right-ho!' " The entrancing young men from Balliol sharpened her clever mind and set it puzzling in all directions; under their influence, she even made a spirited try to learn to read Greek.

Such enthusiasms were short-lived. What the young men taught her was her need to receive and give vast quantities of ardent, admiring love, preferably not of a demandingly sexual nature. "I've got one of those new marble hearts," she told a despairing would-be seducer. But to be "courted and petted and needed," she explained years later to her son, John Julius Norwich, was always the breath of life to her. "I was ever so with lovers too—neglect never roused me, only true love and cosseting got fair exchange." It was not quite the image of the beautiful, "fast" Lady Diana fostered by the powerful new popular press, whose accounts of her triumphs brightened the lives of the dull and lonely and outraged the envious. Duff Cooper, a late joiner of the original coterie, wrote shrewdly in his diary in 1917, "Without loving me, she likes me more than I could like anyone. One of the most remarkable things about her is the strength of her 'likes.' I am cold-hearted except where I love; her friendships are more passionate than others' loves." Two years later, wearing down her parents' objections, they married.

The Rutlands had disliked the idea of a son-in-law who had no great prospects at the Foreign Office, gambled and drank obsessively, and was notorious as the compulsive bedder of every tempting woman he met. To the surprise of many, the marriage was lastingly happy. Not that it made any difference to Duff Cooper's tastes. Before the honeymoon is over, he is noting in the diary that "the long habit of promiscuity asserts itself," and it went right on asserting itself to the end of his days. His wife's attitude toward his endless affairs was nearly always one of tolerance, even of anxious complicity if the course of adulterous love did not run smooth. (There is a comical scene in Paris in the forties, with both of them at the bedside of Duff's current mistress, the glamorous poetess Louise de Vilmorin, assuring the weeping lady that the Ambassador really loves her better than any of her rivals.) It is clear that unfaithfulness on either side never made any difference to the certainty on which they had married—that to each the other was the only necessary person in the world.

One seems to detect a slight note of



THERE IS NO OTHER STORE IN THE WORLD LIKE HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER.

AND NO OTHER CATALOG.

It has been said, "If you can't find it anywhere else look for it at Hammacher Schlemmer–especially if it's new."

For well over a century New Yorkers and ex-New Yorkers around the world have looked to Hammacher Schlemmer for things ahead of their time–the first portable radio, the first automatic coffee maker, the first microwave oven–and hundreds of other products before anyone else had them.

In our new catalog you'll find night vision goggles, a robot sentinel, an underwater tape recorder, a remote wireless car starter, a one-stroke egg-peeler and still hundreds more of unusual things that can't be found anywhere else. Come to the famous store on 57th Street or send for the current catalog while it's still available.

Hammacher Schlemmer DEPT. 35
145 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022
Please send me your free Fall 1982 Catalog.
Name________
Street & Number________
City______ State______ Zip______

Hammacher Schlemmer New York's most famous store since before the Civil War.

Does Rain Mean Wet?

Not with the Gore-Tex™ Rain Hat from REI Co-op. The unique qualities of Gore-Tex™ allow the fabric to breathe and air to circulate, so your head stays dry and comfortable. The Gore-Tex™ Rain Hat is just one of many outdoor items available from REI Co-op. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back!
Offer expires December 31, 1982.
Colors: Royal, Navy or Tan. Sizes: S, M, L, XL. $9.95ppd

Please send me______Gore-Tex™ Rain Hat(s). Size(s):______
☐ C40-2912—Royal
☐ C40-2914—Navy
☐ C40-2918—Tan
☐ Send me a free color catalog.

Name________
Address________
City________
State______ ZIP______

Send your check or money order, or call toll free: 1-800-426-4840.
In WA state call: 1-800-562-4894.

REI CO-OP
P.O. Box C-88127,
Seattle, WA 98188
82NY9

exasperation in Mr. Ziegler's account of Diana's absolute dedication to Duff's happiness and career. Money was always a worry. The Duke had not come down very handsomely with a settlement, and Duff's income, though it hardly amounted to penury, was not enough to finance the way of life they both considered normal or to launch him into the political swim, where he yearned to be. The Duchess had never felt any middle-class squeamishness about accepting handsome presents from her admirers—a charming eighteenth-century farmhouse near Bognor, in Sussex, was one little love token, which became Diana's paradise during the Second World War—and her daughter saw no sensible reason, either, for stopping besotted rich men friends when they took out their checkbooks. A rather mysterious amorous American named George Gordon Moore offered to give the young Coopers six thousand pounds a year after they were married. "The more I think about it, the more I like it," wrote Duff, but the idea came to nothing. The splendid parties they gave at their first home, in unfashionable Bloomsbury, were literally love feasts—the food and the champagne provided by wealthy friends, the evening's music likely to be given, also for nothing but love, by Chaliapin and Arthur Rubinstein.

An extra one thousand pounds a year, they calculated, must be picked up somehow before Duff could leave the Foreign Office. Diana became the absentee editor of an Anglo-French fashion magazine, which, not surprisingly, swiftly folded, and she contributed regular articles, mostly scribbled by Duff, to Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*. The paper's owner was a steady provider, who remained enslaved in spite of Duff's invariable disobliging references, in his hearing, to his paper as a "filthy rag." Duff, a ferocious hater, was a hard man to help. He longed for a seat in Parliament, but the thoughts he confided to his diary would not have delighted his future colleagues: "Is it worth leaving a decent gentlemanlike job . . . to plunge into the cesspool of politics which can only lead to a few years of precarious power, during which one is the Aunt Sally of the guttersnipes of the earth?" Worth it or not, the means were suddenly at hand. In 1923, Max Reinhardt offered Diana the part of the Madonna in his revival of "The Miracle," in New York, and their money troubles seemed over. During the next

Stylish holiday entertaining or elegant gift giving with our pinafore apron from Paper White. Handmade of 100% linen, accented with scalloped trim and delicate white-on-white embroidery, $50.00 ppd. Via U.P.S. Visa and MC accepted. CA res. pls. add 6% sales tax. Complimentary gift wrap upon request. Satisfaction guaranteed.

creative cookware etc.
1975 Diamond Blvd. Concord, CA 94520
(415)687-2274

Caribbean Gems

*Can't stand high rise hotels, microwave menus, and body to body beaches? Phone today for our Caribbean Gems packet on 5 select deluxe resorts, each on a separate island. The Caribbean equivalent of the French Chateaux or English Manor hotels. Brochures, rates, travel book excerpts, etc. Scott Calder Int'l. (212) 535-9530 • (800) 223-5581.*

TREKKING NEPAL KASHMIR

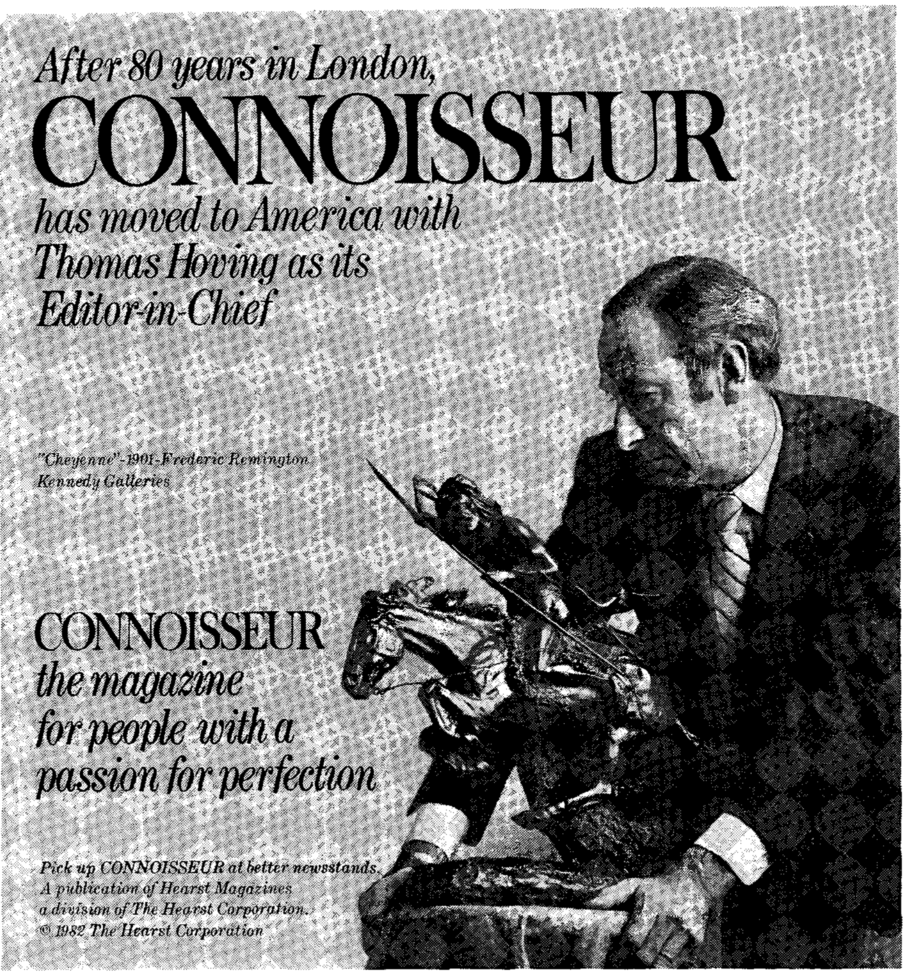
Send for a color brochure on adventure vacations.
OVERSEAS ADVENTURE TRAVEL
10 Mt. Auburn Street 302D
Cambridge, MA 02138 617 876-0533

Rhodes School

COEDUCATIONAL COLLEGE PREPARATORY
Grades 6-12
Headmaster Donald R. Nickerson
Harvard B.A. '57/M. Ed '62
212 West 83 Street • NYC 10024

nine years, she and Duff were often parted while she played her celebrated role, sometimes alternating it with that of the Nun. There were several seasons of tours across the States when the extremely successful New York run ended; then, in 1927, a European tour; and finally, after the London production opened at the Lyceum, a wearing trek around the British provinces. In New York, "famished" for Duff's company, doggedly piling up the dollars to take home to him, she beat down the management for a sizable pay raise, unblushingly asked dressmakers and hotels to charge her less or nothing, flogged photographs of her exquisite face to appear as testimonials for beauty aids, and ate thriftily, when alone, in a café where a plate of spaghetti cost ten cents. Now in the House of Commons, missing her, too, but enduring their separation with equanimity, Duff answered her wails with cheerful exhortations not to bother about losing dignity but to clean up as much cash as possible. Between writing bracing letters, he took himself off for a Paris weekend of restaurants, night clubs, and brothels. On his return, he had an expensive evening at Buck's, dining, drinking, and losing money at bridge with his cronies, and was "disheartened" to find himself overdrawn, since "I indulge in no extravagances." Diana's earnings were now enough, Mr. Ziegler says dryly, to "cover even Duff's most energetic economies."

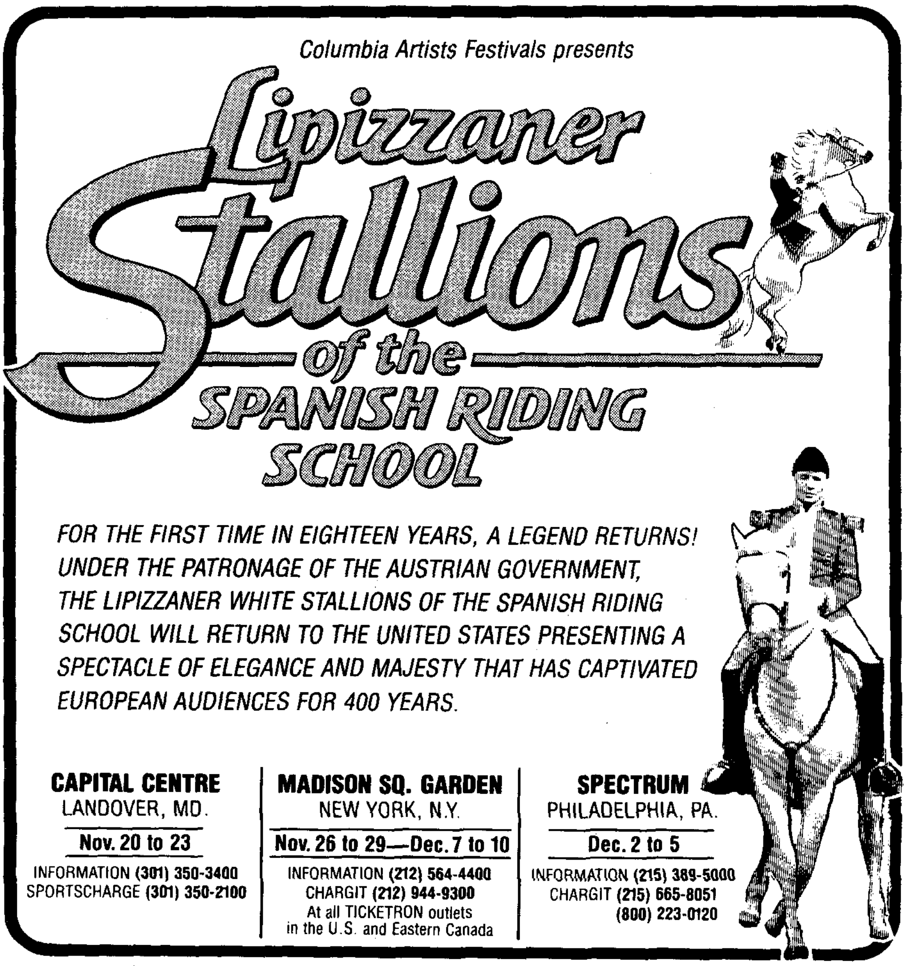
Having staked Duff to his political career, Diana supported him in it unswervingly. One wonders whether it would have been so successful without her. Many people disliked him. By 1935, he was a much criticized Secretary of State for War in Baldwin's Government, and he was First Lord of the Admiralty at the time of Munich, over which he resigned. "Good riddance of bad rubbish," snorted Sir Alexander Cadogan on Duff Cooper's departure, but to the public he was a hero. It is probably the moment in his career which people who were adult at the time remember best. His star rose again with Winston Churchill, who had always been fond of him and fonder still of Diana. While Duff was in the Government in London, she was at the little Bognor house, which her mother had given her, happier than she had ever been in her life, working hard and single-handedly farming an opinionated cow called Princess, a goat, some hens and ducks, and thirty-five rabbits—less for the


After 80 years in London,
CONNOISSEUR
has moved to America with
Thomas Hoving as its
Editor-in-Chief

"Cheyenne"-1901-Frederic Remington
Kennedy Galleries

CONNOISSEUR
the magazine
for people with a
passion for perfection

Pick up CONNOISSEUR at better newsstands.
A publication of Hearst Magazines
a division of The Hearst Corporation.
© 1982 The Hearst Corporation


Columbia Artists Festivals presents
Lipizzaner Stallions of the SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EIGHTEEN YEARS, A LEGEND RETURNS! UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT, THE LIPIZZANER WHITE STALLIONS OF THE SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL WILL RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES PRESENTING A SPECTACLE OF ELEGANCE AND MAJESTY THAT HAS CAPTIVATED EUROPEAN AUDIENCES FOR 400 YEARS.

**CAPITAL CENTRE**
LANDOVER, MD.
**Nov. 20 to 23**
INFORMATION (301) 350-3400
SPORTSCHARGE (301) 350-2100

**MADISON SQ. GARDEN**
NEW YORK, N.Y.
**Nov. 26 to 29—Dec. 7 to 10**
INFORMATION (212) 564-4400
CHARGIT (212) 944-9300
At all TICKETRON outlets
in the U.S. and Eastern Canada

**SPECTRUM**
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
**Dec. 2 to 5**
INFORMATION (215) 389-5000
CHARGIT (215) 665-8051
(800) 223-0120

**L.L.Bean®**
*Outdoor Sporting Specialties*

L.L.Bean®
Christmas
1982
Bean's Trail Model Vest
Boat and Tote™ Bags

**FREE Christmas Catalog**

Features Bean favorites for men and women as well as new ideas for practical, functional gifts. Quality apparel and footwear, woodburning products, home furnishings and winter sports equipment. Many items of our own manufacture. All guaranteed 100% satisfactory.

*Mail order shopping at Bean's is fast and efficient.* Order any time, 24 hours a day, by phone or mail. We ship promptly and pay postage on all orders in the United States and its possessions.

☐ Send Free Christmas Catalog
Name
Address
City
State Zip
L. L. Bean, Inc.
860 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

100% Cotton
FLANNEL SHEETS

Luxuriously thick, soft and ever so warm. *Colors:* Heather green, blue, lemon, natural, soft brown, rose and white. *Flat or fitted. Sizes:* Twin: $19.75 ea., Dbl.: $22.50 ea., Queen: $25.50 ea., King: $31.50 ea., P/C $5.00 ea. (Post Pd.)

☐ Check ☐ M.C. ☐ Visa

Cuddledown
Main Street, Yarmouth, Me. 04096
Tel. 207-846-9781

☐ Send me your 24 pg. color catalogue.

New Natural Way To Sleep
Pure Cotton Knit

Tee-PJ's resemble a T-shirt, but over a foot longer. Special knit gives when you move, eases up *when you relax. No bind,* no bunch, no chafe, no buttons, no ironing! Most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn or money back. (Great for Ladies, too). Choose snow white or soft blue. S-M-L-XL *(to ensure best fit* include height-weight when ordering.) Order NOW, while prices include postage/handling!

$12 ea. 3 for $28
Long sleeve style (not shown)
$15 ea 3 for $38
WITTMANN TEXTILES
Dept. 452 Hobe Sound, Fla. 33455

war effort, one gathers, than to provide Duff with a quiet night's rest from the bombs and a good diet over weekends. "The life of an intelligent rustic labourer suits me to perfection," she writes to a friend, but pastoral tranquillity does not last long enough to bore her. Before long, Churchill sends Duff to Algiers as the British representative to the French Committee of Liberation, with the likelihood of being the next Ambassador to Paris as the sweetener for the prickly job. "*Qu'avez vous fait de votre vache?*" de Gaulle asks her immediately at their first dinner party. (The chronicle contains, for some tastes, an indigestible surfeit of guest lists and menus.) Both in Algiers and in Paris, where the Coopers were sent in 1944, her imperfect command of the French language was never any bar to her gift for making the most incongruous collection of people suddenly realize their own unsuspected charm. She treated French in the same dashing fashion in which she drove a car (and, we learn, still drives one, to the terror and occasionally to the physical buffeting of her passengers), defying the rules of the road and the laws of gravity with a verve that Evelyn Waugh described hilariously in his portrait of her as the lovely Mrs. Stitch. Scattering genders and tenses, rattling along with her blithe faith in "nerve and brass, *audace* and disrespect, and leaping-before-you-look and what-the-hellism," she enchanted her guests while Duff, a correct linguist, sat silently suffering. In other respects, the Ambassadress's lively parties were more disastrous. In a Paris nervously humming with accusations and counter-accusations, true or false, she invited writers and artists whose records during the Occupation made them anathema to the Gaullists, because she enjoyed their company. They came, because they loved her and the Embassy warmth and whiskey, but the reports of the perpetual revelling that went back to London were damaging to the Coopers.

Duff died on a winter cruise to Jamaica, planned to help him recover some of his fast-failing health. Mr. Ziegler's last chapters movingly describe how Diana has filled the years of staying on without him. At first, the emptiness was unendurable. To a woman friend who suggested going on a trip to find the peace and solitude she needed, she wrote, "It's not in my nature to be quiet. I have no wealth within me. All stimulus has to come through my eyes and ears and move-

Put '83 In Your Pocket

THE NEW YORKER DIARY
1983

$10

- The handy 1983 pocket diary
- Richly bound in dark brown leather 3" x 5"
- Daily appointment panels
- Guides to Theatres, Hotels, Cinemas and other places of interest
- 3 year calendars

Please add $1.00 per diary for shipping and handling.
New York residents please add sales tax.

The New Yorker Pocket Diary
Rm. 1102, 28 W. 44th Street, N.Y.C. 10036

Please send me _____ Diaries. I enclose check for $ _____
(NAME)
(ADDRESS) (APT. #)
(CITY) 422 (STATE) (ZIP)

• CLUB MED •
RESERVATION & INFORMATION
VACATION CENTER
Visit our Club Med video theater
See Video Tapes on most clubs
Caribbean • Bahamas • Mexico • Tahiti • Europe •
Ski Colorado, USA. Africa • Brazil • So. Pacific
Call us direct, visit us, or your agent
N.Y., N.J., Conn. (212) 750-1670
All other states 1-800-528-3100
3 East 54th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
Over 3 million satisfied club members
• RESERVE WINTER SPACE NOW •

Amelia Island Plantation, Florida
Lovely, furnished 4000 sq. ft. home on golf course, 4 bdrms, 3 baths. Ideal corporate or individual retreat. For annual lease, sale or lease-option. Available late 1982. Contact Dann Lewis, 177-F Riverside Ave., Newport Beach, CA 92663. (714) 646-1019.

FREE
SEARCH SERVICE
FOR OUT-OF-PRINT
BOOKS You name it . . . we find it!
International Bookfinders, Inc.
P.O. Box 1-NY Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

ment. Once still, I'm listless and blank and tortured by dread thoughts." Fortunately for us, her eyes and ears are soon faithfully recording again. She picks herself up and whirls off, embracing new experiences and friends; staying with old ones in Nigeria, where she makes light of falling into the town sewer in Kano on a sightseeing expedition; sweeping into the kitchen in a Moscow hotel, "liberally primed with vodka," to protest about the late arrival of dinner and performing a Russian dance and songs she had learned nearly fifty years earlier from Chaliapin ("All the kitchen joined in, I was the whizz of the scullions, they all kissed me, but I don't think the dishes were hastened"); visiting Washington and scoring a success with President Kennedy. Out of breath, the reader has to echo Conrad Russell, a bachelor of quiet country tastes, rare humor, and wisdom, who was the love of her middle years, when he told a neighbor scandalized by the attachment that it was "just about the most roaring, stamping, cracking, galloping fun I have ever had in my life." Dread thoughts may be there, as they have always been, but she faces them and the bleak indignities of old age indomitably. Her backbone remains Victorian: "No money left, weak at the knees, dragged painted face, dim eyes that veil many devastations, mustn't groan." To rally Diana's first woebegone months of trying to adapt to London life without Duff, Martha Gellhorn wrote perceptively, "Oh Diana, what if you really have a golden and blessed nature? And are happy as a sandboy always? Surely, unless you are lying in your teeth, the sum total of your life is 99.9% life-loving and therefore happiness?" The stir of life and fun that she still causes when she enters a room can be felt as we read.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

## BRIEFLY NOTED

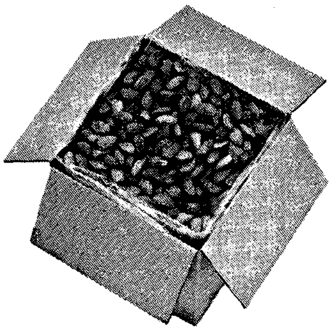
### FICTION

Me and Gallagher, by Jack Farris (Simon & Schuster; $13.95). The "Me" of the title here is a bright, self-reliant waif of thirteen called Grubber Graves, who takes up with a laconic and even more self-reliant itinerant cowboy-lawman-wagonmaster (Gallagher) in the Kansas Territory in 1861, rides with him into the Montana Territory, and joins him in organizing a vigilante committee in a terrorized mining town run by a crooked sheriff—and he unavoidably brings to mind such other precocious adventurers as Huckleberry Finn and Mattie Ross, the plucky heroine of "True Grit." Mr. Farris is not, of course, Mark Twain, nor is he even Charles Portis, but he has the storytelling skills, the vernacular ear, the verve, and the period authority to stand without embarrassment in their company.

Presto!, by Roberta Smoodin (Atheneum; $13.95). A story of true love and true magic in a world that knows nothing but tricks. The hero is an honest young magician for whom the author has had to conjure up a new form of an old verb: he "disappears" things. (As the story begins, he disappears five silk scarves, up his sleeve, in a Beverly Hills boutique, and then is obliged to pay for them.) The heroine is a blond-haired, azure-veined wraith who hangs out at a slightly haunted house in the Hollywood Hills, where magicians perform nightly (and where the hero is scheduled to give an audition), and who wants to be disappeared: dieting, yoga, and the best efforts of her many magician lovers only remind her of her physicality. This pair's romance, which is complicated by a fiendish member of the local magicians' union (he is distinguished by his pointed teeth and his collection of costumed fleas), is strewn with dreamy, glittering details, and the extraordinary ending, which tops a lot of hocus-pocus onstage and between the sheets, is appropriately theatrical.

A Bloodsmoor Romance, by Joyce Carol Oates (Dutton; $16.95). Alas!—dear Reader—what visitant from the *Shadow World* slipp'd into Miss Oates' subconscious both the *contour*, and the *detail*, of this morbid (albeit, at times, ironical) family saga? Its divers characters, flourishing in Pennsylvania circa 1890, include an o'erlooked inventor (outshin'd by the *Wizard of Menlo Park*); his four belovèd daughters (subject to lachrymal outbursts); and an accursèd orphan (abducted, as the story commences, by means of a *sinister* black hot-air balloon!). They gain, and lose, and gain, betimes, the attention of Miss Oates, who marshals supernatural phenomena, antiquated punctuation, and historical personages of the Gilded Age to justify this elsewise arbitrary amalgam,

CALIFORNIA
WHOLE NATURAL ALMONDS
NON-PAREIL VARIETY



From the center of the almond country, Kern County, comes nature's tree treats. Exquisite non-pareil almonds. Harvested, hulled, shelled, sorted and sorted once again until I feel the quality is what I would expect. Then, and only then, are these almonds good enough to offer to you. And so these almonds are...succulent, plump and delectable. Comes in three carton sizes. Each is packed tight and protected with a strong outer carton. Try these beauties; you'll like 'em. I'll guarantee your satisfaction.

Patrick Maudsley

P.S. Remember your friends too!

☎ For VISA or Master Charge Orders:
Call Toll Free (800) 235-4023
(In California call (800) 582-3908)
Telephone Hours:
8:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. Pacific Time
Mon. thru Sat.

YES, fill my order as indicated.

☐ 2.5 lbs. at $9.95 ☐ 4.5 lbs. at $14.95 ☐ 6.5 lbs. at $20.95

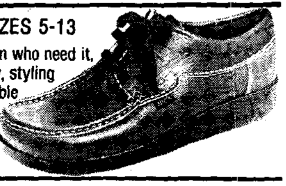
My Name ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ____ Zip ____
☐ Check Enclosed
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ________ Interbank No.
CARD NO. ____________
EXP. DATE ____________

Maudsley's
P.O. Box 1926, Dept. MB
2508 Pegasus
Kern County
Bakersfield, CA 93303

Maudsley's FINE FOOD GIFTS

MEN'S WIDE SHOES

EE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13
Extra width for men who need it, in excellent variety, styling and quality. Available only through our FREE CATALOG Send for it!

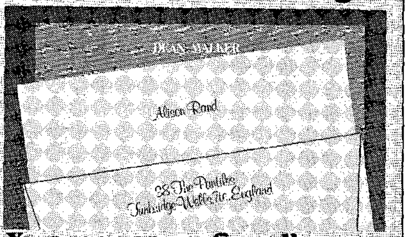


HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69Y, Hingham, MA 02043

which, at *six hundred and thirteen* pages, is—tho' not out of the ordinary for our prolific *Authoress*—grievously o'erlong.

### GENERAL

LETTERS TO A FRIEND: THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN T. H. WHITE AND L. J. POTTS, edited and with an introduction and notes by François Gallix (Putnam; $14.95). A misleading title, since "between" suggests that two, and only two, letter writers will be represented equally. Instead, the contributors number three, and almost all the letters are from one of them. The reason: In 1945, T. H. White stored all the letters he had received from L. J. Potts and his wife, Mary, in a shed that sprang a leak; snow turned the paper back into pulp. White never again tried to preserve letters systematically but simply slipped some of them into books at hand. A few of these survivors have been included here, but most of the letters were written by White and preserved by the Pottses. L. J. Potts, nine years older than White, was his tutor at Cambridge, but his importance as White's mentor increased when White graduated (in 1929, with a First in English) and—after teaching prep-school Latin and writing novels that upset his pupils' parents—at last chose writing as his full-time career. For the next thirty years, "Pottës," as White chose to call him ("I prefer POTTËS to the Greek POES," he wrote, in 1932, "because there is something Chaucerian about you"), blue-pencilled, with Mary's help, much of the tetralogy that came to be called "The Once and Future King." Like Merlin, who could remember the future, Potts had an unerring sense of the whole story long before it was completed, and he helped White to undertake many crucial revisions; the portrait of Morgause in the earliest drafts of "The Witch in the Wood," for instance, was a cruel and windy caricature of White's mother. The Pottses did well to visit White rarely (never during the war, when he lived on a ramshackle farm in Ireland, and only a few times after he moved, in 1946, to one of the Channel Islands), as his letters help to explain: he was boastful and plaintive by turns and regularly indulged in drunken binges, and his accommodations, like his tolerance for



**Free Stationery**

**Your name on our finest linen stationery.** We'll send you a sample of your name engraved in gold, plus an exciting "design your own" package of 10 rich linen paper colors—from Charcoal to Dusty Rose—and 10 metal-based engraving colors. We are the only source for this selection. And, if you wish to buy a package later, you'll find our price is about one-fifth that of your local printer.

**A distinctive gift** for anyone who is accustomed to the finest.

***Free.*** *Please* ***rush*** *me a sample of my name on your stationery and your design package including the full range of color combinations. I am under no obligation to purchase.*

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*______ *State*______ *Zip*______

*Send to:* STRATHFORD HOUSE PERSONAL STATIONERS
FOUR BALBOA COVES • NEWPORT BEACH • CA 92663

VERBATIM
*Appointment Book*
*1983*

A LUXURIOUS GILT-EDGED BUY — AS A GIFT OR FOR YOURSELF

- 60 weeks for appointment and notes
- 60 original essays on language
- Gold-stamped cordovan, cover panels are cream-colored Kivar
- 2 silk ribbon markers
- 128 pages printed on custom-made ivory-paper 5½" x 8½"

$12.50 postpaid

VERBATIM DIARY
BOX 668ND ESSEX, CT 06426

**The Pig Shirt™**

What's a fat pink pig doing on a classic polo shirt? Causing alligator tears, for one thing. 100% soft combed cotton, banded sleeves and extra long tennis tail for superlative fit. Piggy pink, navy or white. Men's S, M, L, XL. Women's S, M, L. $26 ppd. $1 for catalog.

☐ Chk ☐ MC/VISA **Hog Wild!®**

Faneuil Hall Market M42, Boston, MA 02109 · (617) 523-PIGS

*Reflective Vest Protects Dog From Hunters & Cars*

Highly visible safety vest protects dog against accidents or cars. Reflective strips at each side provide early warning in front of headlights. Entire vest is blaze-orange, visible in even poor light. Velcro elastic straps hold vest in place comfortably without restriction and will pull loose if dog becomes entangled. Made of durable backpack nylon. Washable. Sizes: Sm. (up to 10 lbs.) $9.95; Med. (20-55 lbs.) $11.95; Lge. (55-110 lbs.) $13.95 *Postpaid*.

Catalog Mailed Upon Request
4% Sales Tax on Items Shipped to Vermont
*MAIL ORDERS TO* The Vermont Country Store
Box 352-J, WESTON, Vermont 05161
*OR PHONE* 802-824-6932 using *Visa* or *MC*

THE VERMONT Country Store®
STORES AT
*Route 100 in Village of* WESTON VERMONT | *Route 103 2 mi. West of Exit 6, I-91.* ROCKINGHAM VERMONT
CLOSED SUNDAYS

Petit St.Vincent Resort
The Grenadines, St. Vincent, West Indies

**SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL!**

**Tranquil . . . Secluded . . . Protected** Privately owned out-island, crystal clear waters, superb white beaches. 22 widely separated luxurious villas, full hotel services, continental cuisine. Sailing, snorkeling, scuba, tennis. Serene relaxation. Simply beautiful! Open Nov.—Aug.
**See your Travel Agent.**
**HRI or Robert Reid Associates, Reps. New York**
**PSV U.S. Office, Box 12506, Dept. 1**
**Cincinnati, Ohio 45212 • (513) 242-1333**
**Member-The Leading Hotels of the World**

adorable kid's clothes! ! !
European-style designed to grow with the child. Natural imported fabrics. Quilted jackets, jumpers, dresses, overalls, babybaskets & outfits... Catalogue $1. Refundable with order. Mastercard & Visa accepted.
COTTONTAILS 505/662-4558
Dept. NY4 1325 43rd St. Los Alamos, NM 87544

Discover our 112-page Treasury of
**Dolls, Toys and Miniatures**
You'll find the most wonderful Dolls, Toys, Books and Games ever to delight you or any child you know, PLUS a fabulous collection of Dollhouses and exquisite Miniatures. For Catalog send $2 (refundable) to:
***the enchanted dollhouse***
20272 Deer Meadow, Manchester Ctr, VT 05255

human beings (as opposed to Irish setters), were usually in short supply. With five appendices, including samples of White's and Potts' ill-made verse.

THE IMAGE OF WAR, 1861-65—Volume III: THE EMBATTLED CONFEDERACY, edited by William C. Davis (Doubleday; $39.95). This continuation of the National Historical Society's wonderful illustrated history of the Civil War focusses, in more than six hundred and fifty pictures, on the conflict from the Confederate side. The period covered in this volume is 1862-63, when the South chalked up some of its most brilliant victories but was forced to face the fact that it could not afford even those. The book shows us the Southern home front, the slaves before and after liberation, the blockade-running ships, and all the rest. It concludes with a full treatment of the Battle of Gettysburg—which, in spite of the Northern blundering that let Lee's army escape, made it clear how the war would end.

NOTE: "Vedi," an account, by Ved Mehta, of four years spent in a school for the blind in Bombay, has been published by Oxford ($16.95). All the contents originally appeared in these pages.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLUES FOR CHARLIE DARWIN, by Nat Hentoff (Morrow; $11.50). The blues that Mr. Hentoff sings are for what has happened to the human race—particularly in the United States, especially on the sidewalks of New York—since "The Origin of Species." His accompanists include a Jewish homicide detective and his black partner, an Italian police lieutenant, a retired Irish police lieutenant, a beautiful and foulmouthed reporter, a hillbilly fiddler called Bama, and an assortment of fully individualized pimps, pushers, and muggers. There isn't much hope for the human race here, but there is a sufficiency of action, mostly involving knives, and some very fine, and very funny, street talk. It might be added that a lexicon of Yiddish phrases would be useful to the unsophisticated reader.

•

It is unacceptable that in 1981 more New Yorkers were killed by violence than by the war in Falkland Islands.—*Campaign letter from Lew Lehrman, a Republican candidate for governor of New York.*

Unacceptable, but understandable.

The Pulitzer Prize winning
novel of the year
is now in paperback.

Rabbit is Rich
John Updike

"SUPERLATIVE!"
—*Time*

Six months a national bestseller.

Fawcett $3.95

irish imports ltd.
1735 massachusetts avenue
cambridge · ma 02138

the original irish walking hat
by millar's of clifden · connemara

rust
bainin (natural creamy white)
sky blue
heather $ 24 ppd·
grey blue

send hat size or measurement in inches

would you like our catalogue ?

1771 was a good year
for our Lobster Pie.
This year it's even better.

1771

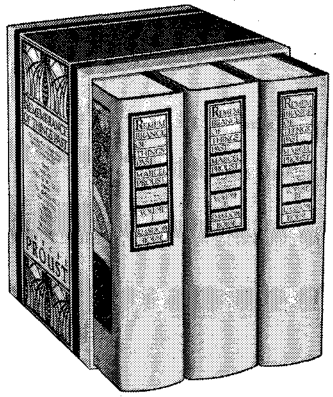
Publick House
On the Common – Sturbridge, MA (617) 347-3313
Exit 9 Mass. Tpke. or Exit 3 for I-86.

The Seraph
P.O. Box 500N
Main Street
Sturbridge, MA 01566

"Country Heart"® Sofa

Exquisite Fabrics • Unusual Upholstered Furniture
**New Catalog** & Fabric Samples $3

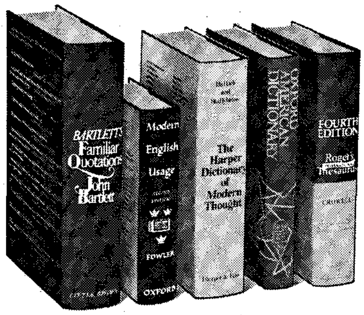
# Important choices. Impressive savings.



## Remembrance of Things Past

for **$12** (Pub price $75)

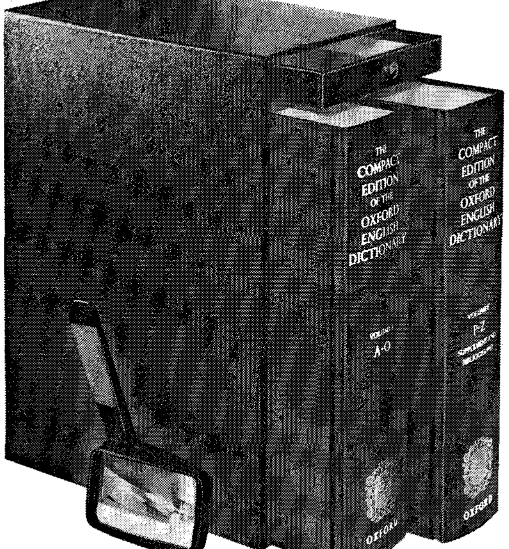
The major new translation of Proust's masterpiece that combines its seven parts into three elegant volumes. "An extraordinary venture...brilliantly effected at last"
–*The New York Times Book Review.*



## Reference Library

for **$14.95** 5 Vols.
(Pub prices total $91.40)

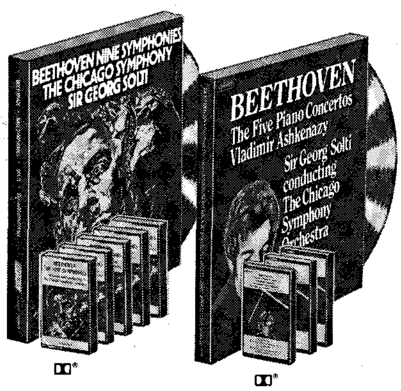
The five indispensable works for the home or student library: *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* (revised and enlarged edition), *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage* (Fowler's), *The Harper Dictionary of Modern Thought, Oxford American Dictionary* and *Roget's International Thesaurus.*



## The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **$24.95** (Pub price $125)

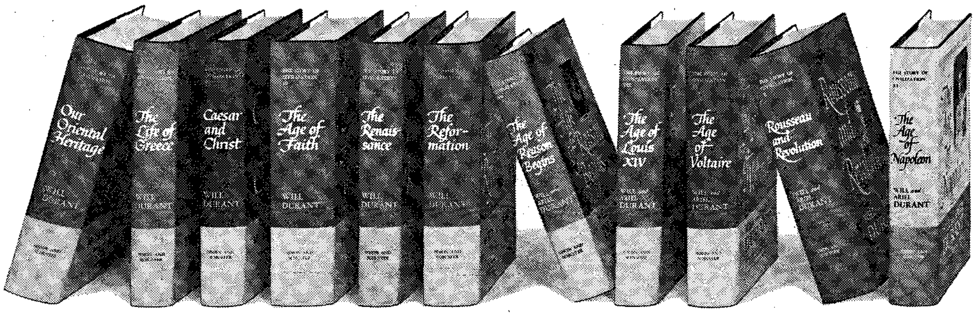
The "most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"–*The Christian Science Monitor.* Through photo-reduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition.* Magnifying glass included.



## The Nine Beethoven Symphonies & The Five Piano Concertos/Ashkenazy

for **$19.95** (List prices total $115.74)

Two of the most acclaimed recordings of Beethoven's works. Sir Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony in the nine-record set of Beethoven's complete symphonies. A "glorious musical combustion"–*Time.* In collaboration with soloist Vladimir Ashkenazy, Solti and the Chicago Symphony perform Beethoven's five concertos. "A major addition to the Beethoven discography"–*High Fidelity.* Available in 13 records or 8 cassettes.



## The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **$29.95** (Pub prices total $307.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history–the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests–to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

# Choose one of these five sets and save up to $277.50

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012 **A116-9-1**

Check one box only.

☐ 912. Compact OED **$24.95**
☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **$29.95**
☐ 932. Beethoven (13 Records) **$19.95**
☐ 933. Beethoven (8 Cassettes) **$19.95**
☐ 935. Remembrance Things Past **$12**
☐ 938. Reference Library **$14.95**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the set I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy 4 books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Mr.
Mrs. ______________________ **2-64**
Miss (Please print plainly)

Address ______________________ Apt. ______

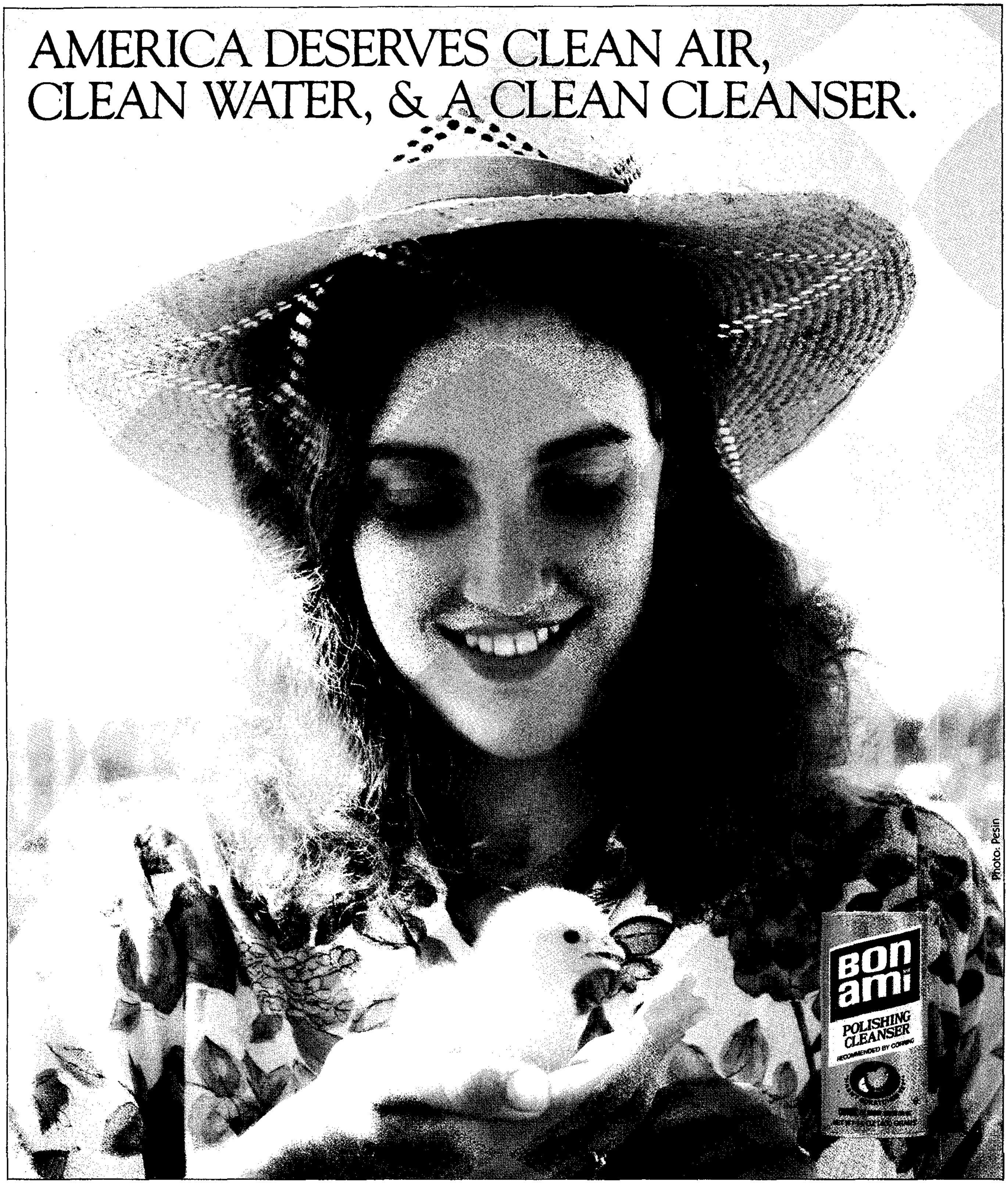
City 1093 PC 1199

State ______________________ Zip ______

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally higher.

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News®* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and 150 other books that we call Alternates, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternates –or no book at all–indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege*: If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. *Cancellations*: Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought four additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, no wonder Book-of-the-Month Club is America's Bookstore.®

**BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®**
America's Bookstore® since 1926.


AMERICA DESERVES CLEAN AIR, CLEAN WATER, & A CLEAN CLEANSER.
Photo: Pesin
BON ami
POLISHING CLEANSER
RECOMMENDED BY CORNING

Trust Bon Ami® to do your cleaning. The 96-year-old cleanser with the chick on the can.

WHAT'S IN IT?

1. Feldspar & Calcite. These natural ingredients polish away stubborn soil & stains.

2. Biodegradable Detergent. Cuts grease fast.

3. Oxygen Bleach. Attacks tough stains.

4. Sodium Carbonate. Conditions your water.

WHAT'S NOT IN IT?

No noxious gases to pollute the indoor air you breathe. No chlorine. No phosphorus. No irritating fragrance. No harsh silicas to harm the things you love.

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

It means Bon Ami® cleans clean. Doesn't scratch the way rough silica cleansers like Ajax® and Comet® do.

It doesn't pollute. It's the cleanser recommended by such famous names as Corning®, Corelle®, Pyrex®, West Bend®, Farberware®, Tappan®, Rival® and many others.

Bon Ami takes care of the things you care about. Your stainless steel appliances. Your cookware. Your sinks. Your tubs. Your tile. Your environment.

Yes, your environment.

We believe that America deserves a clean cleanser. On that, we shall never compromise. Even though we're still a small company competing with giants.

We need your support. Even your moral support. If you're with us, write to Gordon T. Beaham III, president, Faultless Starch/Bon Ami Company, 1025 West 8th St., Kansas City, MO 64101.

Bon Ami®
"HASN'T SCRATCHED YET"®

Property of
[illegible] COLLEGE LIBRARY
[illegible]

Its finest expression ever.

The Eldorado idea. America first fell in love with it
16 years ago. Combine the sportiness of a
custom personal car with the comfort and engineering innovation of
a great luxury car. And now...its finest expression ever.
Eldorado 1983...one of the
world's best engineered cars. With front-wheel drive,
four-wheel disc brakes, Digital Fuel Injection and more.
Including the available Full Cabriolet roof shown.
Time to fall in love again.

Eldorado for 1983
BEST OF ALL...IT'S A CADILLAC
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION, U.S.A.
GM